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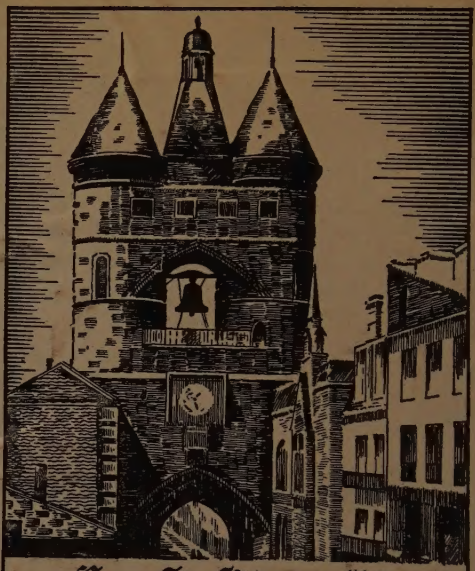

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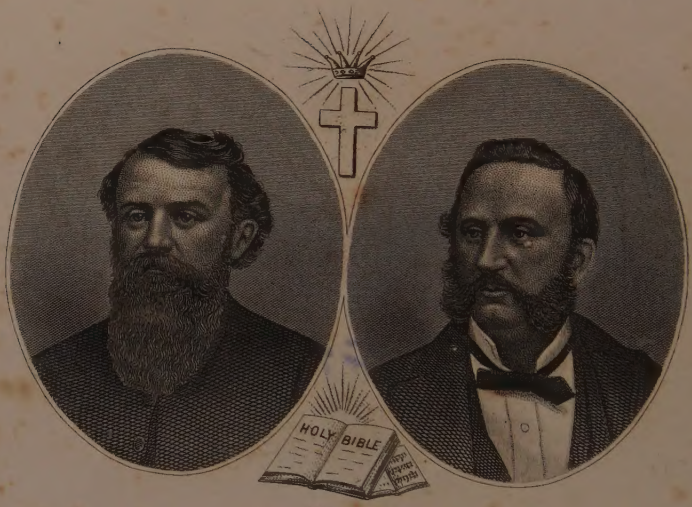

R. O'Brien Sc

DWIGHT L. MOODY. IRA D. SANKEY.

N. Tibbals & Sons, Publishers, No. 37 Park Row, New York.

BEST THOUGHTS

AND

DISCOURSES

OF

D. L. MOODY,

With Anecdotes and Temperance Talks,

AS DELIVERED IN ENGLAND, NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, CHICAGO AND BOSTON.

The Work of Moody and Sankey as Evangelists, with Sketches of their Lives and Portraits on Steel.

BY

ABBIE CLEMENS MORROW.

INTRODUCTION BY REV. EMORY J. HAYNES.

NEW YORK:
N. TIBBALS & SONS, PUBLISHERS,
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Introduction.

By Rev. Emory J. Haynes.

In the brief space since D. L. Moody and Ira. D. Sankey began to attract more than local attention, their lives have been sketched and scraps of their personal history written to an extent at which the most avid craving for notoriety could not murmur.

But, in point of fact, even the general public seems to have been convinced of what the personal friends of these two men early felt assured, that notoriety constituted no part of their aim. This form of personal aggrandizement was as foreign to their purpose as money, or ease, the sight-seeing of travel, or pampering hospitality. In the community where these words are being written the two comrades have recently passed a number of weeks, seen by the multitude, seen by the few; watched as they stood before vast audiences, and as they sat at the firesides and boards of our homes; and from every point of view they seem as void of personal seeking as human nature under Divine help can be expected to present itself. One of them informed us that when they stepped upon the platform of their earliest English meeting, the working-man drew near to see what might be the trick; for it seemed in-

credible that two Yankees should have come so far upon no selfish errand. "One has an organ and performs on that. The other tells stories. Let us see where 'the make' comes in." But they, waiting long in vain for baser revelations, soon became convicted and converted. If there have been any, in the two large American cities of their visiting, watching with such prying and invidious eyes, they also must have long ago been persuaded of a holier and only pure errand; for the universal voice in our streets to-day is one of respect, widening to an affection which glows very warm and changeless in even thousands of hearts.

It may not be generally known that a sedulous concealment of such data as is indispensable to any thing like a fair biography—of facts and experiences, of opinions and their development; which letters and other written record must furnish for a memoir, a history of the deceased, but which a man's own lips can alone supply to the annalist of a yet living subject—has been the invariable habit of these two Workers. They have persistently said: "Let us alone. Listen rather to our message, and lend a hand to help us speak, sing, work for Jesus."

It is impossible not to admire such self-abnegation. It is the coming in of quite a new fashion among modern religionists; or rather, like all fashion, the reproduction of the old; that old garb which wrapped about and sandalled and girt the dusty Apostles of earlier ages. It would seem we ought to respect this reticence and seclusion; and we would, were it not that, so is human nature, concealment heightens curiosity; or better, modest worth is sure to win attention, since it is even written; whoso seeketh the lowest seat shall be bid go

higher; the last first, the first last. Probably no shrewder course could have been chosen to awaken a wide desire to know all about them and to secure far and fair fame, than the one taken by these Evangelists, without any such design. Their experience and example might be salutary if pondered by many public characters, not only at the altar, but at the tribunes of politics, literature, art, and social life. Alas! Poor Coriolanus!

The main reason, however, why the reader should be chary of detailed and lengthy lives of the revivalists is the undoubted fact that there is little to relate. True, every life is wonderful. The smallest, humblest career is filled with incident all too vast for even a Boswell's faithful chronicling. There, are tragedies; there, plottings or honorable deliberations graver than in star chambers and senates; there, wasted moor or filled gardens; all in the microcosm of the obscurest Mansoul. But no pen ever attempts such history. And beyond this secret realm, common to us all, the characters of the two simple men joining hands to cry up and down the land, "Repent," present small material for story. Their glory is that God chose them, two smooth, round stones from the brook, and lying side by side with multitudes, to execute wonders. It is as if He had said: Behold what I can do with any and every plain, pure heart, all given up to me.

Turn therefore to the perusal of the word which has been spoken; what it was; how it was. It has not been a strange, nor a wonderful word. In this country it has not always produced strange nor wonderful effect. The British public was ripe for the harvest. God chose the hour: and in the study of the Genesis of "revivals" we must more and more recog-

nize His inscrutable pleasure as the first great cause. Heaven had become impatient over ritualistic and materialistic tendencies over the sea: and heaven picked up two plain lives with which itself turned the kingdom upside down. Perhaps it would not do to perpetuate personal pre-eminence; it would dishearten the faithful ministry, stumble believers. Perhaps another weapon will be singled out of infinite resource, and perhaps the same shall yet be wondrously powerful. In any conclusion the study of those simple means is more than curious. May God make them blessings to many souls. And to the prayer that the people come, and, so they come—it matters not by whose lead—to the waiting Christ, we are sure none more heartily than this noble-souled preacher and his sweet singer will say—Amen.

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Moody's Life and Work.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

Dwight Lyman Moody—the sixth child of Edwin and Betsy Moody—was born on the 5th of February, 1837, in Northfield, Mass., in the same district which, a little more than a century before, was the scene of the great revival under Jonathan Edwards.

When he was only four years old his father suddenly died. Mr. Moody, having generously helped a friend and lost much money by him, was obliged to mortgage the homestead, and all that was left for the support of his widow, and her nine children—the eldest but thirteen—was a little home on the mountain slope, and an acre or two of land. But Mrs. Moody was brave and persevering, and, with a little assistance from her brother in Boston towards paying the interest on the mortgage, kept her little family together and above positive want.

Little Dwight, though very generous, and fond of his mother, was not naturally a religious child. Prayer was his *dernier ressort.*

Once when he was crawling under a fence the

rails fell down and caught him and he could not extricate himself. He struggled until nearly exhausted, then called loudly for help; but, it being some distance from any house, no one heard him. When he did finally reach home he gave the following account of his accident:

"I tried and tried, but I couldn't lift them awful heavy rails; then I hollered for help, but nobody came; and then I began to think I should have to die, away up there on the mountain, all alone. But I happened to think that, maybe, God would help me; and so I asked Him. And after that I could lift the rails, just as easy."

As the children grew old enough they were sent to the Unitarian Sabbath-school, in the village, about a mile distant. On Sabbath evenings Mrs. Moody would gather her little flock around her and read to them out of the books which they brought from the Sunday-school. If the girls had been more than ordinarily troublesome, or the boys unusually disobedient, it was marvellous how these same Sunday-school books knew all about it, and would counsel, or reprove, or condemn, each special case. To be sure, it was hard for the children afterward to "find the place," when they chanced to take up the book, but they had enjoyed the reading none the less; and, very likely, Mrs. Moody's improvised stories were quite as efficacious in teaching her children to be good, as would have been the original ones, in these same books

published by the Sunday-school Union. Sometimes, when her patience was sorely tried by the rebelliousness of her children, she would go away and in secret pray for grace and strength to lead her little ones aright; and said she, "When I would come back they would all be good children again."

She used to repeat a verse of a hymn, or a text of Scripture, at the table, and teach her children to say it in concert after her.

Dwight worked on the farm during the summer, and went to school in the winter, until his eighteenth year. About this time he went to Boston. His mother's brother offered him a position in his boot and shoe establishment on three conditions: His uncle was to choose his boarding-place; he was not to go at night to any place of which his uncle did not approve; and he was to attend regularly the Mount Vernon Church and Sabbath-school.

In this church he listened to a sermon which had the effect of making him exceedingly uneasy; he thought some one had been informing the minister about him and resolved not to go again. But respect for his promise to his uncle influenced him to return and the serious impression was continued; though for some time he felt no particular interest in either church or school. His Sabbath-school teacher, Mr. Kimball, considered him a very unpromising pupil. But upon young Moody's ven-

turing, one Sunday, the question, "That Moses was what you would call a pretty smart sort of a man, wasn't he?" he answered the young man in a way which gained his interest and confidence. Soon after, Mr. Kimball called at his pupil's store; and, after conversing with him, asked him if he would not like to become a Christian. He answered him frankly and freely, commenced seeking the Saviour, and soon after was converted.

Years after, when Mr. Moody was holding some meetings in Boston, a son of this same teacher introduced himself to him. Mr. Moody inquired if he were a Christian. On his replying in the negative, Mr. Moody asked him, "How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Just my age when your father led me to Christ; and that was just seventeen years ago this very day. Now I want to pay him by leading his son to the Saviour."

The youth was much moved. Mr. Moody prayed with him and obtained a promise from him that he would become a Christian. Soon after Mr. Moody received a letter from his old teacher informing him that his son had found the Saviour.

Wishing to make a public profession of his faith Dwight applied for admission to the Mount Vernon church. The committee who considered his application for admission, recommended him to delay a public profession until he could more thoroughly acquaint himself with the fundamental doc-

trines of Christianity, as he was lamentably unacquainted with them. After six months he again presented himself, and was received into the church at the May Communion, in 1855.

Being very zealous to enter the Master's service he rose, in a prayer-meeting which he attended soon after, and offered some remarks. When the meeting was over the pastor took him aside and advised him not to speak in the meetings again, but serve God in some other way.

Believing himself in the right, undaunted, he continued to attend the prayer-meetings, making brief remarks as at first. On different occasions he met with a similar frank rebuke from many of the good people of the church, who, feeling themselves no great anxiety for sinners, could not appreciate the young convert's zealous desire to help his neighbors to the kingdom of heaven.

Probably this want of sympathy first led young Moody to turn his thoughts toward the great West, where success awaited those who had bravery and strength to win it.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST MISSIONARY EFFORTS.

About a year after his conversion, Mr. Moody removed to Chicago and obtained a situation in a shoe store.

A gentleman, then a clerk in this same establishment, says of him, "Moody was a first-rate salesman. It was his particular pride to make his column foot up the largest on the book, not only in the way of sales, but also of profits. He took particular delight in trading with notional or unreasonable people; especially when they made great show of smartness and cunning, and thought themselves extraordinarily wise. Nothing was ever misrepresented in the smallest particular; but when it came to be a sharpness of wit between buyer and seller, Moody generally had the best of it."

Several of the clerks lodged in the store; and one of the favorite pastimes of the young men, after the hour for closing the establishment, was to turn their place of business into a hall of debate; among the chief subjects of which were theology and amusements. Moody disliked theatres, cards, billiards, and all such amusements. It is related, by one of his fellow-clerks that coming into the

store one night after prayer-meeting, he found two of the boys playing checkers. He instantly grasped the board, scattering the checkers, and dashed it to pieces; then—before a word of remonstrance could be spoken—dropped upon his knees and commenced to pray.

He was, however, partial to athletic sports, innocent practical jokes, or a friendly trial of strength, and would always laugh as heartily when conquered as when victorious.

Arriving at Chicago, he joined a congregational church where he rented four pews, and kept them filled each Sabbath with young men. He attended the prayer-meetings, exhorted and prayed. Here he was presented with the same advice he had received in Boston; to leave the exhorting and praying to those who understood it.

He soon found a little Methodist church where the people were more congenial, and joined a band of young men who used to go, on Sabbath mornings, to hotels and saloons and distribute tracts, and invite the people to divine worship.

On one of his tract-distributing tours he found a little Mission School and asked for a class in it. In answer to his application the superintendent informed him that there were already twelve teachers and only sixteen pupils; but that he would be allowed to teach a class if he could gather it himself.

He went out into the streets and by personal application succeeded in bringing in nearly a score of

rough, filthy, half-naked urchins, and a place was assigned him.

But, enjoying the position of recruiting officer better than that of teacher, he handed his class over to another gentleman, and continued his work; bringing in fresh supplies until the school was filled.

Then was suggested the idea of organizing a separate school of his own, for the benefit of the lower classes. He rented a hall—used on Saturday nights for dancing—near the North Side Market, where were many Catholics and Germans, and commenced his school among the half-starved, drunken, blasphemous, degraded mortals in this Five Points of Chicago. This school—which in one year reached to over six hundred and soon increased to a thousand—was held in this hall for six years, and has become one of the most noted in the West.

In his benevolent visitations from house to house, Mr. Moody was frequently interfered with by the rougher people, and occasionally was obliged to flee for his life.

It is said that upon one occasion he was cornered by three ruffians who threatened to kill him.

"Look here," said he, "give a fellow a chance to say his prayers, won't you?"

They acquiesced, and falling upon his knees he prayed so earnestly for his persecutors that they quietly left the room, and he took with him to Sunday-school the children he came for.

Mr. Moody felt that to make a school profitable,

to such a crowd of disorderly little urchins, it must be lively and attractive. He had none of the ideal appliances necessary to a modern Sunday-school. But he loved children dearly—and the more degraded they were the more interest he seemed to take in them, and such trifles as the young urchins whistling, pulling each other's hair, turning somersaults, or crying, "Want a shine, Mister," "Black yer boots," etc., had no power to ruffle his temper.

He succeeded in persuading two gentlemen, Mr. Trudeau and Mr. Stillson, who were good singers, to come and help him. He also pressed Mr. J. V. Farwell, a prominent business man of executive ability, into the service as superintendent of the school.

For the first few Sabbaths they made no effort at regular instruction, but endeavored to gain the attention and confidence of the children by telling them stories, and singing; afterward the school was organized and conducted much in the usual way. As the mission became notorious and popular, there was no lack of teachers.

Mr. Moody began to be conscious of the defects in his education, and his lack of Scripture knowledge. He had been accustomed to read the Bible because he loved it; now, he commenced studying it, chapter by chapter, spelling out the hard words, and skipping the ones he could not master. Those who did not know him during his first efforts at evangelization can never appreciate through what

difficulties he has struggled up to his present remarkable power.

At a Canada convention, an old friend said of him, "The first time I ever saw him was at a meeting in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold a meeting in at night. I went there a little late; and the first thing I saw was a man standing with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many of the words he could not make out, and had to skip. I thought, If the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for His honor and glory, it will astonish me. After that meeting was over Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent: I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him; and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day—shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over to Ireland. The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that God will keep me humble.'"

CHAPTER III.

MR. MOODY'S WAIFS.

Mr. Moody's pupils grew very much attached to him and some of them very zealous for the honor of the school. One day an urchin who had been caught with the young evangelist's sweets—he used to carry a quantity of maple sugar around with him to entice the children—came into the school and sat down with his cap on. A lad, who had been some time a member of the mission, walking in, saw the new recruit with his cap on. He deliberately stepped up to him, snatched off the offending article and, striking him a blow in the face with it which felled him to the floor, said, "I'll learn you better than to wear your cap in this school," and marched away, to his place, with the air of one who had performed a meritorious act.

One Sabbath afternoon one of Mr. Moody's eldest pupils came to him for advice. His father, a Roman Catholic, was bitterly opposed to the mission, and, every Sunday afternoon, in a drunken frenzy, would give him an unmerciful beating. He had endured this for several successive weeks.

Mr. Moody advised him to pray. This he did. Upon reaching home his father came toward him

with birch uplifted ready to give him the accustomed flogging.

Quietly taking off his coat, the boy said, "you have always been kind to me, father, when not in liquor: it is not my father which beats me every Sunday, but whiskey, so now I am going to fight the whiskey."

This was but adding fuel to the fire. A sharp contest ensued but whiskey was so badly conquered that ever after the father allowed his boy to attend the school unmolested.

Mr. Moody did not attempt the degree of order in his mission which would be necessary in an ordinary Sunday-school, but there was a big, bold fellow who tried his patience sorely. He could neither be entreated, nor frightened, nor shamed into obedience, but grew constantly worse. The teachers held a consultation, and thought he ought to be dismissed; but this was contrary to Mr. Moody's ideal of the Gospel, and they separated without arriving at any definite plan of action.

The next Sunday came and with it this same burly boy more noisy than ever. There was fear that he would actually break up the school.

Mr. Moody came suddenly upon the culprit in the vestibule, seized him by both arms, lifted him from his feet, took him to a class-room, locked the door and—thrashed him.

This was not in the least an easy matter, for the offender was agile, and vigorous, and fierce, as an un-

tamed animal. But Mr. Moody proved the stronger, and when they came into the school-room the pupil was completely conquered and reduced to subjection.

Mr. Moody said, afterward, to a teacher, "It was hard work but I think we have saved him."

A great event in the history of this school was a visit from President Lincoln. That great man left a half-finished dinner, and a distinguished company, to be present at a session of Mr. Moody's school. While in the carriage, on the way, Mr. Lincoln asked not to be invited to speak to the school. But upon his introduction as the president of the United States, the excitement of those rough scions of American citizenship was uncontrollable, and yielding to their enthusiastic clamoring he made a Sunday-school speech for the first and last time in his life.

There was, however, nothing of religion in his address. It was not until afterward, when the weight of a nation's civil war was crushing him, that he himself learned the truth and value of religion. And his great, honest nature would never allow him to stoop to speak upon a subject beyond his experience or understanding.

Afterward, when the war broke out, and Lincoln called for volunteers, sixty of these same boys enrolled themselves in the Army of the Republic.

In his visitations from house to house Mr. Moody met very many wretched families. One Sunday morning going into a miserable attic he found the

wife half crazy from rum, the husband on the verge of delirium tremens, and the children half famished for want of food. He went out and procured them some nourishment. Then he talked to them on temperance, and persuaded the man to sign the pledge, a copy of which he had with him.

The following Sabbath all the family attended the mission. Passing that way, a day or two afterward, the man called to him from the window, threw a silver coin to him and said, "I like that Sunday-school and I want to take a little stock in it."

That reformed inebriate is now a Christian gentleman with a thriving business and a delightful home of his own.

One Saturday night Mr. Moody, with his friend Mr. Stillson, entered a drinking saloon and—while the men were carousing and swearing—asked to leave some religious papers with those who were drinking. Permission being granted they entered into conversation with the bar-keeper, and gradually learned that his father and mother were Christian people. Simultaneously they asked the question, "Do your parents know that you are selling liquor?"

The man was evidently touched and softened. They spoke with him kindly and bade him "good night."

They had not yet reached home when they felt that they had failed in their duty in not praying with the bar-tender. So they turned back, re-en

tered the saloon, and asked the keeper's forgiveness for not praying with him.

Then Mr. Moody knelt down and offered a prayer of which Mr. Stillson says—

"I never heard Moody pray like that before, it seemed as if he was baptized and inspired by the Holy Ghost."

Two weeks afterward they met him in the street, when he told them he had given up drinking, closed his liquor saloon, and would rather die in the alms-house than have any thing more to do with liquor.

One trouble, a cause of serious annoyance to Mr. Moody, was the Catholic boys breaking the windows of his building and disturbing his meetings.

At length, when his patience was exhausted, he called upon Bishop Duggan, the Romish prelate of the city, and stated his cause of complaint. Surprised at his fearlessness and zeal the bishop promised that thereafter the boys in his church should be properly restrained.

Emboldened by the bishop's kindly answer Mr. Moody then preferred a strange request.

He said, "I often come across sick people who are Roman Catholics. I should be glad to pray with them and relieve them, but they are so suspicious of me they will not allow me to come near them. Now, bishop, won't you give me a good word to those people; it will help me amazingly in my work."

The bishop replied, "I will be most happy to give the recommendation if you will join the Catholic Church, you seem to be too good and valuable a man to be a heretic."

"I am afraid that would hinder me in my work among the Protestants," answered Mr. Moody.

"Not at all," returned the prelate.

"What," said the evangelist, "do you mean to tell me that I could go to the noon-prayer-meeting, and pray with all kinds of Christian people—Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, every denomination, just as I do now?"

"Oh yes, if it were necessary, you might do that."

"So, then, Catholics and Protestants can pray together, can they?"

"Yes."

"Well, bishop, this is a very important matter. No one wants to belong to the true church more than I do. I wish you would pray for me right here that God would show me His true church and help me to be a worthy member of it."

The bishop could not very well refuse, so they kneeled down together and he prayed very kindly for the heretic, and, afterward, the heretic prayed earnestly for him.

The bishop prohibited his wild parishioners from breaking any more of Moody's prayer-meeting windows, and from that time until his decease Bishop Duggan was a good friend to Mr Moody.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS.

GRADUALLY, Mr. Moody's heart, and thought, and time, were so given to his missionary labors that he took very little interest in his business and decided to give up his cherished plan of making a fortune and devote his whole time to his work.

"How do you expect to live?" inquired a friend.

"God will provide if he wishes me to keep on; and I will keep on until I am obliged to stop," was his answer.

He had saved about a thousand dollars but, with his numerous charities, this soon disappeared. He was at last obliged to sleep upon the benches in the Young Men's Christian Association hall because he had no money with which to pay for lodgings elsewhere. He slept there with money in his purse which friends, not knowing his circumstances, had given him to use in his work, but which he was too conscientious to take for his own personal expenses.

Since that time he has never received a salary from any individual, nor entered into any business or speculation. Yet he has never known actual want. God has cared for him and his family. Friends constantly insist upon supplying him with all the necessary comforts of life.

At the breaking out of the rebellion a new direction was given to Mr. Moody's labors. In the neighborhood of Chicago was a large camp where he would go, night after night, seeking to bring the soldiers under the influence of divine grace. Subsequently he was in the service of the Christian Commission, as president of the executive branch for Chicago.

During the four years of carnage and death he labored and travelled indefatigably, supplying the soldiers with comforts, and pointing the dying to the Saviour.

A Christian Commissioner gives the following result of his teaching the soldiers faith in prayer for temporal supplies:

"One night, a party of our men found themselves on a battle-field, in charge of a great many wounded soldiers, who, by the sudden retreat of the army, were left wholly without shelter or supplies. Having done their best for the poor fellows—bringing them water from a distant brook, and searching the haversacks of the dead for rations—they began to say to themselves, and one another, 'These weak and wounded men must have food, or they will die. The army is out of reach, and there is no village for many miles: what are we to do?'

"'Pray to God to send us bread,' said one.

"That night, in the midst of the dead and dying, they held a little prayer-meeting, telling the Lord all about the case, and begging Him to send them bread immediately; though from whence it could

come they had not the most remote idea. All night long they plied their work of mercy. With the first ray of dawn the sound of an approaching wagon caught their ears; and presently, through the mists of the morning, appeared a great Dutch farm wagon, piled to the very top with loaves of bread.

"On their asking the driver where he came from, and who sent him, he replied:

"'When I went to bed last night I knew that the army was gone, and I could not sleep for thinking of the poor fellows who always have to stay behind. Something seemed to say to me, "What will those poor fellows do for something to eat?" It came to me so strong that I waked up my old wife, and told her what was the matter. We had only a little bread in the house; and while my wife was making some more I took my team and went around to all my neighbors, making them get up and give me all the bread in their houses, telling them it was for the wounded soldiers. When I got home my wagon was full, my old wife piled her baking on the top, and I started off to bring the bread to the boys, feeling just as if the Lord, Himself, was sending me.'"

Mr. Moody was on the battle-fields of Shiloh, Pittsburg Landing, Murfreesboro; with the army in many different places, and was among the first to enter Richmond, where with undiminished zeal he ministered alike to loyalists and rebels.

The war being ended he again gave his undivided attention to missionary work, in Chicago. He had

now a commodious chapel in Illinois street erected at a cost of $20,000—which money he had himself collected. He was President of the Chicago Y. M. C. A., and calls for him to attend religious conventions and revival meetings were very frequent. But his chief work was in his own church, one peculiarity of which was every member having some specified work to do. It is said that the bell in the tower—a gift from a New-York friend—used to ring every night in the week for a men's meeting, or mother's meeting, or Bible meeting, or temperance meeting, or stranger's meeting, or a meeting of some kind.

One morning Mr. Moody observed a stranger standing on the corner near his church, apparently with nothing to do and nowhere to go, and going up to him and handing him a number of papers said very pleasantly, "Here, take this pile of papers and standing at that corner give one to every body that passes by."

The stranger, pleased to hear a friendly voice and have something to do, took them and gave them out as directed, joined Moody's church, and has been since a most effective worker.

Though bodily weariness occasionally overcame him he would recover his strength and spirits after a very brief season of rest.

Col. Hammond, a friend of his, gives the following incident:

"Mr. Moody came to me one Sunday, after morning service, seemingly quite tired out. He threw

himself into a chair and burst out—'I am used up —can't think, or speak, or do any thing else. There is my meeting at the church to-night—you must take it. I have absolutely nothing left in me.'

"Knowing that he never asked help unless he needed it, I promised to take the service off his hands. When the time came I went down to the church, and found the house quite full. I was about commencing the service, when the door opened, and in rushed Mr. Moody, followed by a long procession of young men whom he had picked up and brought with him on an errand which, to them, was evidently a new one.

"Mounting the platform with a bound, he seized the hymn-book and commenced, and from beginning to end of that service I had nothing to do but keep out of the way.

"He had taken a rest of an hour or two, and then, having no care about the evening service on his mind, took up his old work of bringing in recruits, at which he was this time unusually successful. As he led them to the church some happy thought struck him, and between the street corner and the pulpit he arranged a sermon which was one of the most effective I ever heard him preach."

Mr. Hitchcock, now superintendent of Mr. Moody's school, gives the following characteristic sketch of the Evangelist making two hundred calls one New Year's Day:

"At an early hour the carriage which was to take

him and several of his leading men was at the door, and, with a carefully prepared list of residences, they began the day's labor. The list included a very large proportion of families living in garrets, and the upper stories of tenement houses. On reaching a family belonging to his congregation he would spring out of the carriage, leap up the stairways, rush into the room, and pay his respects as follows:

"'You know me: I am Moody; this is Deacon De Golyer, this is Deacon Thane, this is Brother Hitchcock. Are you all well? Do you all come to church and Sunday-school? Have you all the coal you need for the winter? Let us pray.' And down we would all go upon our knees, while Mr. Moody offered from fifteen to twenty words of earnest, tender, sympathetic supplication, that God would bless the man, his wife, and each one of the children.

"Then, springing to his feet, he would dash on his hat, dart through the doorway and down the stairs, throwing a hearty 'good-by' behind him, leap into the carriage, and off to the next place on his list; the entire exercise occupying about one minute and a half.

"Before long the horses were tired out, for Moody insisted on their going at a run, from one house to another; so the carriage was abandoned, and the party proceeded on foot. One after another his companions became exhausted with running up-stairs and down-stairs, and across the streets, and kneeling on bare floors, and getting up in a hurry·

until, reluctantly, but of necessity, they were obliged to relinquish the attempt, and the tireless pastor was left to make the last of the two hundred calls alone; after which feat he returned home in the highest spirits, and with no sense of fatigue, to laugh at his exhausted companions for deserting him."

One afternoon Mr. Moody was being driven by a Christian gentleman through a farming community, to a town where he was to speak at a convention and attend revival meetings. As they journeyed they came to a school-house closed for the day. At the farm-house beyond Mr. Moody stopped and inquired of the woman if they ever had any religious meetings in that school-house. Upon her replying that they never had any meetings around there he said, "Tell every body you see there will be a prayer-meeting in that school-house every night next week."

At the second house they found the teacher of the school and Mr. Moody gave the same notice to her telling her to send word throughout the community, by her pupils. His acquaintance, knowing that he had an engagement for every night the following week, inquired of him who was to superintend the meetings.

"You are," was the blunt reply.

"I!" cried the astonished brother, "I never did such a thing in my life."

"It is high time you commenced then! I have made the appointment and you must keep it."

The timid brother was forced to acquiesce, and

led the meetings, which was the result of a great revival throughout all that portion of the country.

At a certain State Sunday-school Convention Mr. Moody's determination that every thing connected with Sunday-school work, however extended, should be conducted upon a basis of strict piety, and with earnest religious exercises, in contradistinction to the views and more worldly purposes of some of his eminent co-laborers—gained him the severe displeasure of several prominent men at the convention. Mr. Moody's views were adopted, by a vote of the majority, and he and his friends appointed upon a number of important committees. One of the opposition, in the presence of five thousand people, gave him a pointedly insulting question to speak upon.

He accepted the challenge and spoke with extraordinary meekness and fervent religious feeling. He touchingly recapitulated his own and his friends' labors for Christ, and at the end tendered the resignation of all honorable offices he and his friends had received. But his address had moved the multitude to tears, and the hearts of his enemies to deepest repentance.

Unanimously, and by acclaim, they voted that the resignation should not be accepted, expressed their appreciation of him and his work, and a desire for his pardon. Never was a more melting scene witnessed in a vast audience, than when the great man offered a short, audible prayer for reconciliation and peace.

CHAPTER V.

ALLIANCE OF MOODY AND SANKEY.

It was early in the year 1871 that Mr. Moody first met—at a National Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, Indianapolis, Indiana—Mr. Ira David Sankey.

This gentleman was born in Edinburg, Pennsylvania, U. S., in the year 1840. He was the child of pious parents, but it was not until his sixteenth year that he experienced a change of heart.

He early displayed a taste for music and, after his conversion, took an active part in promoting the efficient training of Sunday-school children in the singing of hymns. At the age of twenty he was a leader in the M. E. Church of an evening class numbering seventy or eighty, and superintendent of a large Sunday-school.

Mr. Moody hearing him sing and being introduced to him, at the close of the meeting, after a few preliminary questions, abruptly told him he wanted him to come and work with him in Chicago; that he was the man for whom he had been seeking during the last eight years.

A proposition to leave his pleasant home and prosperous business, and go into a strange city to do missionary labor—from a man with whom he

was personally unacquainted, but of whom he had heard that he was living entirely dependent upon faith in God for his daily sustenance—was rather startling, but Mr. Moody succeeded in obtaining from him a promise that he would think about it and pray over it. A few evenings after they held a meeting together in the streets of Indianapolis, and with such signal success that Sankey resolved he, too, would trust the Lord and go with his new friend to labor in Chicago.

Mr. Sankey's singing has no pretension to the artistic, his music is made subservient to the words, and in accent and tone is constantly varied to suit the words; but the hallowed sweetness and winning tenderness of many of his songs has been effectual in awakening many thousands of people.

For two or three years prior to their going abroad these two men labored amicably and efficaciously, in Chicago, Pittsfield, Springfield, Philadelphia, and many other towns and cities.

In October the terrible fire swept over the city. It covered a space of one mile by four. Within the doomed precinct were Mr. Moody's school and church and the building of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Mr. Moody had been married in 1862, to Miss Emma C. Revell. At the time of the fire he was living with his wife and children—a boy and girl—in an elegant house, completely and handsomely furnished—a New Year's gift from generous friends.

Mr. Moody and his family were roused at midnight to find the fire approaching their dwelling and, leaving their home with all their precious property to the merciless flames, hurriedly sought shelter at the house of a friend. The only article he saved was his Bagster Bible. Placing his family beyond reach of the raging fire, he immediately commenced providing the hungry and the houseless with food and shelter.

So indefatigable was his energy, so unconquerable his faith, and so successful his solicitations for donations, that in thirty days after the destruction of his school building, a great, rough, comfortable structure, over a hundred feet in length and seventy-five in width—was erected, in the centre of the ruins, for the accommodation of his pupils.

Being such a distance from the habitations which escaped the fire, it was feared there would be but a meagre attendance the first Sabbath. But at the dedicatory service were over one thousand children, with some of their parents and friends, who had come over the charred ruins to the new chapel.

The building was kept open day and night and food and shelter were provided for any houseless wanderer who chanced to enter.

Mr. Moody, when supplying them with necessaries, would exact from them a promise that, before they ate the food or put on the clothes, they would thank the Lord upon their knees for sending them.

In June, 1873, Mr. Moody decided to accept the

invitation of two gentlemen—Mr. Pennefather, of London, and Mr. Bainbridge, of Newcastle—to commence an evangelistic work in Great Britain.

The time selected for this missionary tour was characteristic of the man. His new church was in process of building, and his school and congregation were soon to be transferred to the basement story. Mr. Moody felt that there were many who could execute as well as he the numberless little matters incident to the erection of a new building. He left the spiritual superintendence to the members of his flock—whom he taught to be Independent in spirit as they were in name. They had occasional help from the pastors of other churches.

He has had no reason to regret his faith in the ability of those in whose charge he left his work.

Mr. Moody made all his arrangements to leave, secured a passage for himself and family, bade his congregation and school farewell, but to within an hour of his departure by the train had not a dollar with which to defray his expenses.

A few hours before the time he was to start it occurred to a friend of his, Hon. J. V. Farwell, who knew nothing of his straitened circumstances, that Moody would need some money *after* he reached England. Going down to bid him farewell he placed in his hand a check for $500.

On the 7th of June, 1873, Mr. Moody, with his family and Mr. Sankey, sailed for Liverpool, reaching there after a prosperous voyage of ten days.

CHAPTER VI.

OVER THE SEA.

Mr. Moody with his Bible, and Mr. Sankey with his music-book and organ, arriving in Liverpool on the 17th of June, 1873, learned that the friends who had invited them to Great Britain were both dead. Lamenting their loss but not disheartened, they immediately commenced their work.

They held meetings in Liverpool, York, Sunderland, Newcastle, Stockton-on-tees, Carlisle, Darlington, and Shields. At several of these places hundreds were influenced to come to Christ.

After they reached Edinburgh three or four of the largest halls were constantly in requisition, yet disappointed thousands turned away from these overcrowded buildings unable to gain admittance.

Dr. Blakie says, of the work in Edinburgh: "There have been some very remarkable conversions of sceptics. Dr. Andrew Thompson told of one who, having been awakened on the previous week, had gone for the first time to church on the previous Sunday. He had hardly been in a place of worship for years, and a week before would have scouted the idea. He was so happy in the morning that he returned in the afternoon. The blessing seemed to come down upon

him. Another sceptic who carried his unbelief to the verge of blasphemy has now come to the foot of the cross.

"Among the most direct and touching fruits of saving impressions of any one, affectionate interest in the welfare of other members of the family is one of the surest and most uniform. A working man of fifty years of age, for example, is impressed and brought to peace in believing, and immediately he comes to the minister and cries out, with streaming eyes, 'Oh! pray for my two sons!' A father and his son are seen at another meeting with arms round each other's necks. In many cases the work of conversion seems to go through whole families. That peculiar joyfulness and expectation which marks young converts, is often the means of leading others to the fountain, and two, three, four, and even more members of the same family share the blessing."

And Dr. Bonar says, "There was scarcely a Christian household in all Edinburgh, in which there were not one or more persons converted during the revival."

Through the two months of the Evangelists' stay in Edinburgh a noon prayer-meeting was held daily, at Free Association Hall, and each noon attended by over one thousand persons.

Among the inquirers were youths in their teens, students from the University, soldiers from the Castle, old men with their threescore years and ten, the rich, the poor, the educated, the uneducated,

the backslider, the blasphemer, and the sceptic; and in many instances the wounded were healed and the burdened went home rejoicing.

During the holidays masses of young people from the school crowded the meetings. So great was the attraction of Mr. Sankey's singing and Mr. Moody's eloquence, that hundreds of young persons, especially of the higher classes, who were formerly accustomed to go to the theatre, opera, and pantomime, gave them up deliberately and, from choice and the force of conviction, attended the Gospel and prayer-meetings.

The last meeting was held on the slope of Arthur's Seat, no edifice being in the least capable of containing the vast multitude.

The following is a graphic sketch of a day at Elgin:

"Surely something unusual was going on, streets abandoned, the house-doors fast, the shops closed. Through half a mile of the empty streets ours were the only footsteps that echoed on the pavement, and every thing was silent and desolate as a plague-stricken city! At last, just on the verge of the town, the stillness was broken by the distant sound of a voice, and the turn of a lane revealed a sight which time can never efface from the memory. There stood the inhabitants, motionless, breathless, plague-stricken indeed, plague-stricken with the plague of sin. The sermon was evidently half over, and the preacher, with folded arms, leaned over the wooden rail of the

rude platform. Oh, the sin upon those faces round him! I cannot tell you who were there, or how many, or what a good choir there was, or what Mr. Sankey sang, or which dignitary prayed. I cannot tell you how beautifully the sun was setting, or how fresh the background of woods looked, or how azure the sky was. But these old men penitent, these drunkards petrified, these strong men's tears, these drooping heads of women, these groups of gutter children, with their wondering eyes! Oh, that multitude of thirsty ones—what a sight it was! What could the preacher do but preach his best? And long after the time for stopping, was it a marvel to hear the persuasive voice still pleading with these Christless thousands?

"One often hears doubts as to the possibility of producing an impression in the open air, but there is no mistake this time. No, there is no mistaking these long, concentric arcs of wistful faces curving around the speaker, and these reluctant tears, which conscious guilt has wrung from eyes unused to weep. Oh, the power of the living Spirit of God! Oh, the fascination of the Gospel of Christ! Oh, the gladness of the old, old story of these men and women hurrying graveward! These thousands just hung spellbound on the speaker's lips. It seemed as if he daren't stop, so many hungry ones were there to feed. At last he seemed about to close, and the audience strained to catch the last solemn words; when the preacher, casting his eye on a little boy, seemed

moved with an overpowering desire to tell the little ones of a children's Christ. Then followed for fifteen minutes more the most beautiful and pathetic children's sermon we have ever heard; and then, turning to the weeping mothers and fathers, concluded with a last tender appeal, which must have sunk far into many a parent's heart.

When these tireless Evangelists had compassed Scotland they crossed the water. Mr. Sankey was a decided favorite with the Irish people.

The majority of people in Dublin are Roman Catholics. Strangely enough the first convert given them in this capital was a young man of the Romish faith. So many of that persuasion flocked to hear them that Cardinal Cullen felt obliged to publish an edict prohibiting their attendance upon the meetings.

The following is an extract from an article—entitled "Fair Play," in a Catholic paper—on the revival: "With much regret we notice indications of an attempt to excite the hostility of our Catholic population against the religious services conducted by some Protestant missionaries from America. We trust we shall not appeal in vain to the spirit of tolerance, of honorable fair play, of respect of conscience in the breasts of Irish Catholics, when we call upon them to crush the slightest attempt at offensive demonstration against the religious exercises which some sections of the Protestant community are holding, under the auspices of the gentlemen

we refer to. We Catholics should ever discriminate between the Protestantism of sincere men devoted to their own convictions, but seeking no unjust interference with ours, and the wretched kind of Protestantism which consists in wanton insult and aggression upon the Catholic poor. For this latter warfare on our homes and altars, we shall always have scorn and reprobation; for the former, we should always have respectful sentiments. Let Messrs. Moody and Sankey do all they can to make Protestants earnest in religion. Let us Catholics daily devote ourselves more and more energetically to the practical duties of our holy faith; and let us all, Protestant and Catholic, work and pray to keep the teachings and theories of the Huxleys and the Tyndalls far from the shores of Ireland."

Leaving Dublin the brethren returned to England.

At Birmingham, in one week, they held twenty-two services, reaching in the aggregate 156,000 men, women, and children.

At one of the meetings a roughly clad man, to all appearance a common laborer, who had come to town after the meeting was over, seemed much disappointed. He had walked, in the rain, nearly six miles in order to hear the Evangelists, and arrived too late to gain an entrance. He said he had to walk back and preach the same evening. He was somewhat relieved when he obtained a ticket for the worker's meeting the following Sunday morning.

May, June, July, and August, of 1874, were given

by the Evangelists to London. Agricultural Hall, in North London, was the first building chosen for their labors, and it was variously computed that the arrangements afforded accommodation for from fifteen to eighteen thousand people.

At the first meeting inside, the great multitude were singing Old Hundred. Outside there were infidels distributing handbills, containing malignant misstatements; multitudes of young men full of frolic and fun; gaily-dressed evil women laughing and jesting; carmen, boardmen, and loafers, swearing and mocking; among all not one serious face, not one with thought or care for their immortal souls, proving that the brethren were wise in devoting four months to the city which evidently needed them so much.

Afterward, many of these wretched characters were induced to come to the services and to Christ.

The noon prayer-meeting, held at Her Majesty's Opera House, was a marked feature of the work in that metropolis.

The number of requests for prayer constantly flowing in could not be read separately, but were classified, as follows: sixty requests for prayer for unconverted children, forty requests by Christian wives for husbands out of Christ, ten requests by sisters for brothers addicted to the use of liquor. Hundreds of Sunday-school teachers request prayer for their pupils. Twenty requests for profligate sons by heart-broken parents.

And one day came to Her Majesty's Opera House the strangest petition of all. A poor woman in Newgate prison condemned to die sent a request for prayer. The heart of the great audience, mostly of the nobility, was touched with compassion, and with bowed heads they prayed the kind Father to bless the miserable, condemned criminal.

A tract distributor passing over Waterloo Bridge offered a man a tract. He declined it with the remark, "I shall be in hell before night."

"No, you will not, for I am going to heaven, and will stick to you all day."

They left the bridge together, the hungry man was fed and taken to one of the meetings. While there he fell asleep. "Let him sleep, perhaps he has been walking all night," said his friend.

After the services were ended he was taken home to supper, inquiring concerning all this kindness, "what's up?" He was fed, cared for, reasoned with, instructed and taught the way to heaven, instead of going to hell as he had said.

After five weeks at Agricultural Hall and some time spent at Row Road Hall the Evangelists removed to the Royal Opera House in the Haymarket.

Here the wealthy, the titled, the cultivated, and the leaders of fashionable society gathered—particularly at the Bible readings.

A New York journal, on the revival in London, contained the following: "We presume that the aristocracy and the literati will scarce hear of the move-

ment that is about them. It is an after generation that builds the monuments of the prophets. Bunyan got no words of honor from the Duke of Bedford, whose descendant has lately set up his statue." But long before these words were written Mr. Moody had been welcomed as a guest within the walls of Dunrobin Castle, and dined with the Lord Chancellor of England.

At his first meeting in London he was assisted by a peer of the realm and, at the Haymarket, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Prince Teck, and many more of the nobility, listened to his stirring appeals, wept over his pathetic stories, and joined heartily in the sweet songs led by Mr. Sankey.

They must also have added to their presence and influence the weight of their purses, for the amount expended in London alone, in arrangements for the revival, was $625,000.

One young man's testimony may be given as an illustration of hundreds: "I went into the inquiry room, and Mr. Sankey walked up and down with me, and talked to me as though he had been my own father; and I found Christ."

The four months' labor of the Evangelists in London was ended, and they left Great Britain followed by the grateful love, the thankful tenderness, the heart-stirring benedictions of millions of people to whom under God they had been the instrument of blessing.

CHAPTER VII.

HOME AGAIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wonderful career of the revivalists in Europe, there were many who prophesied —and with some plausibility—that the same success could not attend them in America, where the songs were well known and the style of their address familiar. But, instead, the anticipations of their most sanguine friends are more than realized.

A pleasant feature of the Brooklyn services was the united and harmonious action of laymen and ministers of all denominations of Christians.

Every morning at the Tabernacle, and every evening at the Rink, were thirty or forty city pastors gathered near the platform all ready to do their uttermost to increase the interest and success of the meetings.

Dr. Duryea gives the following incident in connection with the work in Brooklyn: "A young man of my acquaintance, of fine culture and wide reading, came to me, took me by the hand and said, Doctor, I am going.'

"He was the first to rise in the auditorium when Mr. Moody gave the invitation. He was verging on Universalism, but Mr. Moody's sermon went

home, and broke sunlight through the vapor and mystification in his mind."

Many who would not have been influenced to attend the revival services by Mr. Moody's preaching are drawn thither by Mr. Sankey's singing. Of the hymns sung by Mr. Sankey in Brooklyn "The Ninety and Nine" was the general favorite. The following is the correct account of its origin: The first time Mr. Sankey visited London he bought a copy of The Christian Age, a religious paper, which published Dr. Talmage's sermons, and found this hymn. It seemed adapted to religious work. He cut it from the paper and, three days afterward, sang it at a meeting in Edinburgh, having himself composed the music. Not long after he received a letter from a lady thanking him for having sung the hymn, and informing him the author was her sister, Miss Eliza C. Claphane, of Melrose, Scotland. She wrote the hymn in 1868 and died shortly afterward.

It is difficult to explain the secret of Mr. Moody's success or the elements of his power. That he has power no one, who has ever sat by his side and watched the sea of upturned, earnest faces eager to catch every syllable which falls from his lips, can doubt.

He is thoroughly in earnest. He preaches with his whole soul, evidently believing all he says, and expecting his hearers to believe it.

He is remarkably natural. Without apparent effort he gets wonderfully near to his audience, what-

ever their size may be. He speaks with the same unaffected fervor to fifteen and to fifteen thousand.

He is thoroughly conscientious. The committee having charge of the revival meetings, in London, tendered him a large royalty accruing from the sale of music-books in London. It was his by every legal and moral right, but he utterly refused to accept a penny of it. Since his return it has been sent, by the committee in London, to Mr. Moody's Tabernacle building committee in Chicago.

That such a man should have no enemies or slanderers would be a miracle. But his calumniators are usually those who do not know him, and many of these since seeing him and hearing him, have become his warmest friends.

In a religious movement of such vast proportions as that which is here so briefly and imperfectly sketched, there can be no exactness with reference to results.

Just how many thousands of believers have been refreshed and helped to a truer knowledge of their privilege and duty, and how many tens of thousands of wanderers brought into the fold of Christ, will never be known until the day when He shall number His jewels.

Addresses and Best Thoughts.

1. How to Read the Bible.—If the Holy Ghost is our Teacher, we will understand the Word of God. The best thing to interpret the Bible is the Bible itself. There are three books every Christian ought to have; the Bible, Cruden's Concordance, and the "Bible Text-Book." Study the Bible topically. Take up one subject at a time. Take up "Love" and spend a month upon it. Take a concordance and go through the Bible with it upon this subject, and then you will be full of love, and there will be no room for malice and hatred in your heart. After that take up "Faith"; it is better to go to the Word of God and get faith than to pray for it. Then take up "Blood"; it shows the way to heaven. Now take up "Heaven," and spend months upon it. Then "Prayer." We do not know how to pray as we ought to. The only way for us to study the Bible is to take up one subject and try to master that subject. A man said to me, "Can you recommend the best Life of Christ?" I said I could recommend four—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. A man had better spend a year over those four Gospels than to run over the whole Bible. If a man studies Genesis

he has a key to the whole Bible. It is the beginning of every thing, and then the other parts of the Bible will unfold themselves to us. Let us take the Bible up with some object in view—to get at some truth. In California the best gold is found at the greatest depth; and so with the Word of God; the best part is deepest. Here is some law document; it is uninteresting. Now, suppose it is the will of some man giving you a great inheritance; you will become interested. This Book tells me of this inheritance. What can the geologist tell you about the Rock of Ages? He can tell you about the rocks of this world. What does the astronomer know about the bright and morning star? He can tell you about other stars. God did not tell Joshua how to use the sword, and fight in the promised land, but He told him to meditate upon the law day and night, and no one could stand before him. These words apply to every one here. This sword cuts right and left, and with it a man can cut his enemies right up to the throne of God.

2. God's Bible and Spirit.—A man filled with the Spirit dwells much with the Scripture. Peter quoted Scripture at the Day of Pentecost, when he was full of the Holy Ghost. What is a man good for if he has no weapon? We don't know how to use this sword; we should get into the habit of using it. David says, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart." A good thing in a good place for a good purpose.

If you lose your health you lie upon your bed and feed upon the Word of God. When you meet together to dine it is better to bring out the Bible than to bring on wine. I was glad in England at seeing that done in a great many houses of the upper classes.

3. KEY TO THE BIBLE.—An Englishman said to me, "Moody, did you ever study the life of Job?" I said, "No, I never did." He said, "If you get a key to Job you get a key to the whole Bible." "What has Job to do with the Bible?" He said, "I will tell you. I will divide the subject into seven heads. First, Job, before he was tried, was a perfect man untried. He was like Adam in Eden until Satan came in. Second, he was tried by adversity. Third, the wisdom of the world is represented by Job's friends trying to restore him. See what language they used. They were wonderful wise men, but they could not help Job out of his difficulties. Men are miserable comforters when they do not understand the grace of God. Job could stand his scolding wife and his boils better than these men's arguments; they made him worse instead of better. Fifth, God speaks, and Job humbles himself in the dust. God, before He saves a man, brings him down into the dust. He does not talk about how he has fed the hungry and clothed the naked; but he says, I am vile. Seventh, God restores him, and the last end of Job was better than the first. So the

last state of man is better than the first. It is better than the state of Adam, because Adam might have lived ten thousand years and then fallen; therefore it is better for us to be outside of Eden with Christ than that we should be in Eden without Him. God gave Job double as much wealth as he had before, but He only gave him ten children. He had ten before his calamity came upon him. That is worthy of notice. God would not admit that Job had lost any children. He gave him ten here and ten in heaven."

4. The Crowning Watch-night of the Century.—The most wonderful watch-night ever held was by Moody and Sankey, closing at the dawn of the second century of our independence, in the same city where that wonderful document the Declaration of Independence was signed.

The building was crowded with at least eleven thousand persons, and as many more were outside trying to get in. The meeting commenced at nine o'clock, continuing till ten. Then the doors were opened and many retired, thus allowing as many others to come in and take their places. So again at eleven. The first hour of this service was occupied by Mr. Moody in an address on "How long halt ye between two opinions." A delightful feature of the second hour was a talk with the Rev. Dr. Plumer, of South Carolina, on conviction and conversion. The eleven o'clock service was opened by

singing "The Lord of Earth and Sky." Mr. Sankey sang "One more day's work for Jesus." Mr. Moody preached from the text, "What then shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ." He followed out the same line of thought that he took in the nine o'clock service. He showed the want of decision in Pilate's character. More souls are lost for the want of decision, than for any one thing. God holds the world responsible for what they have done with his Son. A large number rose for prayers. The congregation, led by Dr. Newton, repeated the Lord's prayer. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Plumer, who then joined Mr. Moody in wishing the assembly a happy new year.

CHRIST SEEKING SINNERS.

5. "The Son of Man is come to Seek and to Save that which was Lost."—To me this is one of the sweetest verses in the whole Bible. In this one little short sentence we are told what Christ came into this world for. He came for a purpose; He came to do a work, and in this little verse the whole story is told. He came not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him, might be saved.

A few years ago, the Prince of Wales went to America, and there was great excitement about your Crown Prince. The papers took it up, and began to discuss it, and a great many were wondering what he came for. Was it to look into the republican government? Was it for his health? Was it to see

our institutions? he never told us what he came for. But when the Prince of Heaven came down into this world, He told us what he came for. God sent Him, and He came to do the will of His Father. "To seek and to save that which was lost."

6. Never Failed.—And you cannot find any place in Scripture where a man was ever sent by God to do a work in which he failed. God sent Moses to Egypt to bring three millions of bondmen up out of the house of bondage into the promised land. Did he fail? It looked, at first, as if he were going to. If we had been in the Court when Pharaoh said to Moses, "Who is God, that I should obey Him?" and ordered him out of his presence, we might have thought it meant failure. But did it? God sent Elijah to stand before Ahab, and it was a bold thing when he told him there should be neither dew nor rain; but didn't he lock up the heavens for three years and six months? Now here is God sending his own beloved Son from his bosom, from the throne, down into this world. Do you think He is going to fail? Thanks be to God, He can save to the uttermost, and there is not a man in this city who may not find it so, if he is willing to be saved.

7. Bartimeus.—I find a great blessing to myself in taking up a passage like this, and looking all round it, to see what brought it out. If you look back to

the close of the eighteenth chapter, you will find Christ coming near the city of Jericho. And, sitting by the wayside, was a poor blind beggar. Perhaps he has been there for years, led out, it may be, by one of his children, or perhaps, as we sometimes see, he had got a dog to lead him out. There he had sat for years, and his cry had been, "Please give a poor blind man a farthing." One day, as he was sitting there, a man came down from Jerusalem, and seeing the poor blind man, took his seat by his side, and said, "Bartimeus, I have good news for you." "What is it?" said the blind beggar. "There is a man in Israel who is able to give you sight." "Oh no," said the blind beggar, "there is no chance of my ever receiving sight. I was born blind, and nobody born blind ever got sight. I shall never see in this world; I may in the world to come, but I must go through this world blind." "But," said the man, "let me tell you, I was at Jerusalem the other day, and the great Galilean prophet was there, and I saw a man who was born blind that had received his sight; and I never saw a man with better sight." Then for the first time hope rises in the poor man's heart, and he asks "How was it done?" "Why, Jesus spat on the ground and made some clay, and anointed his eyes" (why, that is enough to put a man's sight out, even if he can see!) "and sent him to wash in the pool of Siloam, and while he was doing so, he got two good eyes. Yes, it is so. I talked with

him, and I didn't see a man in all Jerusalem who had better sight." "What did He charge?" says Bartimeus. "Nothing. There was no fee or doctor's bill; he got his sight for nothing. You just tell Him what you want; you don't need to have an influential committee to call on Him, or any important deputation. The poor have as much influence with Him as the rich; all are alike." "What is his name?" asks Bartimeus. "Jesus of Nazareth. And if He ever comes this way, don't you let Him by, without getting your case laid before Him." And the blind man says "That you may be sure of; He shall never pass this way without my seeking Him."

A day or two after, he is led out, and takes his seat at the usual place, still crying out for money. All at once, he hears the footsteps of a coming multitude, and begins to cry, "Who is it?" "Tell me, who is it?" Some one said it was Jesus of Nazareth that was passing by. The moment he hears that, he says to himself, "Why, that is the man who gives sight to the blind," and he lifted up his cry, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" I don't know who it was—perhaps it was Peter—who said to the man, "Hush! keep still." He thought the Lord was going up to Jerusalem to be crowned King, and He would not like to be disturbed by a poor blind beggar. Oh they did not know the Son of God when He was here! He would hush every harp in heaven to hear a sinner

pray; no music delights Him so much. But Bartimeus lifted up his voice louder, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." His prayer reached the ear of the Son of God, as prayer always will, and His footsteps were arrested. He told them to bring the man. "Bartimeus," they said, "be of good cheer, arise, He calleth thee;" and He never called any one, but He had something good in store for him. Oh, sinner! remember that to-night. They led the blind man to Jesus. The Lord says, "What shall I do for you?" "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "You shall have it," the Lord said; and straightway his eyes were opened.

I should have liked to have been there, to see that wonderful scene. The first object that met his gaze was the Son of God Himself, and now among the shouting multitude, no one shouts louder than the poor blind man that has got his sight. He glorifies God, and I fancy I can hear him shouting "Hosanna to the Son of David," more sweetly than Mr. Sankey can sing.

8. Zaccheus.—Pardon me, if I now draw a little on my imagination. Bartimeus gets into Jericho, and he says, "I will go and see my wife, and tell her about it." A young convert always wants to talk to his friends about salvation. Away he goes down the street, and he meets a man who passes him, goes on a few yards, and then turns round and says, "Bartimeus, is that you?" "Yes." Well, I

thought it was, but I could not believe my eyes. How have you got your sight?" "Oh, I just met Jesus of Nazareth outside the city, and asked Him to have mercy on me." "Jesus of Nazareth! What, is He in this part of the country?" "Yes. He is right here in Jericho. He is now going down to the western gate." "I should like to see Him," says the man, and away he runs down the street; but he cannot catch a glimpse of Him, even though he stands on tiptoe, being little of stature, and on account of the great throng around Him. "Well," he says, "I am not going to be disappointed;" so he runs on, and climbs up into a sycamore tree. "If I can get on to that branch, hanging right over the highway, He cannot pass without my getting a good look at Him." That must have been a very strange sight to see the rich man climbing up a tree like a boy, and hiding among the leaves, where he thought nobody would see him, to get a glimpse of the passing stranger! There is the crowd bursting out, and he looks for Jesus. He looks at Peter; "That's not Him." He looks at John; "That's not Him." At last his eye rested on One fairer than the sons of men; "That's Him!" And Zaccheus, just peeping out from among the branches, looks down upon the wonderful God-man in amazement. At last the crowd comes to the tree; it looks as if Christ were going by; but He stops right under the tree, looks up, and says, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down." I can imagine the first thought

in his mind was, "Who told Him my name? I was never introduced to Him." Ah! He knew him. Sinner, Christ knows all about you. He knows your name and your house. You need not try to hide from Him. He knows where you are, and all about you.

9. Sudden Conversions.—Some people do not believe in sudden conversion. I should like them to answer me when was Zaccheus converted? He was certainly in his sins when he went up into that tree; he certainly was converted when he came down. He must have been converted somewhere between the branch and the ground. It didn't take a long while to convert that publican! "Make haste and come down. I shall never pass this way again; this is my last visit." Zaccheus made haste, and came down and received Him joyfully. Did you ever hear of any one receiving Christ in any other way? He received Him joyfully. Christ brings joy with Him. Sin, gloom, and darkness flee away; light, peace, and joy burst into the soul. May there be many that shall come down from their high places, and receive Christ to-night!

10. Evidence of Zaccheus's Conversion.—Some one may ask, "How do you know that he was converted?" I think he gave very good evidence. I would like to see as fruitful evidence of conversion here to-night. Let some of you rich men be con-

verted, and give half your goods to feed the poor, and people will believe pretty quickly that it is genuine work! But there is better evidence even than that. "If I have taken any thing from any man falsely, *I restore him fourfold.*" Very good evidence that. You say if people are converted suddenly, they won't hold out. Zaccheus held out long enough to restore fourfold. We should like to have a work that reaches men's pockets. I can imagine one of his servants going to a neighbor next morning, with a check for £100, and handing it over. "What is this for?" "Oh, my master defrauded you of £25 a few years ago, and this is restitution money." That would give confidence in Zaccheus's conversion! I wish a few cases like that would happen here, and then people would stop talking against sudden conversions.

11. PHARISEES' COMPLAINT.—The Lord goes to be the publican's guest, and while He is there the Pharisees began to murmur and complain. It would have been a good thing if Pharisees had died off with that generation; but, unfortunately, they have left a good many grandchildren, living down here in the afternoon of this nineteenth century, who are ever complaining, "This man receiveth *sinners.*" But while the Pharisees were complaining, the Lord uttered the text I have to-night, "I did not come to Zaccheus to make him wretched, to condemn him, to torment him; I came to bless and save him.

The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

12. Good News.—If there is a man or woman in this audience to-night who believes that he or she is *lost*, I have good news to tell you—Christ is come after you. I was at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, a good many years ago, one Saturday night, and when the meeting was over, a man came to me, and said, "I would like to have you go down to the city prison to-morrow, and preach to the prisoners. I said I would be very glad to go. There was no chapel in connection with that prison, and I was to preach to them in their cells. I had to stand at a little iron railing and talk down a great, long narrow passage way, to some three or four hundred of them, I suppose, all out of sight. It was pretty difficult work; I never preached to the bare walls before. When it was over I thought I would like to see to whom I had been preaching, and how they had received the Gospel. I went to the first door, where the inmates could have heard me best, and looked in at a little window, and there were some men playing cards. I suppose they had been playing all the while. "How is it with you here?" I said. "Well, stranger, we don't want you to get a bad idea of us. False witnesses swore a lie, and that is how we are here." "Oh," I said, "Christ cannot save any body here; there is nobody *lost*." I went to the next cell. "Well, friend, how is it with you?" "Oh," said the

prisoner, "the man that did the deed looked very much like me, so they caught me and I am here." He was innocent too! I passed along to the next cell. "How is it with you?" "Well, we got into bad company, and the man that did it got clear, and we got taken up, but we never did any thing." I went along to the next cell. "How is it with you?" "Our trial comes on next week, but they have nothing against us, and we'll get free." I went round nearly every cell, but the answer was always the same—they had never done any thing. Why, I never saw so many innocent men together in my life! There was nobody to blame but the magistrates, according to their way of it. These men were wrapping their filthy rags of self-righteousness about them. And that has been the story for six thousand years. I got discouraged as I went through the prison, on, and on, and on, cell after cell, and every man had an excuse. If he hadn't one, the devil helped him to make one. I had got almost through the prison, when I came to a cell and found a man with his elbows on his knees, and his head in his hands. Two little streams of tears were running down his cheeks; they did not come by *drops* that time.

"What's the trouble?" I said. He looked up the picture of remorse and despair. "Oh, my sins are more than I can bear." "Thank God for that," I replied. "What," said he, "you are the man that has been preaching to us, ain't you?" "Yes." "I

think you said you were a *friend?*" "I am." "And yet you are glad that my sins are more than I can bear!" "I will explain," I said; "if your sins are more than you can bear, won't you cast them on One who will bear them for you?" "Who's that?" "The Lord Jesus." "He won't bear *my* sins." "Why not?" "I have sinned against Him all my life." "I don't care if you have; the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses from all sin." Then I told him how Christ had come to seek and save that which was lost; to open the prison doors and set the captives free. It was like a cup of refreshment to find a man who believed he was lost, so I stood there, and held up a crucified Saviour to him. "Christ was delivered for our offences, died for our sins, rose again for our justification." For a long time the man could not believe that such a miserable wretch could be saved. He went on to enumerate his sins, and I told him that the blood of Christ could cover them all. After I had talked with him I said, "Now let us pray." He got down on his knees inside the cell, and I got down outside, and I said, "You pray." "Why," he said, "it would be blasphemy for me to call on God." "You call on God," I said. He knelt down, and, like the poor publican, he lifted up his voice and said, "God be merciful to me, a vile wretch!" I put my hand through the window, and as I shook hands with him a tear fell on my hand that burned down into my soul. It was a tear of repentance. He believed

he was lost. Then I tried to get him to believe that Christ had come to save him. I left him still in darkness. "I will be at the hotel," I said; "between nine and ten o'clock, and I will pray for you."

13. Happy Convert.—Next morning, I felt so much interested in him, that I thought I must see him before I went back to Chicago. No sooner had my eye lighted on his face, than I saw that remorse and despair had fled away, and his countenance was beaming with celestial light; the tears of joy had come into his eyes, and the tears of despair were gone. The Sun of Righteousness had broken out across his path; his soul was leaping within him for joy; he had received Christ, as Zaccheus did, joyfully. "Tell me about it," I said. "Well, I do not know what time it was; I think it was about midnight. I had been in distress a long time, when all at once my great burden fell off, and now, I believe I am the happiest man in New York." I think he was the happiest man I saw from the time I left Chicago till I got back again. His face was lighted up with the light that comes from the celestial hills. I bade him good-by, and I expect to meet him in another world.

Can you tell me why the Son of God came down to that prison that night, and, passing cell after cell, went to that one, and set the captive free? It was because the man believed he was lost.

14. Sinner Believe You are Lost.—But you say, "*I* do not feel that." Well, never mind your feelings; *believe* it. Just ask yourself, "Am I saved, or am I lost?" It must be one or the other. There is no neutrality about the matter. A man cannot be saved and lost at the same time; it is impossible. Every man and woman in this audience must either be saved or lost, if the Bible be true; and if I thought it was not true, I should not be here preaching, and I would not advise you people to come; but if the Bible is true, every man and every woman in this room must either be in the ark or out of it, either *saved* or *lost.*

I do not believe there would be a dry eye in this city to-night, if we would but wake up to the thought of what it is to be lost. The world has been rocked to sleep by Satan, who is going up and down and telling people that it doesn't mean any thing. I believe in the old-fashioned heaven and hell. Christ came down to save us from a terrible hell, and any man who is cast down to hell from England must go in the full blaze of the Gospel, and over the mangled body of the Son of God.

15. A Lost Soul.—We hear of a man who has lost his health, and we sympathize with him, and we say it is very sad. Our hearts are drawn out in sympathy. Here is another man who has lost his wealth, and we say, "That is very sad." Here is another man who has lost his reputation, his standing among

men. "That is sadder still," you say. We know what it is to lose health, and wealth, and reputation, but what is the loss of all these things compared with the loss of the soul?

16. Lost Eyesight.—I was in an eye infirmary in Chicago some time ago, before the great fire. A mother brought a beautiful little babe to the doctor —a babe only a few months old—and wanted the doctor to look at the child's eyes. He did so, and pronounced it blind—blind for life—it will never see again. The moment he said that, the mother seized it, pressed it to her bosom, and gave a terrible scream. It pierced my heart, and I could not but weep. What a fearful thought to that mother! "Oh, my darling," she cried, "are you never to see the mother that gave you birth? Oh, doctor, I cannot stand it. My child, my child!" It was a sight to move any heart. But what is the loss of eyesight to the loss of a soul? I had a thousand times rather have these eyes taken out of my head and go to the grave blind, than lose my soul. I have a son, and no one but God knows how I love him; but I would see those eyes dug out of his head to-night rather than see him grow up to manhood and go down to the grave without Christ and without hope. The loss of a soul! Christ knew what it meant. That is what brought Him from the bosom of the Father; that is what brought Him from the throne; that is what brought Him to Calvary. The Son of God

was in earnest. When He died on Calvary it was to save a lost world; it was to save your soul and mine. O the loss of the soul—how terrible it is! If you are lost to-night, I beseech you do not rest until you have found peace in Christ. Fathers and mothers, if you have children out of the Ark, do not rest until they are brought into it. Do not discourage your children from coming to Christ. I am glad to see those little boys and girls here. Dear children, remember the sermon is for *you*. The Son of Man came for you as much as for that old gray-haired man, yonder. He came for all, rich and poor, young and old. Young man, if you are lost may God show it to you, and may you press into the kingdom. The Son of Man is come to seek and to save you.

17. Story of Rowland Hill.—There is a story told of Rowland Hill. He was once preaching in the open air to a vast audience. Lady Anne Erskine was riding by, and she asked who it was that was addressing the vast assembly. She was told it was the celebrated Rowland Hill. Says she, "I have heard of him; drive me near the platform, that I may listen to him." The eye of Rowland Hill rested on her; he saw that she belonged to royalty, and turning to some one, he inquired who she was. He went on preaching, and all at once he stopped. "My friends," he said, "I have got something here for sale." Every body was startled to think that a minister was going to sell something in his sermon. "I

am going to sell it by auction, and it is worth more than the crown of all Europe: it is the soul of Lady Anne Erskine. Will any one bid for her soul? Hark! methinks I hear a bid. Who bids? Satan bids. What will you give? I will give riches, honor, and pleasure; yea, I will give the whole world for her soul. Hark! I hear another bid for this soul. Who bids? The Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus, what will you give for this soul? I will give peace, and joy, and comfort that the world knows not of; yea, I will give eternal life for her soul." Turning to Lady Anne Erskine, he said, "You have heard the two bidders for your soul—which shall have it?" She ordered the footman to open the door, and pushing her way through the crowd, she says, "The Lord Jesus shall have my soul, if He will accept it."

18. Two Bidders for the Soul.—There are two bidders for your soul to-night. It is for you to decide which shall have it. Satan offers you what he cannot give; he is a liar, and has been from the foundation of the world. I pity the man who is living on the devil's promises. He lied to Adam, and deceived him, stripped him of all he had, and then left him in his lost, ruined condition. And all the men since Adam living on the devil's lies, the devil's promises, have been disappointed, and will be, down to the end of the chapter. But the Lord Jesus Christ is able to give all He offers, and He

offers eternal life to every lost soul here. "The gift of God is eternal life." Who will have it? Will any one flash it over the wires, and let it go up to the throne of God, that you want to be saved? As Mr. Sankey sang of that shout around the throne, my heart went up to God, that there might be a great shout for lost ones brought home to-night.

19. Christ has Sought You.—Last night a man yonder told me he was anxious to be saved, but Christ had never sought for him. I said, "What are you waiting for?" "Why," he said, "I am waiting for Christ to call me; as soon as He calls me, I am coming." There may be others here who have got the same notion. Now, I do not believe there is a man in this city that the Spirit of God has not striven with at some period of his life. I do not believe there is a person in this audience but Christ has sought after him. Bear in mind, He takes the place of the seeker. Every man who has ever been saved through these six thousand years was first sought after by God. No sooner did Adam fall than God sought him. He had gone away frightened, and hid himself away among the bushes in the garden, but God took the place of the Seeker; and from that day to this God has always had the place of the Seeker. No man or woman in this audience has been saved but that He sought them first.

20. The Shepherd.—What do we read in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke? There is a shepherd

bringing home his sheep into the fold. As they pass in, he stands and numbers them. I can see him counting one, two, three, up to ninety-nine. "But," says he, "I ought to have a hundred: I must have made a mistake;" and he counts them over again. "There are only ninety-nine here; I must have lost one." He does not say, "I will let him find his own way back." No! He takes the place of the Seeker; he goes out into the mountain, and hunts until he finds the lost one, and then he lays it on his shoulder and brings it home. Is it the sheep that finds the shepherd? No, it is the shepherd that finds and brings back the sheep. He rejoiced to find it. Undoubtedly the sheep was very glad to get back to the fold, but it was the shepherd who rejoiced, and who called his friends and said, "Rejoice with me."

21. The Woman's Money.—Then there is that woman who lost the piece of money. Some one perhaps had paid her a bill that day, giving her ten pieces of silver. As she retires at night, she takes the money out of her pocket and counts it. "Why," she says, "I have only got nine pieces; I ought to have ten." She counts it over again. "Only nine pieces! Where have I been," she says, "since I got that money? I am sure I have not been out of the house." She turns her pocket wrong side out, and there she finds a hole in it. Does she wait until the money gets back into her pocket? No. She takes

a broom, and lights a candle, and sweeps diligently. She moves the sofa and the table and the chairs, and all the rest of the furniture, and sweeps in every corner until she finds it. And when she has found it, who rejoices? The piece of money? No; the woman who finds it. In these parables Christ brings out the great truth that God takes the place of Seeker. People talk of finding Christ, but it is Christ who first finds them.

22. Trouble Develops Love.—It was Adam's fall, his *loss*, that brought out God's love. God never told Adam when He put him into Eden, that He loved him. It was his fall, his sin, that brought it out. A friend of mine from Manchester was in Chicago a few years ago, and he was very much interested in the city—a great city, with its 300,000 or 400,000 inhabitants, with its great railway centres, its lumber market, its pork market, and its grain market. He said he went back to Manchester and told his friends about Chicago. But he could not get any body very much interested in it. It was a great many hundreds of miles away; and the people did not seem to care for hearing about it. But one day there came flashing along the wire the sad tidings that it was on fire; and, my friend said, the Manchester people became suddenly interested in Chicago! Every despatch that came they read; they bought up the papers, and devoured every particle of news. And at last, when the despatch

came that Chicago was burning up, that 100,000 people were turned out of house and home, then every one became so interested that they began to weep for us. They came forward and laid down their money—some gave hundreds of pounds—for the relief of the poor sufferers. It was the *calamity* of Chicago that brought out the love of Manchester, and of London, and of Liverpool. I was in that terrible fire, and I saw men that were wealthy stripped of all they had. That Sunday night, when they retired, they were the richest men in Chicago. Next morning they were paupers. But I did not see a man weep. But when the news came flashing along the wire, "Liverpool is giving a thousand pounds; Manchester is giving a thousand pounds; London is giving money to aid the city;" and as the news kept flashing that help was coming, that city was broken-hearted. I saw men weep then. The love that was showed us, that love broke our hearts. So the love of God ought to break every heart in this city. It was love that brought Christ down here to die for us. It was love that made Him leave His place by the Father's throne and come down here *to seek and to save that which was lost.*

23. Great Sinner Greater Saviour. — Another young man told me last night that he was too great a sinner to be saved. Why, they are the very men Christ came after. "This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." The only charge they could

bring against Christ down here was, that He was receiving bad men. They are the very kind of men He is willing to receive. All you have got to do is, to prove that you are a sinner, and I will prove that you have got a Saviour. And the greater the sinner, the greater need you have of a Saviour. You say your heart is hard; well, then, of course, you want Christ to soften it. You cannot do it yourself. The harder your heart, the more need you have of Christ: the blacker you are, the more need you have of a Saviour. If your sins rise up before you like a dark mountain, bear in mind that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. There is no sin so big, or so black, or so corrupt and vile, but the blood of Christ can cover it. So I preach the old Gospel again, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

24. How Christ Sought Them.—But now for the sake of these men who believe Christ never sought them, perhaps it would be well to say *how* He seeks. There are a great many ways in which He does so. Last night I found a man in the inquiry-room, and the Lord had been speaking to him by the prayers of a godly sister who died a little while ago. Her prayers were answered. He came into the inquiry-room trembling from head to foot. I talked to him about the plan of salvation, and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and at last he took Christ as his Saviour. The Son of Man sought out that young

man through the prayers of his sister, and then through her death.

Some of you have godly, praying mothers, who have prayed whole nights for your soul, and who have now gone to heaven. Did not you take their hand and promise that you would meet them there? That was the Son of God seeking you by your mother's prayers and your mother's death. Some of you have got faithful, godly ministers who weep for you in the pulpit, and plead with you to come to Christ. You have heard heart-searching sermons, and the truth has gone down deep into your heart, and tears have come down your cheeks. That was the Son of God seeking you. Some of you have had godly, praying Sabbath-school teachers and superintendents, urging you to come to Christ. Some of you, perhaps, have got young men converted round you, and they have talked with you and pleaded with you to come to Christ. That was the Son of God seeking after your soul. Some of you have had a tract put in your hand with a startling title, "Eternity; Where will You Spend It?" and the arrow has gone home. That was the Son of God seeking after you. Many of you have been laid on a bed of sickness, when you had time to think and meditate. And in the silent watches of the night, when every body was asleep, the Spirit of God has come into your chamber, has come to your bedside, and the thought came stealing through your mind that you ought to be a child of God and an heir of

heaven. That was the Son of God seeking after your lost soul. Some of you have had little children, and you have laid them yonder in the cemetery. When that little child was dying you promised to love and serve God (ah, Have you kept your promise?) That was the Son of God seeking you. He took that little child yonder to draw your affections heavenwards.

25. Many Ways.—It would take me all night to tell the different ways in which the Lord seeks. Can you rise in this hall to-night and say that the Son of God never sought for *you?* I do not believe there is a man or woman in this audience or in the whole city who could do it. My friend, He has been calling for you from your earliest childhood, and He has put it into the hearts of God's own people just to call you together in this hall. Prayer is going up all over the Christian world for you. Perhaps there never has been a time in the history of your life when so many were praying for you as at the present time. That is the Son of God seeking for your soul through the prayers of the Church, through the prayers of ministers, through the prayers of the saints not only in London but throughout the world. I have received news to-day in a despatch sent across from America, that all the churches nearly, in America, are praying for London. What does it mean? God has laid it upon the heart of the Church throughout the world to pray for London. It must

be that God has something good in store for London; the Son of Man is coming to London to seek and to save that which was lost; and I pray that the Good Shepherd may enter this hall to-night and may come to many a heart, and that you may hear the still small voice: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me." O friends, open the door to-night, and let the heavenly Visitor in. Do not turn Him away any longer. Do not say with Felix, "Go thy way this time, and when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Make this a convenient season; make this the night of your salvation. Receive the gift of God to-night, and open the door of your heart, and say, "Welcome, thrice welcome into this heart of mine."

SINNERS SEEKING CHRIST.

26. "SEEK THE LORD WHILE HE MAY BE FOUND; CALL YE UPON HIM WHILE HE IS NEAR."—I have been speaking about the Son of Man seeking the lost; to-night I want to take up the other side of the case—man's side. I have learned this, that when any one becomes in earnest about his soul's salvation he begins to seek God, and it does not take a great while for them to meet; it does not take long for an anxious sinner to meet an anxious Saviour. What do we read in the 29th chapter of Jeremiah, 13th verse? "Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye shall search

for Me *with all your heart.*" These are the men who find Christ—those who seek for Him with all their heart.

27. Half-heartedness.—I am tired and sick of half-heartedness. You don't like a half-hearted man; you don't care for any one to love you with a half heart, and the Lord won't have it. If we are going to seek for Him and find Him, we must do it with all our heart. I believe the reason why so few people find Christ is because they do not search for Him with all their heart; they are not *terribly* in earnest about their soul's salvation. *God* is in earnest; every thing God has done proves that He is in earnest about the salvation of men's souls. He has proved it by giving his only Son to die for us. The Son of God was in earnest when He died. What is Calvary but a proof of that? And the Lord wants us to be in earnest when it comes to this great question of the soul's salvation. I never saw men seeking Him with all their hearts but they soon found Him.

28. Not Worth Saving.—It was quite refreshing, last night, to find in the inquiry-room a young man who thought he was not worth saving, he was so vile and wicked. There was hope for him because he was so desperately in earnest about his soul. He thought he was worthless. He had got a sight of himself in God's looking-glass, and when a man does

that he has a very poor opinion of himself. You can always tell when a man is a great way from God —he is always talking about himself, and how good he is. But the moment he sees God by the eye of faith he is down on his knees, and, like Job, he cries, "Behold, I am vile." All his goodness flees away. What men want is to be in earnest about their salvation, and they will soon find Christ. You do not need to go up to the heights to bring Him down, or down to the depths to bring Him up, or to go off to some distant city to find Him. This day He is near to every one of us.

29. Bad Advice.—I heard some one in the inquiry-room telling a young person to go home and seek Christ in his closet. I would not dare to tell any one to do that. You might be dead before you got home. If I read my Bible correctly, the man who preaches the Gospel is not the man who tells me to seek Christ to-morrow or an hour hence, but *now*. He is near to every one of us this minute to save. If the world would just come to God for salvation, and be in earnest about it, they would find the Son of God right at the door of their heart.

30. Worldly Wisdom.—Suppose I should say I lost a very valuable diamond here last night—I have not, but suppose it—worth £20,000. I had it in my pocket when I came into the hall, and when I had done preaching I found it was not in my

pocket, but was in the hall somewhere. And suppose I was to say that any one who found it could have it. How earnest you would all become! You would not get very much of my sermon; you would all be thinking of the diamond. I do not believe the police could get you out of this hall. The idea of finding a diamond worth £20,000! If you could only find it, it would lift you out of poverty at once, and you would be independent for the rest of your days. Oh, how soon every body would become terribly in earnest then! I would to God I could get men to seek for Christ in the same way. I have got something worth more than a diamond to offer you. Is not salvation—eternal life—worth more than all the diamonds in the world? Suppose Gabriel should wing his way from the throne of God and come down here, and say he had been commissioned by Jehovah to come and offer to this assembly any one gift you might choose. You could have just what you chose, but only one thing. What would it be? The wealth of England or of the world? Would that be your choice? Ten thousand times, no! Your one cry would be, "Life! eternal life!"

31. Value of Life.—There is nothing men value as they do life. Let a man be out on a wreck that is fast going down. He is worth a million sterling, and his only chance is to give up that million sterling, just to save the life of the body. He would give it up in a moment. "Skin for skin; all that

a man hath will he give for his life." I understand some people have been afraid to come to this hall because there might be a cry of "Fire! fire!" and a panic, and they might lose their lives. Yet there are twenty doors to the building; I do not know that I ever saw a building that you could get easier out of. Yet people seem to sleep, and to forget that there is no door out of hell. If they enter there they must remain, age after age. Millions on millions of years will roll on, but there will be no door, no escape out of hell. May God wake up this slumbering congregation and make you anxious about your souls. People talk about our being earnest and fanatical—about our being on fire. Would to God the Church was on fire; this world would soon shake to its foundation.

32. "COLD OR HOT."—What we want to see is men really wishing to become Christians, men who are in dead earnest about it. The idea of hearing a man say in answer to the question, "Do you want to become a Christian?" "Well, I *would not mind*." My friend, I do not think *you* will ever get into the kingdom of God until you change your language. We want men crying from the depths of their heart, "I *want* to be saved." On the day of Pentecost the cry was, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" These men were in earnest, and they found Christ right there; three thousand found Him, when they sought with all their hearts. When men seek Christ

as they do wealth, they will soon find Him. To be sure the world will raise a cry that they are excited. Let cotton go up ten or fifteen per cent, before to-morrow morning, and you will see how quickly the merchants will get excited! And the papers don't cry it down either. They say it is healthy excitement; commerce is getting on. But when you begin to get excited about your soul's salvation, and are in earnest, then they raise the cry, "Oh, they are getting excited; most unhealthy state of things." Yet they don't talk about men hastening down to death by thousands. There is the poor drunkard, look at him! Hear the piercing cry going up to heaven! Yet the Church of God slumbers and sleeps. Here and there there is an inquirer, and yet they go into the inquiry-room as if they were half asleep. When will men seek for Christ as they seek for wealth, or as they seek for honor?

33. Wake Up.—May God wake up a slumbering Church! What we want men to do is not to shout "Amen," and clasp their hands. The deepest and quietest waters very often run swiftest. We want men to go right to work: there will be a chance for you to shout by and by. Go and speak to your neighbor, and tell him of Christ and heaven. You need not go a few yards down these streets before you find some one who is passing down to the darkness of eternal death. Let us haste to the rescue!

34. Facing Danger.—I am told that when the war broke out on the Gold Coast, though it was known that the climate was a very unhealthy one, and a great many who went there would never return, yet hundreds and thousands of men wanted to go. Why? They wanted to get wealth, and from wealth honor. And if there is a chance of going to India, no end of men are willing to go. To get a little honor they will sacrifice comfort, pleasure, health, and every thing. What we want, is to have men seeking the kingdom of God as they seek for honor and wealth.

35. Life in Danger.—As I said, if life is in danger, how terribly in earnest men become. That is right; there is no doubt about *that*. But why should not men be as much in earnest about their soul's salvation? Why should not every man and woman here wake up and seek the Lord with all their heart? Then, the Lord says, you *shall* find Him.

36. Power of Earnestness.—There is a story told of a vessel that was wrecked, and was going down at sea. There were not enough life-boats to take all on board. When the vessel went down, some of the life-boats were near the vessel. A man swam from the wreck just as it was going down, to one of the boats; but they had no room to take him, and they refused. When they refused, he seized hold of the boat with his right hand, but they took a

sword and cut off his fingers. When he had lost the fingers of his right hand, the man was so earnest to save his life that he seized the boat with his left hand; they cut off the fingers of that hand too. Then the man swam up and seized the boat with his teeth, and they had compassion on him and relented. They could not cut off his head, so they took him in, and the man saved his life. Why? *Because he was in earnest.* Why not seek your soul's salvation as that man sought to save his life?

37. Forty-three Thousand Souls a Day.—Will there ever be a better time? Will there ever be a better time for that old man whose locks are growing gray, whose eyes are growing dim, and who is hastening to the grave? Is not this the very best time for him? "Seek the Lord *while He may be found.*" There is a man in the middle of life. Is this not the best time for *him* to seek the kingdom of God! Will you ever have a better opportunity? Will Christ ever be more willing to save than now? He says, "Come, for *all* things are now ready." Not, *going to be*, but are *now* ready. There is a young man. My friend, is it not the best time for you to seek the kingdom of God? Seek the Lord, you can find Him here to-night. Can you say that you will find Him here to-morrow? Will any one rise up in this hall and say that? Young man, you know not what to-morrow may bring forth. Do you know that since we met here last night 43,000

souls have passed from time to eternity? Do you know that every time the clock ticks a soul passes away? Is not this the best time for you to seek the kingdom of God?

38. Great Revival.—My boy, the Lord wants you. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and seek Him while He may be found. About eighteen years ago, a great revival swept over America. A great many men stood and shook their heads; they could not believe it was a healthy state of things. The Church was not in its normal state! The Church from Maine to Minnesota, and on to California, was astir. And as you passed over the great republic, over its western prairies and mountains, and through its valleys, as you went on by train, and as you passed through its cities and villages, you could see the churches lit up; and men were flocking into the kingdom of God by hundreds. And in a year and a half or two years there were more than half a million souls brought in. Men said it was false excitement, wildfire, and it would pass away. But, my friends, it was grace preceding judgment. Little did we know that our nation was soon to be baptized in blood, and that we would soon hear the tramp of a million men, that hundreds and thousands of our young men, the flower of our nation, would soon be lying in a soldier's grave. But oh, my friends, it was God calling his people in. He was preparing our nation for a terrible struggle.

39. What is Doing Now.—And now, it seems to me that there is another wave of blessing passing over this earth. Tidings are coming from all parts of the world, telling us of the great work God is doing. The last tidings from India, told us of a blessed work going on there. The last tidings from Japan and from other places—we have the same good news of God pouring out his Spirit. It was only the other day that two men came up here from a town of 50,000 inhabitants, and wanted us to go there; but we could not, and we told them to go home and get to work themselves. To-day one of them told us that they had sixteen last night in the inquiry-room. God is pouring out his Spirit everywhere. Everywhere men are putting in the sickle and bringing their sheaves and laying them at the feet of the Master. I believe we are living in the days that our fathers prayed for. The heavens are opened, and the Spirit of God is descending upon the sons of men.

40. A Good Time to Seek Him.—Now, this time of revival is a good time to seek the Lord. Will you ever have a better time? The tidings from every city is this—the people are praying. It is a question in my mind if there was ever so much prayer going up to God as at the present. Not only here, but all round the world, we have God's people making their hearts burdened for the salvation of souls. And is it not God working? Will there ever be a

better time for you to seek the kingdom of God than the present, when there is such a great awakening, when there is such a spirit of expectation; when the Church of God is coming up as one man, and the spirit of unity prevails? Think of the praying ones here. Do you believe there were ever so many men and women praying for your soul as there are here to-night? Look over this audience—what are these Christians doing now! They are silently praying to God. I can see they are praying. There is a young man with his mother sitting by his side. That mother is pleading, "God save my boy to-night!" May it go down deep into his soul! "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near."

41. Is the Lord Here.—Now, let me ask you a question. Do you believe that the Lord can be found here to-night? I appeal to these ministers present at my side; do you believe He can? They answer "Yes." My friends, do *you* believe it? Another Yes comes from the audience. Well, if He can, is it not the height of madness for any man or woman to go out of this hall without seeking Him? If He can be found, why not seek Him? Young lady, why not seek Him with all your heart? Young man, why not seek Christ to-night with all your heart? Why not say, "I *must* be saved"? There is nothing so important as this great question of salvation.

42. They Always Find Him.—Supposing you could win the world, what would you do with it? Would it be worth as much as Christ? Let every thing else be laid aside, and make up your minds that you will not rest until you have sought and found the Lord Jesus. I never knew any one make up his mind to seek Him but he soon found Him. At Dublin a young man found Christ. He went home and lived so godly and so Christ-like, that two of his brothers could not understand what had wrought the change in him. They left Dublin and followed us to Sheffield, and found Christ there. They were in earnest. But, thanks be to God, you have not got to go out of this hall. Christ can be found here to-night. I firmly believe every one here can find Christ to-night if you will seek for Him with all your heart. He says, "Call upon Me." Did you ever hear of any one calling on Christ with the whole heart, that Christ didn't answer? Look at that thief on the cross! It may have been that he had a praying mother, and that his mother taught him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. He had heard Christ pray that wonderful prayer, "Father, forgive them." And as he was hanging on the cross that text of Scripture came to his mind, "Seek the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near." The truth came flashing into his soul, and he says, "He is near me now; I will call on Him. Lord, remember me when Thou comest into thy kingdom." No sooner had he called than the Lord said, "This day

shalt thou be with Me in paradise." That was his seeking opportunity, his day. My friends, this is your day now. I believe that every man has his day. You have it just now; why not call upon Him just now? Say, as the poor thief did, "Lord, remember me." That was his golden opportunity, and the Lord heard and answered and saved him. Did not Bartimeus call on Him while He was near? Christ was passing by Jericho for the last time, and he cried out, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And did not the Lord hear his prayer, and give him his sight? It was a good thing Zaccheus called—or rather the Lord called him, but when the Lord called he came. May the Lord call many here, and may you respond, "Lord, here am I; you have called and I come." Do you believe the Lord will call a poor sinner, and then cast him out? No! His word stands forever, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

43. Without a Character.—I was glad when that man I told you of, said he felt as if he was too bad. Men are pretty near the kingdom of God when they do not see any thing good in themselves. At the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting a man came in, and this was his story. He said he had a mother who prayed for him; he was a wild, reckless prodigal. Some time after his mother's death he began to be troubled. He thought he ought to get into new company, and leave his old companions. So he

said he would go and join a secret society; he thought he would join the Odd Fellows. They went and made inquiry about him, and they found he was a drunken sailor, so they blackballed him They would not have him. He went to the Freemasons; he had nobody to recommend him, so they inquired and found there was no good in his character, and they too blackballed him. They didn't want him. One day, some one handed him a little notice in the street about the prayer-meeting, and he went in. He heard that Christ had come to save sinners. He believed Him; he took Him at at His word; and, in reporting the matter, he said he "*came to Christ without a character, and Christ hadn't blackballed him.*"

My friends, that is Christ's way. Is there a man here without a character, with nobody to say a good word for him? I bring you good news. Call on the Son of God, and He will hear you. Call on him to-night.

44. A Solitary Woman.—I was at a meeting for ministers the other day. Up in the gallery there was one solitary woman; she sat there alone. When the meeting was over and I was passing out, she came and said, "Mr. Moody, do you remember me?" "Oh yes," I said, "I remember you." Where had I met her? Mr. Sankey and myself were leaving Dundee for the north of Scotland. There was a lady who had come from London and brought her

two boys all the way to get blessed; they must have been about eighteen or nineteen—twins. That mother's heart was burdened for their salvation. The last night we had a meeting there, one of the sons yielded himself up to Christ, and the mother went back next morning with her two boys, rejoicing that they had asked and found peace in believing. Some people may say that she was a great fanatic for going all the way from London to Dundee with her boys to get a blessing. But last Friday she says, "My boy, who found the Lord in Dundee, died three weeks ago." And as she pressed my hand as I left the meeting, I said to myself, "Was it not a good thing that mother took her boy to Dundee?" My friends, let us be in earnest about the salvation of our children, and of our friends. Warn that young lady. Yes, mother, speak to that daughter of yours. Father, speak to that child of yours. Wife, speak to your unconverted husband; husband, speak to your unconverted wife. Do not let a man go out of this house saying, "Nobody cared for my soul." I never saw a mother burdened for her children but they soon became anxious. Oh may there be many a sinner seeking the kingdom of God with all their heart!

45. What are You going to Do?—Before I close, I want to ask you once more, "What are you going to do? If the Lord is near, won't you call upon Him? Don't let that scoffing man next you keep

you out of the kingdom of God. There is a scornful look upon that man's face; perhaps he is making light of what I am saying. Don't mind him; don't look to him; but just look right up to God, and ask Him to save you. Now, every true friend —and you all have friends—every true friend, if you could get his advice to-night, would tell you to be saved now. Ask that minister sitting next you, "Had I better seek the kingdom of God to-night?" What does he tell you? "By all means, don't put it off another minute." Ask that godly praying mother by your side, "Is it best to seek the kingdom of God to-night?" Does she say, Put it off one week, or put it off one month? Do you think that mother would say that? There is not a Christian mother in this hall who would say it. I doubt if there is an unconverted mother even here whose advice would be to put off becoming a Christian. Ask that praying sister of yours, ask that praying brother, ask any friend you have here—if you are sitting near one—whether it is not the very best thing you can do. And then cry up to heaven and ask Him who is sitting at the right hand of God, and who loves you more than your father or your mother, or any one on earth—who loves you so much that He gave Himself for you; ask *Him* what He will have you do, and hear His voice from the throne, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." And then shout down to the infernal regions, and ask those down there, and what will they say? "Send

some one to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place." Heaven, earth, and hell unite in this one thing, "Seek first the kingdom of God." Don't put it off. Call upon Him while He is near. And if you call upon Him in real earnest He will hear that call.

46. Last Call!!—You may call too late. I have no doubt that those who would not pray when the ark was building prayed when the flood came, but their prayer was not answered. I have no doubt that when Lot went out of Sodom, Sodom cried to God, but it was too late, and God's judgment swept them from the earth. My friends, it is not too late now, but it may be at twelve o'clock to-night. I cannot find any place in this Bible where I can say you may call to-morrow. I am not justified in saying that. "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Those men of Jerusalem, what a golden opportunity they had, with Christ in their midst. We see the Son of God weeping over Jerusalem, His heart bursting with grief for the city, as He cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that stonest the prophets, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood, but ye would not." He could look down forty years, and see Titus coming with his army, and besieging that city. They called upon God then, but it was too late, and eleven hundred thousand people perished. To-night

is a time of mercy. It may be I am talking to some one to-night whose days of grace may be few, to some one who may be snatched away very soon There may be some one here to-night who may never hear another Gospel sermon; some one who may be hearing *the last call*. My friend, be wise to-night. Make up your mind that you will seek the kingdom of God now. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Christ is inviting you to come—"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, may we all find rest in Christ to-night! Do not let any thing divert your minds, but this night, this hour, make up your mind that you will not leave this hall until the great question of eternity has been settled.

47. Self-righteousness.—An artist wanted a man that would represent the prodigal. One day, he met a poor beggar, and he thought—"That man would represent the prodigal." He found the beggar ready to sit for his painting if he would pay him. The man appeared on the day appointed, but the artist did not recognize him. He said, "You made an appointment with me." "No," says the artist, "I never saw you before." "You are mistaken; you did see me, and made an appointment with me." "No, it must be some other artist. I have an appointment to meet a beggar here at this

hour." "Well," says the beggar, "I am the man." "You the man?" "Yes." "What have you been doing?" "Well, I thought I would get a new suit of clothes before I got painted." "Well," says the artist, "I don't want you;" he would not have him then. And so if you are coming to God, come just as you are. Do not go and put on some garments of yours, and think the Lord will accept you because you have some good thoughts and desires.

48. Conversion of Children.—I was urging the early conversion of children in a meeting, and an old man got up at the close and said, "I want to endorse every word. Sixteen years ago I was in a heathen country, a missionary, and my wife died and left three little children. On the Sabbath after her death my eldest girl came to me and said, 'Papa, shall I take the children into the bedroom and pray with them as mother used to?'" The mother was dead, and little Nellie, ten years old, wanted to follow in her footsteps. The father said yes, and she led them off to the chamber to pray. When they came out he noticed that they had been weeping, and asked what about. "Well, father," said the little girl, "I prayed just as mother taught me, and then"—naming her little brother—"he prayed the prayer that mother taught him; but little Susie, she was too young, mother had not taught her a prayer, so she made a prayer of her own, and I could not help but weep to hear her pray." "Why," said the

father,' "what did she say?" "Why she put up her little hands, and closed her eyes, and said, 'O God, you have come and taken away my dear mamma, and I have no mamma to pray for me now—won't you please make me good just as my dear mamma was, for Jesus' sake, Amen;'" and God heard that prayer. That little child before she was four years old gave evidence of being a child of God, and for sixteen years she was in that heathen country leading little children to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

49. The Dying Soldier's Roll-Call.—A soldier lay on his dying couch during our last war, and they heard him say "Here!" They asked him what he wanted, and he put up his hand and said, "Hush! they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name," and presently he whispered, "Here!" and he was gone.

50. Faith then Works.—You cannot do any thing to please God until you believe. Suppose I should say to my little girl, "Emma, go and get me a glass of water," and she was to say, "I don't want to do it, papa." She goes into another room and some one gives her a cluster of grapes, which she decides to give to her papa. Do you think these grapes would be acceptable if she did not want to get the water? I should say, "I do not want the grapes until you have brought the water." She goes out of

the room again, and some one gives her an orange If she brought the orange to me, do you think I should want it? no, and that child cannot do any thing to please me until I get the water. You can not please God until you believe on His Son.

51. A Mother's Love.—In the time of the Californian gold fever a man went to the diggings, and left his wife to follow him some time afterwards. While on her voyage with her little boy the vessel caught fire, and as there was a powder magazine on board the captain knew when the flames reached it the ship would be blown up. The fire could not be got under, so they took to the life-boats, but there was not room for all. As the last boat pushed off the mother and boy stood on the deck. One of the sailors said there was room for another. What did the mother do?—she gave up her boy. She kissed him, and told him if he lived to see his father to tell him she died to save her boy. Do you think when that boy grew up he could fail to love that mother who died to save him? My friends, this is a faint type of what Christ has done for you and me.

52. "Jesus Pays It All."—When Rev. Mr. Arnot was pastor of a church in Glasgow he heard of a woman in trouble. She could not pay her debts and she could not pay her rent; so he went round to her house thinking he would help her. He knocked at the door twice but no one came. He

knocked the third time very loud but all was still. After waiting he made a great noise and at last left the house. Some days after he met the woman in the street, and said, "I was at your house the other day. I heard you were in trouble and went to help you." "Was that you? I was in the house but I thought it was the landlord come for the rent and as I had not got the money I kept the door locked." That woman represents the sinner. A sinner thinks God is coming to demand something. God comes to give and bless. Jesus comes to pay the debt.

53. Unity Through Christ.—The blood of Christ makes us one. During the days of slavery in America, when there was much political strife and strong prejudice against the black men, especially by Irishmen, I heard a preacher say when he came to the cross for salvation he found a poor negro on the right hand, and an Irishman on the left hand, and the blood came trickling down upon them and made them one. There may be strife in the world, but every one Christ has redeemed He has made one. We are blood relatives.

54. The Precious Blood.—During the American war a doctor heard a man saying, "Blood, blood, blood!" The doctor thought this was because he had seen so much blood, and sought to divert his mind. The man smiled, and said, "I wasn't thinking of the blood upon the battle-field, but I was

thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me as I am dying." As he died, his lips quivered, "Blood, blood, blood!" and he was gone. It will be precious when we come to our dying bed—it will be worth more than all the world then.

55. JULIAN CONQUERED.—It is said of Julian, the apostate in Rome, that when he was trying to stamp out Christianity, he was pierced in the side by an arrow. He pulled the arrow out, and taking a handful of blood as it flowed from the wound, threw it into the air, shouting, "Thou Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

56. COOKMAN'S TRIUMPH.—You may have read of that good man in America, Alfred Cookman. While his friends were gathered round his dying couch his face lit up, and with a shout of triumph, he said, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" And this echoes and re-echoes through America to-day, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

57. CHRIST AND HYPOCRITES.—Some people say, "I have no doubt about the Word of God, but there are some men in the church that ought not to be there; therefore, I do not purpose to go into the church." I am not asking you to come into the church—not but what I believe in churches; but I am asking you to the marriage supper of the Lamb

But you say, here are some hypocrites. "Here is a man up here in one of the churches that cheated me out of £5 a few years ago, and you are not going to catch me in the company of hypocrites." Well, my friend, if you want to get out of the company of hypocrites, you had better get out of the world as quick as you can. One of the twelve apostles turned out to be a hypocrite, and there is no doubt there will be hypocrites in the church to the end of time. But "what is that to thee?" says Christ to Peter; "follow thou Me." We do not ask you to follow hypocrites, we ask you to follow Christ; we do not ask you to believe in hypocrites, we ask you to believe in Christ. Another thing, if you want to get out of the company of hypocrites you had better make haste and come to Christ. There will be no hypocrites at the marriage supper of the Lamb; they will all be in hell, and you will be there with them if you do not make haste and come to Christ.

58. I Don't Feel Right.—There is a class who say, "I would like to come to Christ, but I do not feel." That is the very worst and the most common excuse we have. I wish sometimes the word could be abolished—feel, feel. Supposing my friend Mr. Stone should invite me to his house to dinner, and I say, "I would like to go very much, but I don't know as I feel right." "Well," he says, "what do you mean? Don't you want to go to my house?" "Oh, yes, I want to go." Men say—"Oh, yes, we

want to be saved." "What do you mean, Mr. Moody? Do you mean that you do not know as you will be well to-morrow? Do you think you will be sick?" "Oh, no, I expect to be well to-morrow if I live." "Well, what do you mean by feeling?" "Well, I do not know just how I'll feel. I would like to go to your house to dinner to-morrow, but I don't know as I will feel just right." "I don't understand you, Mr. Moody; I am not talking about feeling; I invite you to come to my house to dinner." "Well, I would like to come very much, but the fact is I do not know how I will feel to-morrow." I can imagine my friend Mr. Stone saying, "What has come over Moody? I asked him to my house to dinner, and he says he would like to come, but he does not know as he will feel right, and he talked about feeling all the time." That is the way people talk now. You talk to them about coming to the kingdom of God, and they say, "I do not know as I feel just right."

59. Heaven a Reality.—I believe heaven is a city quite as real as London is. What we want is to make heaven real, and hell real, and God real, and Christ real, and then live as if we believed these things to be real.

60 What God Wants.—I heard of an Englishman that when the Lord converted him, had a great desire to see every man converted. So he

went into one town, and gave notice that he would preach. It got noised round that the man was rich, so he had a great audience the first night, but, the next night hardly any one was there. Then he got out placards, and stated that if any man in that town owed any debt, if they would come round to his office between nine and twelve o'clock on a certain day, he would pay the debt. That went through the town like wild-fire. One said to the other, "John, do you believe that?" "No, I am not going to believe that any stranger is going to pay our debts." The day came, and at nine o'clock the man was there. At ten o'clock none had come. At eleven o'clock a man was seen walking up and down, and finally he stuck his head in the door and said, "Is it true that you will pay any man's debt?" "Yes; do you owe any debt?" "Yes." "Have you brought the necessary papers?" "Yes." So the man drew a check and paid the other's debt, and he kept him and talked with him till twelve o'clock; and before twelve o'clock two other men came and got their debts paid. At twelve o'clock that man let them out, and the people outside said to them, "He paid your debts, did not he?" "Yes, he did," they answered. The people laughed and made fun of them, and would not believe it till they pulled out the check, and said, "There it is. He has paid all the debt." Then the people said, "What fools we were, we did not go in and get our debts paid!" But they could not; it was too late; the door was

closed. Then the man preached the Gospel, and great crowds went to hear him; and he said, "Now, my friends, that is what God wants to do, but you will not let Him do it. Christ came to pay our debts, and that is the Gospel."

61. God's Omnipresence.—God is here, the same as we say the sun has been shining to-day, but it is 95,000,000 of miles away, and so God may be here, but at the same time God is a Person. God has a dwelling-place, God has a home, God has a throne.

62. Seeing Jesus.—One Christian asked another what he expected to do when he got to heaven, and he said he expected to take one good long look of about 500 years at Christ, and then he would want to see Paul and Peter and John and the rest of the disciples. Well, it seems to me one glimpse of Christ will pay us for all that we are called upon to endure here—to see the King in His beauty, to be in the presence of the King.

63. The Beauty of Heaven.—I read of a little child whose mother was sick, and the child was not old enough to understand about the sickness of the mother. It was taken away, and when the mother died, they thought they would rather have the child remember its mother as she was when she was well, and so they did not take her back till after the mother was buried. They brought the child home

and she ran into the drawing-room to meet her mother, and her mother was not there. The little thing was disappointed, and ran into all the rooms, but could not find her mother. She began to cry and asked them to send her back; she did not want to stay; home had lost its attraction because mother was not there. What is going to make heaven so delightful? It won't be the pearly gates; it won't be the jasper walls; but it will be that we shall see the King in His beauty, and shall behold Him, and not only Him, but those that have gone before us.

64. Talking About Heaven.—I was going to a meeting some time ago, and a friend said to me on my way, "What is your subject?" I told him I should talk about heaven. I noticed a scowl on his forehead, and said, "What makes you look in that way?" He said he was in hopes I was going to give them something practical, that there would be time enough to talk about heaven when we got there. But there is a passage in Timothy which says that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine," and if God did not want us to talk about and think about heaven He would not have so much written about it. And I think if people talked more about heaven they would have more of a desire to go there.

65. Our Name in Heaven.—Two years ago a friend of mine that was in London was going back to Amer-

ica. She went to Liverpool with a party of American friends, and they were talking about what hotel they would stop at, and decided to go to the North-Western. The hotel was full, and as they were starting to find another, they said to my friend, "Are not you going with us?" My friend said, "No, I am going to stay here." "Oh, no," they said, "you cannot stay here." But my friend said, "I am going to stay." "How is it?" "I have got a room." "Where did you get it?" "Why, I sent my name on ahead." She had telegraphed a few days before and secured a room. And that is just what the children of God are doing now; they are sending their names on ahead and getting them down in the Book of Life. They are not waiting for the dying minute.

66. Reconciliation.—There was an Englishman who had an only son who was very headstrong. Father and son quarrelled. The father said he wished the son would leave home and never come back. The boy said he would go and not come to the father's house again till he sent for him. The father said he never would send for him. Away went the boy. But when a father gives up a boy a mother does not. The mother of the boy wrote and plead with him to write to his father first and his father would forgive him; but the boy said, I will never go home till father asks me." She plead to the father but the father said, "No, I will never ask him." At last the mother, broken-hearted, was

sick and given up by the physicians to die. Her husband, anxious to gratify her last wish, wanted to know if he could do any thing for her. She said, "Yes, you can send for my boy." "Well," said the father. "I will send word to him that you want to see him." "No," she says, "If ever I see him you must send for him." So the father wrote and the boy came home to his dying mother. When he opened the door he found his mother dying and his father by the bedside. The father looked up and saw his son but refused to speak with him. The mother kissed her boy and said, "Now, my son, just speak to your father." But the boy said, "No, mother, I will not speak to him until he speaks to me." She took her husband's hand and her boy's and spent her dying moments striving to reconcile them. As she was expiring she could not speak, so she put the hand of the wayward boy into the hand of the father and passed away. The boy looked at the mother, and the father at the wife, and at last the father's heart broke, and he took that boy to his bosom, and by that body they were reconciled. Sinner, that is only a faint type, a poor illustration, because God is not angry with you. God gives you Christ, and I bring you to-night to the dead body of Christ. I ask you to look at the wounds in His hands and feet, and the wound in His side. And I ask you, "Will you not be reconciled?"

67. The Bible And Sceptics.—Supposing I should

send my little boy to school to-morrow morning, and when he came home I should say, "Can you read, write, spell? Do you understand all about arithmetic, geometry, algebra?" The little fellow would look at me, and say, "Why, what do you talk in that way for? I have been trying all day to learn the A B C." Supposing I replied, "If you have not finished your education you need not go to the school any more." Well, there is about as much sense in that as in the way that infidels talk about the Bible. They take it up, read a chapter, and say, "Oh, it is so dark and mysterious we cannot understand it."

68. The Blood Covers Sin.—In Ireland, some time ago, a teacher asked a little boy if there was any thing that God could not do; and the little fellow said, "Yes; He cannot see my sins through the blood of Christ." That is just what He cannot do. The blood covers them.

69. "Out of Purgatory."—I am told that at Rome, if you go up a few steps on your hands and knees, that is nine years out of purgatory. If you take one step now you are out of purgatory for time and eternity.

70. Safety by the Cross.—In our western country in the autumn, when there has not been for months any rain, sometimes the prairie catches fire,

and the flames just roll along twenty feet high over that western desert, at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, consuming man and beast. When the frontiersmen see it coming, what do they do? They know they cannot run as fast as the fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape from that fire. They take a match and light the grass around them and let the flames sweep, and then they get into the burnt district and stand safe. They hear the flames roar, they see death coming towards them; but they do not fear, they do not tremble, because the fire has passed over the place where they are, and there is no danger. There is one mountain peak that the wrath of God has swept over; that is Mount Calvary, and that fire spent its fury upon the bosom of the Son of God. Take your stand by the cross, and you will be safe for time and eternity.

71. Faith not Reason.—I heard of some commercial travellers who went to hear a man preach. They came back to the hotel, and were sitting in the smoking-room, and they said the minister did not appeal to their reason, and they would not believe any thing they could not reason out. An old man sitting there listening, said to them, "You say you won't believe any thing you can't reason out?" "No, we won't." The old man said, "As I was coming on the train I noticed some sheep and cattle and swine and geese, eating grass. Now,

can you tell me by what process that same grass was turned into feathers, hair, bristles, and wool?" "Well, no, we can't just tell you that." "Do you believe it is a fact?" "Oh, yes, it is a fact." "I thought you said you would not believe any thing you could not reason out?" "Well, we can't help believing that; we see it with our eyes." "Well,' said the old man, "I can't help but believe in regeneration, and a man being converted, although I cannot explain how God converted him."

72. The Blood Cleanseth.—There is no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus. You may just pile up your sins till they rise up like a dark mountain, and then multiply them by ten thousand for those you cannot think of; and after you have tried to enumerate all the sins you have ever committed, just let me bring one verse in, and then that mountain will melt away: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

73. A Gift Refused.—Suppose I was going over London Bridge and saw a poor, miserable beggar with no rags hardly to cover his nakedness, and right behind him was the Prince of Wales with a bag of gold, and the poor beggar was running away from him, and the Prince was hallooing, "Oh, beggar here is a bag of gold!" Sinner that is your condition. The Prince of Heaven wants to give you eternal life and you are running away from Him

74. MORALITY WILL NOT SAVE.—Nicodemus stood very high; he was one of the church dignitaries; he stood as high as any man in Jerusalem, except the high-priest himself. He belonged to the seventy rulers of the Jews; he was a doctor of divinity, and taught the law. There is not one word of Scripture against him; he was a man that stood out before the whole nation as of pure and spotless character. What does Christ say to him? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

75. SATAN IN CHURCH.—Many say, "Oh, yes, I am a Christian, I go to church every Sabbath." There is no one who goes to church so regularly as Satan. He is always there before the minister and the last one out of church. There is not a church, or a chapel, but he is a regular attendant of it. The idea that he is only in slums, and lanes, and public houses, is a false one.

76. DEATH WITHOUT CHRIST.—A stage-driver away on the Pacific coast—as I was told when I was there about three years ago—while lying on his dying bed, kept moving one of his feet up and down, saying, "I am on the down grade, and cannot reach the brake." As they told me of it I thought how many were on the down grade and could not reach the brake, and were dying without God and without hope.

77. Christians Asleep.—A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and lay down under a beautiful shady tree. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to its father and saying, "Pretty! pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping, the little child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but he could not see him. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briers, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought as I heard that, what a picture of the Church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men, are sleeping now while their children wander over the terrible precipice, right into the bottomless pit of hell.

78. "I'm Glad She's in Heaven."—I was attending a Sabbath-school convention in a little town, where a stranger took me into his house. I said, "Have you no children?" He said no; he had one, but she was in heaven, and he said he was glad of it. I

said, "Glad that your only child is dead?" "Yes," he said. "How is that? Was she deformed, or was any thing wrong with her?" "No, she was as perfect as could be;" and he brought me a portrait of a beautiful girl, with golden curls falling down her neck, more like an angel than a child. I asked how old she was. "Seven." "What do you mean by saying you are glad she is in heaven?" "Well," said he, "I worshipped that child, I was making money for my child, and every Sunday I spent hours with her; she was the idol of my heart, but I did not know it. One day I found my child sick. In a few days she died, and I accused God of being unjust, and refused to be reconciled. I would have torn God from His throne if I could. For three days and nights I neither ate, nor drank, nor slept. I was almost mad. On the third day I buried her, and when I came home, as I walked up and down the room, I thought I heard the voice of my little one; but then I thought, 'No, that voice is hushed forever.' Then I thought I heard her little feet coming towards me, but then I said, 'No, I shall never hear those little feet again.' At last I threw myself on my bed, and began to weep. Nature gave way, and I fell asleep. I had a dream. I thought I was crossing a waste, barren field, and I came to a river that looked so cold and dark and dreary that I drew back from it; but, looking across, I saw the most beautiful land my eyes had ever rested upon. Then I saw a company on the other side, and among

them my darling child. She came to the bank of the river, and waving her little angel hand, said, 'Father, come right this way; it is so beautiful here.' I then went to the water's edge, and thought I would plunge in, but it was too deep for me—I could not swim. I thought I would give any thing to cross. I tried to find a boat, but there was no ferryman. I looked for a bridge, but there was none; and while I was wandering up and down the little angel voice came across the stream, 'Come right this way, father; it is beautiful here!' All at once I heard a voice as if it came from heaven, saying, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The voice awoke me from sleep. I thought it was God calling me, and that if I would ever see my child again I must come to God through Jesus Christ. That night I knelt beside my bed and gave myself to God. Now I no longer look upon my child as sleeping in her grave, but I see her with the eye of faith in that beautiful land, and every night when I lie down I hear her sweet voice saying, 'Come right this way, father,' and every morning I hear her repeating the same words. Now my wife is converted. I am superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and eight children have been converted, and I am trying to get as many converted as I can to go with me to that beautiful land."

79. Christ First.—Before I left the farm, I was

talking one day to a man who was working there, and who was weeping. I said to him, "What is the trouble?" And he told me a very strange story. When he started in life, he left his native village, and went to another town to find something to do, and was unsuccessful. The first Sabbath he went to a little church, and the minister preached from this text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God;" and he thought the text and the sermon were for himself. He wanted to get rich, and when he was settled in life he would seek the kingdom of God. He went on, and the next Sabbath he was in another village. It was not long before he heard another minister preach from the same text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought surely some one must have been speaking to the minister about him. For the minister just pictured him out. But he said when he got settled in life, and had control of his time, and was his own master, he would then seek the kingdom of God. Some time after he was at another village, and he went to church again, and he had not been going a great while when he heard the third minister preach from the same text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added." He said it went right down into his soul; but he calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not become a Christian until he had got settled in life, and owned his farm. This man said, "Now I am what the world calls rich. I go to church every

Sunday, but I have never heard a sermon from that day to this which has ever made any impression upon my heart. My heart is as hard as a stone." As he said that tears trickled down his cheek. I was a young man and did not know what it meant.

When I was converted I thought when I should go back home I would see this man, and preach Christ to him. When I went back home I said to my widowed mother, naming this man, "Is he still living in the same place?" My mother said, "He is gone mad and has been taken away to the insane asylum, and every one that goes to see him he points his finger at and says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.'" I thought I should like to see him but he was so far gone it would do no good. The next time I went home he was at his home idiotic. I went to see him. When I went in I said, "Do you know me?" He pointed his finger at me and said, "Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God." God had driven the text into his mind but his reason was gone. Three years ago, when I visited my father's grave I noticed a new stone had been put up. I stopped and found it was my friend's. The autumn wind seemed whispering the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

80. The Fatal Ism.—When every child that longs to the Lord is willing to speak for Him, willing to work for Him, and, if need be, willing to die for Him, then Christianity will advance, and we

shall see the work of the Lord prosper. I fear more than any thing else, the dead, cold formalism of the Church of God.

Talk about the false *isms!* There is none so dangerous as this dead, cold formalism which has come right into the heart of the Church. So many of us just sleep while souls all around are perishing.

81. The Mountains of Unbelief.—A few years ago there was a little story going through the American religious press that touched my heart as a father. It was about the death of a little boy. The mother thought her little boy was safe in the arms of Jesus; but one day she came into his room, and he said, as he was looking out of the window, "Mother, what are those mountains that I see yonder?" The mother said, "Eddie, there is no mountain in sight of the house." "Don't you see them, mother?" said he; "they're so high and so dark. Eddie has got to cross those mountains. Won't you take him in your arms and carry him over?" The mother said, "Eddie, I would if I could, but I cannot." Now, there is a time coming when your friends cannot help you. When you come to the mountain, if you have not Christ, you must take that journey alone, for there will be no one to help you then. The mother prayed with that little boy. Then she said, "Eddie, you must take your eyes off your mother. You must have your eyes upon Jesus. He will help you." The mother again prayed with

him, and tried to get his little mind off from the dark mountain. All at once he said, "Mother, hark! don't you hear them call?" "Hear who, Eddie?" "Don't you see the angels just on the other side of the mountain? They are calling for me. Take me, mother, and carry me over the mountain." The mother said again, "Why, my boy, I cannot go with you; but Christ will be with you. He will take you safe over the mountains if you trust Him." Again the mother prayed for her little boy. At length he closed his eyes and he prayed, "Lord Jesus, be with me, and take me over the mountains." Then he opened his little eyes, and said, "Good-by, mamma; Jesus is coming to carry me over the mountains;" and the little sufferer was gone. Sinner, Christ will carry you over the mountains of unbelief, if you will only let Him.

82. Thanksgiving.—One reason why we don't have more answers to our prayers is because we are not thankful enough. The Divine injunction is, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, *with thanksgiving*, let your requests be made known unto God." Some one has well said there are three things in this verse: careful for nothing—prayerful for every thing—thankful for any thing.

83. Judas' Kiss.—Judas got near enough to Christ to kiss Him, and yet went down to damnation.

84. Three Steps to Hell.—There are three steps to the lost world. The first is Neglect. All a man has to do is to neglect salvation and that will take him to the lost world. I am on a swift river, and lying in the bottom of my little boat; all I have to do is to fold my arms and the current will carry me out to sea. All a man has to do in the current of life is to fold his arms and he will drift on and be lost. The second step is Refusal. The last step is to Despise the love of Christ.

85. Pray! Don't Argue!—Spend no time in arguments. I believe that is a work of the devil to cause delay. If a man comes to argue we should go on our knees, pray with him, and then let him go. Job never fell until he got into an argument with his friends; he could stand his boils, and all his other afflictions, better than an argument.

86. Guard Against Self-confidence.—Many of the Bible characters fell just in the things in which they were thought to be strongest. Moses failed in his humility, Abraham in his faith, Elijah in his courage—for one woman scared him away to that juniper tree; and Peter, whose strong point was boldness, was so frightened by a maid as to deny his Lord.

87. Continuous Effort.—There are some who say, 'We don't have any sympathy with these special

efforts"; and I sympathize with that objection. I believe it is the privilege of the child of God to make *continuous* efforts for the salvation of others, every day throughout the year.

88. "Let Your Light Shine."—A friend of mine was walking along the streets one dark night, when he saw a man coming along with a lantern. As he came up close to him, he noticed by the bright light that the man had no eyes. He went past him; but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind!" He turned round and said, "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern," said the blind man, "that people may not stumble over me." Let us hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

89. under the Juniper Tree.—There is a large class of people who are always looking upon the dark side. Some time ago I myself got under the juniper tree. In those days I used to fish all night, and catch nothing. One of the workers in our Mission came in to see me one Monday morning, full of joy, saying what a good Sunday he had. "Well," said I, "I am glad you have had a good day; but I have had a very bad one." He knew I had been in trouble of mind and so he said, "Did you ever study Noah?" "No," said I; "I have read about

him, but I don't know that I have ever studied him." "Well," said he, "study him. It will do you good." So I began to study Noah, and I found out that he preached for a hundred and twenty years without making a single convert. "That is a good deal worse than my case," thought I; and that made me feel better at once. That day I went down to the noon prayer-meeting, and one poor sinner rose and asked us to pray for him. "What would old Noah have given for that?" thought I. I tell you, what we want is perseverance.

90. SEND ANY BODY BUT ME.—There are but few now that say, "Here am I, Lord; send me": the cry now is, "Send some one else. Send the minister, send the church officers, the church-wardens, the elders; but not me. I have not got the ability, the gifts, or the talents." Ah! honestly say you have not got the heart; for if the heart is loyal, God can use you. It is really all a matter of heart. It does not take God a great while to qualify a man for his work, if he only has the heart for it.

91. DISTANCE DISENCHANTING.—When men going up in a balloon have ascended a little height, things down here begin to look very small indeed. What had seemed very grand and imposing, now seem as mere nothings; and the higher they rise the smaller every thing on earth appears—it gets fainter and fainter as they rise, till the railway train, dash-

ing along at fifty miles an hour, seems like a thread, and scarcely appears to be moving at all, and the grand piles of buildings seem now like mere dots. So it is when we get near heaven: earth's treasures, earth's cares, look very small.

92. To-morrow.—Look at poor old Pharaoh down there in Egypt, when the plague of frogs was on him. What an awful time he must have had! Frogs in the fields, and frogs in the houses; frogs in the bedrooms, and frogs in the kneading-troughs. When the king went to bed, a frog would jump on to his face; when he cut into a loaf of bread, there was a frog in the middle of it. Nothing but frogs everywhere! Frogs, frogs, frogs! He stood it as long as he could; and then he sent for Moses, and begged him to take them away. "When would you like to have me do it?" says Moses. Now just listen to what he says. You would think he would say, Now! this minute! I have had them long enough! But he says, "*To-morrow.*" Kept the frogs another day, when he might have got rid of them at once! That is just like you, sinner. You say you want to be saved; but you are willing to keep your hateful, hideous sins till *to-morrow*, instead of being rid of them *now*.

93. A Book of Wonders.—A man once wanted to sell me a "Book of Wonders." I took it and looked it over, and could not find any thing in it about Cal-

vary. What a mistake! A book of wonders—and the greatest wonder of all left out!

94. Repentance.—What is repentance? Some one says it is a "godly sorrow for sin." But I tell you a man can't have a godly sorrow, or a godly any thing else, till after he repents. Repentance means right-about-face! Some one says, "Man is born with his back towards God, and repentance is turning square round."

95. A Lie Six Thousand Years Old.—One of the greatest lies that has come out of the pit of hell is that Christ is a hard Master. It is a lie, and has been so from the foundation of the world. Oh, young man, I beg of you, do not believe the devil when he says that God is a hard Master. It is false, my friends; and to-night let me brand that excuse as one of the devil's own lies, that he has been retailing up and down the earth for six thousand years.

96. Tied to the World.—I once heard of two men, who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the gray dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring line or raised the anchor!

And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world.

97. Laziness not Leanness.—A good many people are complaining all the time about themselves, and crying out—"My leanness! my leanness!" when they ought rather to say, "My laziness! my laziness!"

98. "Come to Christ Chain and All."—In the North there was a minister talking to a man in the inquiry room. He said, "My heart is so hard, it seems as if it was chained; and I cannot come." "Ah!" said the minister, "come to Christ, chain and all"; and he just came to Christ, and Christ snapped the fetters, and set him free right there.

99. The Teetotaler.—There was a soldier down in Tennessee when I was there—a great, strong, hearty fellow, who was a teetotaler. One day, when the army was going on a long march, a man offered him a drink of whiskey.

"I am a teetotaler," was his reply.

"Never mind that. You're in the army now; besides, you need some stimulant to help you on this long march."

Taking out a pocket Bible, he held it up before the face of his tempter, and said—

"That is all the stimulant I want."

100. Crownless Saints.—I have an idea there are thousands of crownless saints in heaven. They just barely get in at the doors. They have, indeed, been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; but there is no reward for them. They have sought their own ease in this world; they have not sought to work for Christ here below; therefore, though admitted to heaven, they enjoy no distinguished reward. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." But none of those that have lost heart, and have given up working for the Master here, will shine as the stars, or receive the great reward hereafter. For those careless ones there is no bright glory, no place near the throne; they have just got in at the gates—that's all!

101. Christ The Ark.—When I was in Manchester, I went into the gallery one Sunday night, to have a talk with a few inquirers; and while I was talking, a business man came in, and took his seat on the outskirts of the audience. I think, at first, he had come merely to criticise, and that he was a little sceptical. At last I saw he was in tears. I turned to him, and said, "My friend, what is your difficulty?" "Well," he said, "Mr. Moody, the fact is, I cannot tell." I said, "Do you believe you are a sinner?" He said, "Yes; I know that" I said, "Christ is able to save you"; and I used one illustration after another, but he did not see it. At last

I thought of the ark, and I said: "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him? Was it Noah's righteousness that saved him, or was it the ark?" "I see it, now," said he; "I see it." He got up and shook hands with me, and said: "Good-night: I must go. I was determined to be saved before I went. I see it now."

A few days after, he came and touched me on the shoulder, and said, "Do you know me?" I said, "I know your face, but do not remember where I have seen you." He said, "Do you not remember the illustration of the ark?" I said, "Yes." "It has been all light ever since," said he. "I understand it now. Christ is the Ark; He saves me."

102. CONVERSION INSTANTANEOUS.—I can imagine some of you saying; "I do not see how a man is really going to be converted all at once." Let me give you an illustration. There are two soldiers. Now, if you bring those soldiers up to this platform, and ask them how they became soldiers, they will tell you this—that one moment they were citizens, and the next minute soldiers. What was it that made them soldiers? It was when they took the Queen's shilling. The moment they received that shilling they ceased to be citizens, and they became soldiers. Before they received that shilling they could go where they pleased; the next minute they came under the government and under the regulations of the army, and they must go where Queen

Victoria sends them. They did not have to wait for the uniform. The minute they received the shilling they became soldiers. What made them soldiers? Receiving the shilling. What makes a man a Christian? Receiving Christ. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not: but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

103. Christ Our Substitute.—There is a story told of Napoleon, that, when he sent out a draft for recruits, a man was drafted who didn't want to go into the army; but he had a friend who thought a good deal of him, and this friend offered to go in his place. He was taken. A battle was fought, and the man was killed and buried on the field. Some time afterwards another draft was made, and by a mistake this man, whose substitute the other had been, was drafted the second time. When they went to take him, he said:

"You cannot take me."

"Why not?"

"I am dead."

"You are not."

"Yes, I am. I died at such a battle, and you will find me buried on such a battle-field."

The man declared that he was dead, and they declared that he was alive.

"See if I was not drafted at such and such a time." They looked, and found that he had been

drafted; and found another name against his: and then they said that he had got a substitute.

"I know that," said he; "and he died for me, and you cannot take me."

They said they would take him, and they did. Upon this he appealed to the emperor, who decided they could not take him, for another man had died in his place.

There were hundreds of such cases during our war, where men bought substitutes; and others served through love—the father for the son, and the son for the father, and brothers for brothers. One wealthy man hired another to go to the war for him, and he was killed. The wealthy man went down South, and built a monument over his substitute's grave; and on it he put this inscription: "He DIED FOR ME." Ah! my friends, go to the tomb of Jesus, and say over it, "He died for me." Yea, you can go further, and say, "He rose for me, and He is at the right hand of God for me; and I have life in Him, and the hope of eternal glory. Death cannot touch my spiritual nature; I am safe for time and eternity."

104. THE LAST NIGHT.—A little while ago, in one of the mining districts of England a young man attended one of our meetings, and refused to go from the place till he had found the Saviour. The next day he went down into the pit and the coal fell in upon him; and when they took him out he was

bruised and mangled and had but a few moments to live. His last words were. "It was a good thing I settled it last night."

105. An Egyptian Legend.—There is a legend told in reference to that night on which the Lord slew the first-born of the Egyptians; and it runs thus: There was a little child, the first-born in the house of an Israelite; and you know God said that, in every house where the blood was not upon the door-post, the first-born should be smitten by death. This little girl was sick, but she was afraid that the blood was not upon the door-post; so she asked her father if he was sure he had put the blood upon the door-post; and the father said, "Yes, he was quite sure: he had ordered it to be done." But the little girl said the second time, "Father, are you quite sure that the blood is there?" "Yes, my child," answered the father; "be quiet, and sleep." But the child could not sleep. She was very sick and very restless; and as night came on, and it grew darker and darker, and nearer and nearer to the time when the angel should pass over Goshen, she got still more nervous and restless and uneasy; and at last she said, "Father, take me in your arms and let me see the blood upon the door-post"; and the father, to satisfy the child, took her to the door to show her the blood; and lo and behold! it was not there: the man to whom he had given instructions had forgotten to do it. And then the father, in the

sight of the child, had the blood put upon the door-post, and the child lay down and went to sleep.

106. The Deep Pit.—Did any of you ever go down into a coal-pit, fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, right down into the bowels of the earth? If you have, don't you know that it would be sheer madness to try to climb up the steep sides of that shaft and so get out of the pit? Of course, you couldn't leap out of it; in fact, you couldn't get out of it at all by yourself. But I'll tell you this—you could get out of a coal-pit fifteen hundred feet deep a good deal quicker than you can get out of the pit that Adam took you into. When Adam went down into it, he took the whole human family with him. But the Lord can take us out.

107. A Vast Fortune.—A vast fortune was left in the hands of a minister for one of his poor parishioners. Fearing that it might be squandered if suddenly bestowed upon him, the wise minister sent him a little at a time, with a note, saying: "This is thine; use it wisely; there is more to follow!" Brethren, that's just the way God deals with us.

108. "Immediately."—Not long ago, in Edinburgh, an earnest Christian lady found a woman whose feet had taken hold of hell, and who was pressing onwards to a harlot's grave. The lady begged her to go home, but she said, "no, her par-

ents would not receive her." This Christian woman knew what a mother's heart was. So she wrote a letter to the mother, telling her how she had met her daughter, who was sorry and wanted to return. The next post brought an answer back, and on the envelope was written, "Immediately—immediately!" They opened the letter: yes, she was forgiven. They wanted her back, and they sent money for her to come immediately. That is what the great and loving God is saying to every wandering sinner—*immediately.*

109. Backsliders.—The devil has told you that God won't have any thing to do with you, because you have wandered away. If that is true, there would be very few men in heaven. David backslid; Abraham and Jacob turned away from God; I do not believe there is a saint in heaven but at some time of his life, with his heart has backslidden from God. Perhaps not in his life, but in his heart. The prodigal's heart got into the far country before his body got there.

110. O O.—When I was in England in 1867, there was a merchant who came over from Dublin, and was talking with a business man in London; and as I happened to look in, he introduced me to the man from Dublin. Alluding to me, the latter said to the former, "Is this young man all O O?" Said the London man, "What do you mean by O O?" Re-

plied the Dublin man, "*Is he Out and Out for Christ?*" I tell you it burned down into my soul It means a good deal to be O O for Christ.

111. A Lost Life.—A young man lay dying, and his mother thought he was a Christian. One day, passing his room door, she heard him say, "Lost! lost! lost!" The mother ran into the room and cried, "My boy, is it possible you have lost your hope in Christ, now you are dying?" "No, mother, it is not that; I have a hope beyond the grave, but I have lost my life. I have lived twenty-four years, and done nothing for the Son of God, and now I am dying. My life has been spent for myself; I have lived for this world, and now, while I am dying, I have given myself to Christ; but my life is lost."

112. Professing Christians.—There are a great many in the Church who make one profession, and that is about all you hear of them; and when they come to die you have to go and hunt up some musty old church records, to know whether they were Christians or not. God won't do that.

113. What The Prodigal Lost!—Did you ever notice what the prodigal lost? He lost his *food.* That is what every poor backslider loses. They get no manna from heaven. They see no beauty in the Word of God.

Then the prodigal lost his *work.* They made him take care of swine; that was all loss for a Jew. So

every backslider loses his work. He cannot do anything for God; he cannot work for eternity.

The prodigal also lost his *testimony*. Who believed him? There he stands among the swine, and some one says to another, "Look at that poor wretch." "What," he says, "do you call me a poor wretch? My father is a wealthy man; he has got more clothes in his wardrobe than you ever saw in your life. My father is a man of great wealth and position." Do you suppose these men would believe him? "That poor wretch the son of a wealthy man!" "If he had got such a wealthy father he would go to him." So with the backsliders: the world does not believe that they are the sons of a King.

Then, the prodigal lost his *home*. As long as his money lasted, he was quite popular in the public-house and among his acquaintances; he had professed friends, but as soon as his money was gone, where were his friends? That is the condition of every poor backslider.

114. An Only Daughter Lost.—Not long ago the only daughter of a wealthy friend of mine sickened and died. The father and mother stood by her dying bed. He had spent all his time in accumulating wealth for her; she had been introduced into gay and fashionable society; but she had been taught nothing of Christ. As she came to the brink of the river of death, she said, "Won't you

help me; it is very dark, and the stream is bitter cold." They wrung their hands in grief, but could do nothing for her; and the poor girl died in darkness and despair. What was their wealth to them then?

115. Afraid of Backsliding Again.—Some say, "There would be little use of me attempting to come back. In a few days I should just be where I was again. I should like very much to go to my Father's home again, but I'm afraid I wouldn't stay there." Well, just picture this scene. The poor prodigal has got home, and the father has killed the fatted calf; and they are sitting at the table eating. His father sits opposite; he is full of joy, and his heart is leaping within him. All at once he sees his boy weeping. "My son, what are you weeping for? Are you not glad to have got home?" "Oh, yes, father; I never was so glad as I am to-day: but I am so afraid I will go back into that foreign country!" Why, you cannot imagine such a thing! When you have got one meal in your Father's house, you will never be inclined to wander away again.

116. Every Man's Biography!—Some men like to have their lives written before they die; if any of you would like to read your biography turn to the third chapter of Romans and you will find it already written.

117. THE ONE-POINT OFFENDER.—If I have an orchard, and two apple-trees in it, which both bear some bitter apples, perfectly worthless, does it make any difference to me that the one tree has got perhaps five hundred apples, all bad, and the other only two, both bad? "*Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.*" Suppose you were to hang up a man to the roof with a chain of ten links; if one were to break, does it matter that the other nine are all sound and whole? Not the least. One link breaks, and down comes the man. But is it not rather hard that he should fall when the other nine are perfect, when only one is broken? Why, of course not; if one is broken, it is just the same to the man as if all had been broken: he falls. So the man who breaks one commandment is guilty of all. He is a criminal in God's sight.

118. THE LAW OUR LOOKING-GLASS.—I said to my family, one morning, a few weeks before the Chicago fire, "I am coming home this afternoon to give you a ride." My little boy clapped his hands. "Oh, papa, will you take me to see the bears in Lincoln Park?" "Yes." I had not been gone long when my little boy said, "Mamma, I wish you would get me ready." At last he was ready to have the ride, face washed, and clothes all nice and clean. "Now, you must take good care and not get yourself dirty again," said mamma. It was a long time yet until

the afternoon, and after a little he began to play When I got home, I found him outside, with his face all covered with dirt. "I can't take you to the Park that way, Willie." "Why, papa? you said you would take me." "Ah, but I can't; you're all over mud. I couldn't be seen with such a dirty little boy." "Why, I'se clean, papa; mamma washed me. "Well, you've got dirty since." But he began to cry, and I could not convince him that he was dirty. "I'se clean; mamma washed me!" he cried. Do you think I argued with him? No. I just took him up in my arms, and carried him into the house, and showed him his face in the looking-glass. He could not take my word for it; but one look at the glass was enough. He didn't say he wasn't dirty after that! The looking-glass showed him that his face was dirty—*but I did not take the looking-glass to wash it;* of course not. Yet that is just what thousands of people do. The law is the looking-glass to see ourselves in, to show us how vile and worthless we are in the sight of God; but they take the law, and try to *wash* themselves with it! Man has been trying that for six thousand years, and has miserably failed. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." Only one Man ever lived on the earth who could say He had kept the law, and that was the Lord Jesus Christ. But men have tried to do what He did, and have failed. Instead of sheltering under his righteousness, they have offered God their own.

119. What are We Doing.—There are more men worshipping the golden calf than the God of heaven. They bring before it health and happiness and peace. "Give me thirty pieces of silver, and I will sell you Christ," is the world's cry to-day. "Give me fashion, and I will sell you Christ!" "I will sacrifice my wife, my children, my life, my all, for a little drink. I will sell my soul for drink!" It is easy to blame these men for worshipping the golden calf. But what are we doing ourselves?

120. Never.—The law has never saved a single man since the world began.

121. Sinners on a Level Then.—It was my sad lot to be in the Chicago fire. As the flames rolled down our streets, destroying every thing in their onward march, I saw the great and the honorable, the learned and the wise, fleeing before the fire with the beggar, and the thief, and the harlot. All were alike. As the flames swept through the city it was like the judgment day. The mayor, nor the mighty men, nor wise men could stop these flames. They were all on a level then, and many who were worth hundreds of thousands were left paupers that night. When the day of judgment comes, there will be no difference; all sinners will suffer.

122. What the Gospel has Undone.—No man can ever tell what the Gospel has done for him, but I

think I can tell what it has *undone*. It has taken out of my path four of the bitterest enemies I ever had. Death, the Grave, Sin and the Judgment, have all lost their terror for me.

123. Christ's Enemies His Witnesses.—First, call the Pharisees. We know how they hated Him. Come, Pharisees, tell us what you have against the Son of God. "*This man receiveth sinners.*" What an argument to bring against Him! Why, it is the very thing that makes us love Him. He receives sinners. If He had not, what would have become of *us?* Have you nothing more to bring against Him than *this?* "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." And so He did save others, but He could not save Himself and save us too. So He laid down his own life for yours and mine. Yes, Pharisees, you have told the truth for once in your lives!—"He saved others, Himself He cannot save."

Now, let us call upon Caiaphas. Let him stand up here in his flowing robes. "Caiaphas, you were chief priest when Christ was tried; you were president of the Sanhedrim; you were in the council-chamber when they found Him guilty; you yourself condemned Him. Tell us; what did the witnesses say? On what grounds did you judge Him?"

"He hath spoken blasphemy," says Caiaphas. "He said, 'Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' When I heard that, I found

Him guilty of blasphemy; I rent my mantle, and condemned Him to death." Yes, all that they had against Him was that He was the Son of God; and they slew Him for the promise of His coming for His bride.

Now, let us summon Pilate. Let him enter the witness-box. Pilate, this man was brought before you; you examined Him; you talked with Him face to face, *what think ye of Christ?* Says Pilate. "He said He was the King of the Jews, but I find no fault in Him." Such is the testimony of the man who examined Him! And, as he stands there, the centre of a Jewish mob, there comes along a man, elbowing his way, in haste. He rushes up to Pilate and gives him a message. He tears it open; his face turns pale as he reads—"Have thou nothing to do with *this just man*, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." It is from Pilate's wife—her testimony to Christ.

And now, look—in comes Judas. He ought to make a good witness. "Come, tell us, Judas, what think ye of Christ. You knew the Master well; you sold Him for thirty pieces of silver; you betrayed Him with a kiss; you saw Him perform those miracles; you were with Him in Jerusalem. What think ye of Him?" I can see him as he comes into the presence of the chief priests; I can hear the money ring as he dashes it upon the table—"*I have betrayed innocent blood!*"

Let us take the centurion, who was present at

the execution. "Centurion, you had charge of the executioners; you saw that the order for his death was carried out; you saw Him die; you heard Him speak upon the cross. Tell us, *what think ye of Christ?*" Hark! Look at him; he is smiting his breast as he cries, "*Truly, this was the Son of God!*"

I might go to the thief upon the cross, and ask what he thought of Him. At first he railed upon Him and reviled Him. But then he thought better of it. "This man hath done nothing amiss," he says. I might go further. I might summon the very devils themselves and ask them for their testimony. Have *they* any thing to say of Him? Why, the very devils called Him the Son of God! In Mark we have the unclean spirit crying, "Jesus, Thou Son of the most High God."

124. Devils Believe.—Men say, "Oh, I believe Christ to be the Son of God, and because I believe it intellectually, I shall be saved." I tell you the devils did that. And they did more than that, *they trembled.*

125. If?—Did you ever stop to think what would take place if God should take, at his word, every one who makes excuse?—if He were to say, "Yes, if you want to be excused from this feast, I will excuse you," and with the next stroke should sweep them all from the face of the earth? Supposing every one should be taken at their word, and laid in the

arms of death, how many of your shops would be closed to-morrow; how many homes would be filled with mourning and tears? Not a publican would be left to carry on his traffic; every rum-seller wants to be excused. He knows that if he accepts of this invitation, he would have to give up his hellish trade. He could not go on making all those fatherless children, and taking the bread out of the mouth of the orphan and the widow, and be on his way to the marriage supper of the Lamb at the same time. If God *did* excuse them and take them away with a stroke, you would have no drunkards reeling through your streets. There would be no harlots then, for every harlot wants to be excused; she knows she has to give up her sins if she wants to be present at the supper of the Lamb. And your princely merchants, many of them, would be gone. They do not want to accept the invitation, because they think if they do they cannot make money so fast. But oh, my friends, it would be a solemn time if God should take men at their word. The grass would soon be growing in the streets, and the living would be occupied in burying the dead.

126. The Origin of Excuses.—Do you know the origin of excuses? You will find it away back in Eden. When Adam had sinned, he tried to excuse himself. "The woman *whom Thou gavest* to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." He tried to lay the blame on God, Eve tried to lay it

on the serpent; and down to the present time, men and women, with one consent, begin to make excuse.

127. The Chief.—To-day Christ may be a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness; but He will become to you the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, the bright, and the morning star, if you take Him as your Saviour.

128. Unitarianism Settled.—John takes up his pen, and, with one stroke, forever settles the question of Unitarianism. He goes right back before the time of Adam. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

129. The Gospel for Each.—I can imagine Peter saying, "Lord, do you really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to *every* creature?" "Yes, Peter." "Shall we go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners who murdered you?" "Yes, Peter, and tarry there until you are endued with power from on high. Go search out that man who spat in my face; tell him I forgive him; there is nothing in my heart but love for him. Go, search out the man who put that cruel crown of thorns on my brow; tell him I will have a crown ready for him in my kingdom, if he will accept salvation; there shall not be a thorn in it, and he shall wear it forever and ever in the kingdom of his Re-

deemer. Find out that man who took the reed from my hand, and smote my head, driving the thorns deeper into my brow. If he will accept salvation as a gift, I will give him a sceptre, and he shall sway it over the nations of the earth. Yes, I will give him to sit with Me upon my throne. Go, seek that man who struck Me with the palm of his hand· tell him that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and my blood was shed for him freely." "Go, seek out that poor soldier who drove the spear into my side; tell him that there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him that I forgive him freely; and tell him I will make him a soldier of the cross, and my banner over him shall be love."

130. "No Greater Lie."—There is another class who say, "I love the world very much and if I become a Christian I shall have to give up all pleasure and go through the world with a long face." I want to say here, that no greater lie was ever forged than that. The devil started it away back in Eden; but there is not one word of truth in it; it is a libel upon Christianity. It does *not* make a man gloomy to become a child of God. See! there is a man going to execution. In a few moments he will be launched into eternity. But, flashing over the wires, comes a message, a reprieve. I run in haste to the man. I shout, "Good news! good news! You are *not* to die!" Does that make him gloomy? No! no! no! It is the *want* of Christ that makes men

gloomy? Take a man who is really thirsty, dying for want of water, and you go and give him water. Is that going to make him gloomy? That is what Christ is—water to the thirsty soul. If a man is dying for want of bread, and you give him bread, is that to make him gloomy? That is what Christ is to the soul—the bread of life. You will never have true pleasure or peace or joy or comfort until you have found Christ.

131. The Three Excuses.—Let us take up these three men who, "with one consent, began to make excuse."

What did the first one say? "I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it." Some one has said, Why did he not look at the ground before he bought it? If he had been a good business man, he would have seen his ground *first*, he couldn't make the bargain any better by going to look at it now. And now that he has got it, he can go and look at it at any time; the land could not run away! It was not that he had made a partial bargain and might withdraw, or that some one might step in ahead of him and get the ground from him. He did not even have that excuse. He had bought the land, there was no fear that he should lose his title to it. Yet he must needs go and see it. Strange time to go and see ground just at supper-time! On the face of it, it was a downright lie. He did not want to go to the feast, and

so he manufactured this excuse to ease his conscience. That is what people make excuses for. The devil gets men into that cradle and rocks them to sleep in it.

What did the second man say? "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them. I pray thee have me excused." Why not prove them before he bought them? It was no time to prove oxen after they were bought. And now that the bargain was closed he could prove them any time: Why not let them stand in the stall till he had accepted this invitation? Don't you see that was another lie?

The third man's excuse was the most ridiculous of them all. "I have married a wife and therefore I cannot come." Why did he not take his wife along with him? Who likes to go to a feast better than a young bride? He might have asked her to go too; and if she were not willing, then let her stay at home. The fact was, *he did not want to go.*

132. A JUBILEE MEETING.—Some people, when the Gospel is preached, put on a long face, as if they had to attend a funeral or witness an execution, or hear some dry, stupid lecture or sermon. It was my privilege to go into Richmond with General Grant's army. I had not been long there before it was announced that the negroes were going to have a jubilee meeting. These colored people were just awakening to the fact that they were free. And I went down to the African Church, one of the largest

in the South, and found it crowded. One of the colored chaplains of a northern regiment had offered to speak. I have heard many eloquent men in Europe and in America, but I do not think I ever heard eloquence such as I heard that day. He said, "Mothers! you rejoice to-day; you are forever free! That little child has been torn from your embrace, and sold off to some distant state for the last time. Your hearts are never to be broken again in that way; you are free." The women clapped their hands and shouted at the top of their voices, "Glory, glory to God!" It was good news to them, and they believed it. It filled them full of joy. Then he turned to the young men, and said, "Young men? you rejoice to-day; you have heard the crack of the slave-driver's whip for the last time; your posterity shall be free; young men rejoice to-day, you are forever free!" And they clapped their hands, and shouted, "Glory to God!" They believed the good tidings. "Young maidens!" he said, "you rejoice to-day. You have been put on the auction-block and sold for the last time; you are free—forever free!" They believed it, and lifting up their voices, shouted, "Glory be to God!" I never was in such a meeting. They *believed* that it was good news to them.

133. One Sin Excludes.—When we got our charter for the city of Chicago, there was one clause in the constitution that allowed the mayor to appoint all

the police. It worked well when it was a small city; but when it had three or four hundred thousand inhabitants, it put too much power in the hands of one man. So our citizens got a new bill passed that put the power into the hands of commissioners appointed by government. There was one clause in the new law that no man should be a policeman who was not a certain height—five feet six inches, let us say. When the commissioners got into power, they advertised for men as candidates, and stated that no man need apply who could not bring good credentials to recommend him. I remember going past the office one day, and there was a crowd of them waiting to get in. They were comparing notes as to their chances of success. One says, "I have got a good letter of recommendation from the mayor, and one from the supreme judge." Another says, "And I have got a good letter from Senator So-and-so. I'm sure to get in." The two men come on together, and lay their letters down on the commissioners' desk. "Well," say the officials, "you have certainly a good many letters, but we won't read them till we measure you." Ah! they forgot all about that. So the first man is measured, and he is only five feet. "No chance for you, sir; the law says the men must be five feet six inches, and you don't come up to the standard." The other says, "My chance is better than his, I am a good bit taller." That is what people are always doing, measuring themselves by others. Measure

yourself by the law of God, or by the Son of God Himself; and if you do that, you will find you have come short. He goes up to the officers, and they measure him; he is five feet, five inches, and nine tenths of an inch. "No good," they tell him, "you're not up to the standard." "But I'm only one tenth of an inch short," he remonstrates. "It's no matter," they say, "there is no difference." He goes with the man who was five feet. One comes short six inches, and the other only one tenth of an inch; but the law cannot be changed. And the law of God is, that no man shall go into the kingdom of heaven with *one* sin on him.

134. A PREJUDICE ANSWERED.—You say, "I would like to become a Christian, but *I have a prejudice against these special meetings.* If it was a regular ministry, and it was our regular minister, I would accept the invitation." If that is your difficulty, I can help you out of it. You can just get right up, and go out of the hall, and walk straight over to your minister, and have a talk with him. And if you say you do not want to be converted in a special meeting, there are regular meetings in all the churches throughout the town, and your minister would be heartily glad to talk with you about your soul.

135. ELECTION.—Supposing a man, wishing to go to London, should say, "I don't know if God has

decreed it. If I am to be there, I will be there. What is the use of paying fare and taking trouble about it? If I am elected to get there, I will get there somehow." Who would use such language as that? Or suppose a farmer were to say, "I am not going to plant; if God has decreed that I am to have a crop, I shall have it. I am not going to trouble myself tilling the ground or working hard; if God has decreed that I will have a good harvest, why, I shall have it without any tilling." Or suppose you are sick, and do not send for the doctor. Suppose you say, "If God has decreed it, I shall get well," so you refuse to take the medicines. You say, "There is no use in it; if God has decreed that I am to get well, I will get well without it." Whoever talks in that way? Yet a good many people carry out that very doctrine with regard to spiritual things.

136. Good Enough to Travel in.—I was going to New Orleans from Chicago a few years ago, and there were two ladies in the carriage with me. They got well acquainted with one another by the time they reached Cairo, where one lived; the other was going on to New Orleans. The one who had to get out at Cairo said to the other, "I wish you would stay here with me for a few days, I like your company so much." "I should like to stay," replied the other, "but my things are all packed and have gone on before; I have no clothes but those I am

wearing. They are *good enough to travel in*, but I would not like to be seen in company with them." Now that is the way with the Christian. He is away from home here, his treasure has gone on before, and any thing is *good enough to travel in*. If things don't go on smoothly down here we need not be too particular, they're *good enough to travel in*. If our treasures are in heaven our hearts will be there, and we shall be living as pilgrims and strangers on the earth.

137. No Time!—So thousands and thousands say they have no time to be religious. What have you done with all the time that God has given you? What have you been doing all these months and years that have rolled away since He gave you birth? Is it true you have no time? What did you do with the 365 days of last year? Had you no time during all these twelve months to seek the kingdom of God? You spend *twenty years* getting an education to enable you to earn a living for this poor frail body, so soon to be eaten up of worms. You spend *seven or eight years* in learning a trade, that you may earn your daily bread; and yet you have not *five minutes* to accept of this invitation of Christ's! My friend, bear in mind you have yet to find time to die; to stand in the presence of the Judge. And when he calls you to stand before that bar, will you dare to tell Him that you had no time to prepare for the marriage supper of His Son?

You have no time? Take time? Let every thing else be laid aside until you have accepted of this invitation. Do you not know that it is a lie? If you have not time, take it. "Seek *first* the kingdom of God." Let the children sit up a little late to-night. Let your business be suspended to-morrow. Suppose you do not get so much money to-morrow. What matter it if you get Christ? Better for a man to be sure of salvation than to "gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

138. The Lord's Work Needs Money.—When men go up in balloons they take with them bags of sand for ballast, and when they want to rise higher they throw out some of the sand. Now there are some Christians who, before they rise higher will have to throw out some ballast. It may be money, or any other worldly consideration, but if they wish to rise, they must get rid of it. If you have got overloaded, just throw out a little money, and you will mount up as on eagle's wings. Any minister will tell you what to do with it. I never saw any department of the Lord's work that did not want some money.

139. Better Higher Up.—Not long ago there lived an old bed-ridden saint, and a Christian lady who visited her found her always very cheerful. This visitor had a lady friend of wealth who constantly looked on the dark side of things, and was always cast down although she was a professed Christian.

She thought it would do this lady good to see the bed-ridden saint, so she took her down to the house. She lived up in the garret, five stories up, and when they had got to the first story the lady drew up her dress and said, "How dark and filthy it is?" "It's better higher up!" said her friend. They got to the next story, and it was no better; the lady complained again, but her friend replied, "It's better higher up." At the third floor it seemed still worse, and the lady kept complaining, but her friend kept saying, "It's better higher up." At last they got to the fifth story, and when they went into the sick room, there was a nice carpet on the floor, there were flowering plants in the window, and little birds singing. And there they found this bed-ridden saint—one of those saints whom God is polishing for his own temple—just beaming with joy. The lady said to her "it must be very hard for you to lie here." She smiled, and said, "*It's better higher up.*" Yes! And if things go against us, my friends, let us remember that "it's better higher up."

140. Thank God for Adversity.—John Bunyan thanked God more for Bedford jail than for any thing that ever happened to him.

141. Missing the Mark.—In olden times in England, they used to have a game of firing arrows through a ring on the top of a pole. The man that failed to get all his arrows through the ring

was called a "sinner." Now I should like to take up that illustration. Suppose our pole to be up in the gallery, and on the top of it the ring. I have ten arrows, and Mr. Sankey has ten. I take up the first arrow, and take aim. Alas! I miss the mark. Therefore I am a "sinner." "But," I say, "I will do the best I can with the other nine; I have only missed with one." Like some men who try to keep all the commandments but one! I fire again, and miss the mark a second time. "Ah, but," I say, "I have got eight arrows still," and away goes another arrow—miss! I fire all the ten arrows and do not get one through the ring. Well, I was a "sinner" after the first miss, and I can only be a sinner after the tenth. Well, Mr. Sankey takes his ten arrows. He fires and gets his first arrow through. "Do you see that?" he says. "Well," I reply, "go on; don't boast until you get them all through." He takes the second arrow and gets that through. "Ha! do you see that?" "Don't boast," I repeat, "until all ten are through;" if a man has not broken the law at all then he has got something to boast of! Away goes the third, and it goes through. Then another and another all right, and another until nine are through. "Now," he says, "one more arrow, and I am not a sinner." He takes up the last arrow, and his hand trembles a little; he *just misses* the mark. *And he is a "sinner" as much as I am.* My friend, have you never missed the mark. Have you not come short? I should

like to see the man who never missed the mark. *He never lived.*

142. Out of the Poor-house.—A few years ago, I was going away to preach one Sunday morning, when a young man drove up in front of us. He had an aged woman with him. "Who is that young man?" I asked. "Do you see that beautiful meadow?" said my friend, "and that land there with the house upon it?" "Yes." "His father drank that all up," he said. His father was a great drunkard, squandered his property, died, and left his wife in the poor-house. And that young man has toiled hard and earned money, and bought back the land; he has taken his mother out of the poor-house, and now he is taking her to church." The first Adam sold us in Eden, sold us for nought, but, the Messiah, the second Adam, came and bought us back again. The first Adam brought us *to the poor-house;* the second Adam makes us kings and priests unto God.

143. In Eternity a Pauper.—A friend of mine called on a wealthy Illinois farmer, to get him interested in a soldiers' mission. He took him up on the cupola of his house, and said, "Look yonder, over that beautiful rolling prairie, that is all mine, as far as the eye can reach. He took him to another view, and pointing over the rich farms of the Mississippi Valley, showed him pasture land for

thirty miles round, with large herds of cattle, and horses, and sheep feeding. "They are all mine," he said; "I have made it all myself." Then he pointed proudly towards the town, and showed him streets, and piles of buildings, and a great hall named after himself, and said once more, "They are all mine; I came here a poor man, but my own industry has done it all."

My friend said, when he had seen all, raising his finger, and pointing solemnly to the sky, "What, have you got up there?" The rich man's countenance fell. "Where?" he asked. "In heaven." "I have got nothing there." Alas! he had lived his threescore years and ten, and must soon enter eternity, yet he had no treasure there. "Is it not strange," said my friend, "a man of your judgment and forethought, making such a wreck of life, living for the moment, on borrowed time, to die a beggar, and enter eternity a pauper?" But a few months after that he died as he had lived, and his property went to others.

144. Christ's Suffering not Realized.—I remember when our war was going on I took up the morning paper and read of a terrible battle—ten thousand men killed, and I laid the paper down and forgot it. At last I went into the battle-field and helped to bear away the sick and wounded; after I had been over one or two battle-fields I began to realize what it meant. I could hear the dy-

ing groans of the men and their cry for water, and when I heard of a battle the whole thing was stamped upon my mind. I can tell you how a little child suffered and it will bring tears to your eyes, but I tell you how the Son of God suffered and some of you will go out laughing.

145. Heavenly Treasures.—When I was on the Pacific Coast I spent my first Sunday in San Francisco. I went to the Sunday-school, but it was a very stormy day, and so few made their appearance, the superintendent was in doubt whether he should not send them home again. However, it was decided to go on with the lesson, and I was asked to undertake the task. The subject, "Our Treasures in Heaven." The blackboard was ready, and being a poor writer myself, I handed the chalk to one of the teachers, and said to the children, "Now, I want you to tell me some earthly treasures; what do you suppose men think most of?" Some one cried, "Money." "Put that down," I said. "Any thing else?" "Lands." "Put that down." Many strange things were said; one little boy said "Rum," and perhaps he was nearer the truth than any of them, for many a man will sell soul and body, and business and family, and home and every thing else for drink; and when the catalogue was finished, I asked them next to give me a list of *heavenly* treasures. The first answer was "Jesus"; and as we went on from one to another, we found that the treasures of heaven

were far more numerous and very much more precious than all the treasures which the earth could give. The young man who was writing down the answers was an unconverted teacher. As he scanned the lists and compared the earthly with the heavenly, he stood transfixed with shame. "What a fool have I been!" he says to himself; "I have come to this Pacific Coast, and spent my substance for such things of earth!" And there at that blackboard he vowed to God that for the rest of his life his heart should be set alone upon the things which are above.

146. No Room.—The world has no room for the Master, and should the servant be above his Lord? The cry of the world to-day is, as it was eighteen hundred years ago, no room. He might have been born in a palace, but He went to the manger in order that He might get His arm under the lowest and bear him up towards heaven. He became poor for our sakes. He occupied a borrowed cradle and a borrowed grave. He had no home. The temple was made for Him, and yet it was closed against Him.

147. Have You the Token?—"Yes," you say, "I go to church every Sunday." That is not the token. "I read my Bible." That is not the token. "I say my prayers every night. I have been baptized." Not one of these is the token. What have they to

do with the blood? Death will smite you when he comes if you are not sheltered behind the blood. You must die or find a substitute to die in your place. Some say prayer is the key to heaven, but is there any promise to that effect? It is the blood —if you trample that under your feet there is no hope for you in the world to come.

148. Luther and the Devil.—Martin Luther had a conflict with the devil, but when he said the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, Satan left him.

149. Hope for the Drunkard.—I have been talking with a prominent Christian man, who said he did not think there was any hope for a woman who had become addicted to strong drink, and another said he did not think there was any hope for a confirmed drunkard. When I look upon a drunkard and think of all the pledges he has made, I might say they were right; but when I come to this chapter and read, "All power is given to Me," I rejoice to say there is hope for every drunkard on earth. Our God has power to save. I would say to these persons I would not give a farthing for all your good resolutions, you must be born again. It is not a reformation but a new creation. You will then hate strong drink as much as you love it now. All works of the flesh come to naught. Thanks be to God, the Lord Jesus is stronger than your appetite for strong drink. He is mighty to save. We want to

come boldly to God and ask Him to save the poor drunkard.

150. A CHALLENGE.—I challenge you to find any reason for not loving Christ. If you go to the lost world and ask the damned spirits in hell there is not one of them can give you a reason. There is no reason can be given on earth, and if you go to the world above they don't want to give a reason, they all love Him.

151. THE LEGACY OF CHRIST.—All that Christ left here of His person was His blood. His blood flowed out on Calvary. The soldier hurled his spear, which was the crowning act of earth and hell, and blood came out of the Saviour's side and covered the spear, teaching us that the blood of Jesus Christ covers sin, and the blood touching the earth redeemed it. It touched the Roman spear and it took the Roman government. It was not long before Rome bowed to the sceptre of Christ. Oh, that the blood may touch you to-night and you may be saved.

152. PARDON.—I was in Ohio a few years ago, and invited to preach in the State prison. Eleven hundred convicts were in the chapel, in front of me. After I had got through the preaching, the chaplain said to me: "Moody, a few years ago, our commissioners went to the governor of the State,

and got him to promise that he would pardon five men for good behavior. The governor consented, with this understanding—that the record was to be kept in secret, and that at the end of six months the five men highest on the roll should receive a pardon, regardless of who or what they were. At the end of six months the prisoners were all brought into the chapel and the commissioners came up, and the president of the commissioners stood upon the platform, and put his hand in his pocket, and brought out some papers, and said, 'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.'" Every man was as still as death; many were deadly pale, and the suspense was something awful. The commissioner went on to tell them how they had got the pardon; but the chaplain said to the commissioner, "Before you make your speech, read out the names. This suspense is awful." So he read out the first name, "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon;" and he held it out, but no one came forward. He said to the governor, "Are all the prisoners here?" The governor told him they were all there. Then he said again, "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon. It is signed and sealed by the governor. He is a free man." The chaplain told me he looked right down where Reuben was, and he was looking all round to see the fortunate man who had got his pardon. Finally the chaplain caught his eye, and he said, "Reuben, you are the man." Reuben turned round and looked behind him to see

where Reuben was. The chaplain said the second time, "Reuben, you are the man," and the second time he looked round thinking it must be some other Reuben. Now, men do not believe the Gospel is for them. They think it is too good, and pass it over their shoulders to the next man. Well, the chaplain could see where Reuben was, and he had to say three times, "Reuben, come and get your pardon." At last the old man got up and came along down the hall, trembling from head to foot, and when he got the pardon he looked at it and went back to his seat and buried his face in his hands, and the prisoners heard him weep to think he was a free man. When the prisoners got into the ranks to go back to the cells Reuben got into the ranks too, and the chaplain had to call to him, "Reuben, get out of the ranks; you are a free man, you are no longer a prisoner." And Reuben stepped out of the ranks. That is the way men make out pardons. They make out pardons for good character or good behavior. But God makes out pardons for men that have not got any character, and who have been very, very bad.

153. The Boy and the Gamblers.—A good many years ago, Chicago was a grain market. There were no railways running there then, and the grain used to be shipped on the lake. There was a man living out in the Western prairies, a farmer and a minister, and he sent his only son into Chicago with a load

of grain. He waited and waited for his boy to return, but he did not come home. At last the father saddled his horse and went into Chicago. He went where he had sent his boy to sell grain, and found that he had sold it. Then he feared that some one had murdered him, and he got detectives on his track. They tracked him into a gambling den, where he had gambled away the whole of his money. After he had done that the men said, "Sell your horses and machine and then you can get all the money back again and go home to your father, and no one will know any thing at all about it." That is the way the devil leads men on. He sold his horses and machine, and gambled that money away too. What could he do? He was ashamed to go home to meet his father, and he fled. That is just exactly like the sinner. He thinks because he has sinned God will have nothing to do with him. What did that father do? Did he say, "Let the boy go?" No; he went after him. And I want to say to you that from the time when Adam fell to the present time God has been seeking after His children. That man went from town to town. When he got into the pulpit to preach when he had finished his sermon he told the story of how he had lost his boy, and described him, and he asked any of the audience who might ever meet with him to write and let him know. At last he found that he had gone to California. Did that father say, "Let him go"? No. He went to San Francisco,

and he advertised in the paper that he would preach at such a church on such a day. When he had preached he told his story, in hopes that the boy might have seen the advertisement and come to the church. When he had done, away under the gallery there was a young man who waited until the audience had gone out; then he came towards the pulpit. The father looked, and saw it was that boy, and he ran to him, and pressed him to his bosom. The boy wanted to confess what he had done, but not a word would the father hear. He forgave him freely, and took him to his home. My friends, you have been enticed away by the devil; now, God is inviting you to come home to-night.

154. Universalism Answered. — Suppose Queen Victoria did not like any man to be deprived of his liberty, and threw all her prisons open, and was so merciful that she could not bear any one to suffer for guilt, how long would she hold the sceptre? How long would she rule? Not twenty-four hours. Those very men who cry out about God being merciful would say, "We don't want such a queen." Well, God is merciful, but He is not going to take an unpardoned sinner into heaven.

155. That is not the Question.—The question is on the other side. God has something against you. Suppose a man stole $1,000 from me and then said, "I have nothing against you." That is not what I

want. I want him to make restitution. All sin is sin against God, and there will be no peace for the sinner until God is reconciled. If a man will seek forgiveness in Christ his sins shall be covered and then there will be peace.

156. Sinners Bankrupt.—Christ suffered in our stead, for our sins were laid upon Him, and because He was punished so we go free. Instead of God coming down and punishing us, He justifies us. It is the same as if I had been running up an account in one of your stores and another man paid it. When I go to pay the account I am told: "It is all settled; you are justified, Mr. Moody; there is nothing against you in my ledger."

157. Our Worst Enemy.—The worst enemy man has to-day is unbelief: we do not believe that Christ came to bless. We are under the power of the devil. Many of us believe the lies of the devil instead of believing the words of the Lord Jesus Christ.

158. Christ's Love More than All.—My wife went out one day, and my little boy, two years old, got hold of a pair of scissors. My little girl knew he ought not to have them, and she went to him and tried to get them away; but the little fellow held on to the scissors, and would not give them up. She was afraid of sticking them into his eyes, so she ran and got an orange, and held it up, and said, "Wil-

lie, do not you want the orange?" and the little fellow dropped the scissors, and went for the orange. If you will allow me the illustration, God comes here, and says, "Here is my Son, take Him." He saves the sinner; and the moment we get Him, these things we love so much are gone; they float away into the dim past. Christ is worth more than all the world; and God comes and says, "Here is my Son, take Him, and believe on Him."

159. God's Blank Check.—And when Moses said, "If they ask me who sent me, what shall I tell them?" God said, "Say I Am sent me;" and as some one has said, that was a blank check, and God told him to fill it out; and when they were in the desert and wanted water He filled out the check and drew water from the rock. When he wanted bread He filled out the check and God gave him bread from heaven.

160. The Contrast.—Two fathers come before me. One was a man of great wealth. Yet he would have freely given it all could he have brought back his eldest boy from his early grave. One day that boy had been borne home unconscious. "He must die," said the doctor. "But, doctor," said the agonized father, "can you do nothing to bring him to consciousness, even for a moment?" "That may be, but he can never live." Time passed, and after a terrible suspense the father's wish was gratified.

"My son," he whispered, "the doctor tells me you are dying." "Well," said the boy, "you never prayed for me, father; won't you pray for my lost soul now?" The father wept. It was true he had never prayed. And in a little while that soul, unprayed for, passed into its dark eternity. Oh, father! if *your* boy was dying, and called on you to pray, could you lift your burdened heart to heaven?

What a contrast is the other father! He, too, had a lovely boy, and one day he came home to find him at the gates of death. "A great change has come over our boy," said the weeping mother; "he has only been a little ill before, but it seems now as if he were dying fast." The father went into the room, and placed his hand on the forehead of the little boy. He could see the boy *was* dying. He could feel the cold damp of death. "My son, do you know you are dying?" "No; am I?" "Yes; you are dying." "And shall I die to-day?" "Yes, my boy, you cannot live till night." "Well, then, I shall be with Jesus to-night, won't I, father?" "Yes, my son, you will spend to-night with the Saviour." As he turned away, the little fellow saw the tears trickling over his father's cheeks. "Don't weep for me, father," he said; "when I get to heaven I will go right straight to Jesus, and tell Him that ever since I can remember you have tried to lead me to Him."

161. Home-sickness Cured.—I heard of a Christian who did not succeed in his work as well as he

used to, and he got *Home-sick* and wished himself dead. One night he dreamed that he had died, and was carried by the angels to the eternal city. As he went along the crystal pavement, he met a man he used to know, and they went down the golden streets together. All at once he noticed every one looking in the same direction, and saw One coming up who was fairer than the sons of men. It was his blessed Redeemer. As the chariot came opposite, He came forth, and beckoning the one friend, placed him in His own chariot-seat, but himself He led aside, and pointing over the battlements of heaven, "Look over yonder," He said, "what do you see?" "It seems as if I see the dark earth I have come from." "What else?" "I see men as if they were blindfolded, going over a terrible precipice into a bottomless pit." "Well," said He, "will you remain up here, and enjoy those mansions that I have prepared, or go back to yon dark earth, and warn these men, and tell them about Me and my kingdom, and the rest that remaineth for the people of God?" That man never wished himself dead again. He yearned to live as long as ever he could, to tell men of heaven and of Christ.

162. A Fool in His Day.—There is not a man in the word of God whose name shines out upon the page of divine history who was eminent in God's service, but who was considered the greatest fool in his day.

163. Redemption.—A friend in Ireland once met a little Irish boy who had caught a sparrow. The poor little bird was trembling in his hand, and seemed very anxious to escape. The gentleman begged the boy to let it go, as the bird could not do him any good; but the boy said he would not, for he had chased it three hours before he could catch it. At last he offered to buy the bird; the boy agreed to the price, and it was paid. Then the gentleman took the poor little thing and held it out on his hand. The boy had been holding it very fast, for the boy was stronger than the bird, just as Satan is stronger than we, and there it sat for a time scarcely able to realize the fact that it had got liberty; but, in a little, it flew away chirping, as if to say to the gentleman, "Thank you! thank you! you have redeemed me." That is what redemption is—buying back and setting free. So Christ came to break the fetters of sin, to open the prison doors and set the sinner free. This is the good news, the Gospel of Christ—"Ye are not redeemed by corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."

164. Christ's Crucifixion the Foundation.—When I was in one of your cities, a gentleman came to me and said, "If you are right, I am wrong; and if I am right, you are wrong." I saw he was a minister, and I said, "Well, I never heard you preach; if you have heard me you can tell what the difference is

Where do we differ?" "Well, you preach that it is the death of Christ; I preach His life. I tell people His death has nothing to do with it; you tell them His life has nothing to do with their salvation, and that His death only will save them. I do not believe a word of it." "Well," I said, "what do you do with this passage, 'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree?'" "Well, I never preached on that text." "What do you do with this, then, 'Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ?'" "I never preached on that text either," was the reply. "Well, what do you do with this, 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission?'" "I never spoke on that," he said. "What do you do with this, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace was upon Him?'" "I never preached on that either." "What *do* you preach, then?" I asked. He hesitated for a little, and then said, "I preach moral essays." "You leave out the atonement?" "Yes." "Well," I said, "it would all be a sham to me if I did that; I could not understand it. I would be away home to-morrow. I would not know what to preach. Moral essays on Christ without his death!" The young man said, "Well, it does seem a sham sometimes." He was honest enough to confess that. Why, the whole thing is a myth without the atonement. The crucifixion of Christ is the foundation of

the whole matter. If a man is unsound on the blood, he is unsound in every thing. "Without shedding of blood is no remission."

165. Grace Before Judgment.—It was of mercy and grace that Adam was turned out of Eden, so that he could not eat of the tree of life. He put into the hand of man a lamp of promise to light him through the world.

166. Living in Doubting Castle.—Why, it is salvation by doubts nowadays instead of by faith; there are so few that dare to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, I know in whom I have believed."

Make sure of this one thing if you are not sure of any thing else. It is better that you fail in health or in business, it is better that you go to some asylum, it is better for you to go to heaven from some poor-house or from some mad-house than to go to hell in a gilded chariot. Make sure that your name is written in heaven; then you have something worth rejoicing over.

167. The Betrayal.—Let us imagine we are living when the Son of God was upon earth—that we were citizens of Jerusalem; that we were at that memorable feast; that late one Thursday afternoon we are walking down the street, and we see thirteen men coming down the street. We make inquiries who they are, and we are told: It is Jesus and His disci-

ples. They are going to the guest chamber. They come to a common-looking house; they go up stairs to that guest chamber and sit around the table. He began to be exceedingly sorrowful; he knew that one of His disciples was that night to swear he never knew Him; that the Shepherd was to be smitten, and the sheep were to leave Him. He was sorrowful unto death. John was wondering what was making Him so sad. At last he told them that one of them that night should betray him. They all looked startled. At last one says: Lord, is it I? And another says: is it I? They all began to mistrust themselves, and at last Judas, that awful traitor who was already plotting with the chief priests to deliver Him up, said: Lord, is it I? Jesus gave him to understand that it was, and presently He turned and said: "What thou doest do quickly," and he got up and left. I don't believe you could find a sadder party than they were. Judas had seen Him perform His mighty miracles; he had been with Him when He fed the multitude in the wilderness; when He had wept over Jerusalem; been associated with Him for three long years, and now he gets up and goes out. It was night, and I hear him as he goes down those stairs. He goes off to the Sanhedrim, to the rulers of the Jews. He says: What will you give me? He sold Jesus for thirty pieces of silver. How cheap he sold his birthright. You condemn him, but how many of you are selling Him for less. A lady, last night, wanted to become a

Christian, but she could not give up the ball that was soon to come off; she would sell her soul for a night in the ball-room. How many would sell Him for a night in some drinking saloon.

168. The Devil's Work.—If you will read your Bible in the light of Calvary, you will find there is no other way of coming to heaven but by the blood. The devil don't fear 10,000 preachers who preach a bloodless religion. A man who preaches a bloodless religion is doing the devil's work, and I don't care who he is.

169. Death Loses its Sting Then.—I was brought up in a little village in New England. It was the custom there when a person was buried to toll out the age of the man at his funeral. Death never entered the village and tore away one of the inhabitants, but I always used to count the tolling of the bell. Sometimes it would be away up to seventy, or between seventy and eighty—beyond the life allotted to man. Sometimes it would be clear down in the teens, and childhood, and death would take away one of my own age. It used to make a solemn impression on me. When it comes to death some men say, "I do not fear it." I feared it, and felt terribly afraid, when I thought of the cold hand of death feeling for the cords of life; and being launched out to eternity, to go to an unknown world. I used to have terrible thoughts of God;

but they are all gone now. Death has lost its sting. And as I go on through the world I can shout now, when the bell is tolling, "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" And I hear a voice come rolling down from Calvary, "Buried in the bosom of the Son of God."

170. Sudden Conversions.—There are some people in this nineteenth century who do not believe in sudden conversions. I should like them to tell me where Zaccheus was converted. He certainly was not converted when he went up into the sycamore tree; he certainly was converted when he came down. He must have been converted somewhere between the branches and the ground. I wish we had a few men converted like Zaccheus in London; it would make no small stir. When a man begins to make restitution it is a pretty good sign of conversion. Zaccheus gave half his goods all at once; and he says, "If I have taken any thing from any man I restore him fourfold." I imagine the next morning one of the servants of Zaccheus going with a check for £100, and saying, "My master, a few years ago, took from you wrongfully about £25, and this is restitution money. That would give confidence in Zaccheus's conversion.

171. The Penitent Thief.—The first we know of the thief on the cross he was a reviler of Christ. The next we hear of him he appears to be under

conviction. One of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him; saying, "If Thou be the Christ save Thyself and us." But the other, answering, rebuked him, saying, "Dost thou not fear God seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." What do you suppose changed this man's feelings in these few hours? I think it was the Saviour's prayer—"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

I seem to hear this thief talking to himself in this way. "What a strange man this must be! He says he is the Son of God. Why does not God send his angels and destroy all this crowd of people who are torturing His Son? If he has power now, as He used to have when he worked those miracles they talk about, why does he not sweep all these wretches to destruction? I would do it in a minute if I had the power. But this man prays God to forgive them. Strange! Strange! I am sorry I said a word against him when they hung him up here. What a difference there is between him and me.

"Here we are on two crosses, side by side; but all the rest of our lives we have been far enough apart. I have been robbing and murdering, and He has been visiting the hungry, healing the sick, and raising the dead. I will not rail at Him any more. Indeed, I begin to believe He must be the Son of God;

for surely no son of man could forgive his enemies this way."

This poor man had been scourged, beaten, nailed to the cross, and hung up there for the world to gaze upon; and he was not sorry for his sins one single bit—but when he heard the Saviour praying for His murderers, that broke his heart.

And what did Jesus say in answer to his prayer. He looks kindly upon him and says, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." He got more than he asked for. He only asked to be remembered, but Christ says to him, "I will take you right up into my kingdom to-day." No doubt Satan said to himself, "I will have the soul of that thief, pretty soon, down here in the caverns of the lost. He belongs to me." But Christ snapped the fetters of his soul and set him at liberty. Satan lost his prey. What a contrast! In the morning led out a condemned criminal; in the evening saved from his sins. In the morning cursing; in the evening singing hallelujahs with a choir of angels. In the morning condemned by men as not fit to live on earth; in the evening reckoned good enough for heaven. Jesus had died before his very eyes, and hastened before him to get a place ready for this first soul brought from the world after He had died.

You have heard of the child who did not like to die and go to heaven, because he did not know any body there. But the thief had one acquaintance: even the Master of the place Himself. He calls to

Gabriel, and says, "Prepare a chariot; there is a friend of mine upon that cross. They are breaking his legs. He soon will be ready to come. Make haste and bring him to me." And the angel in the chariot sweeps down the sky, takes up the soul of the poor penitent thief, and hastens back again to glory; while the gates of the city swing wide open, and the angels shout their welcome to this poor sinner "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

172. Hushed Harps.—They never knew the Son of God when He was here. He would hush every harp in heaven to hear a sinner pray; no music would delight Him so much.

173. The Father's Will.—I remember a story of a bad boy who ran away from home. He had refused all the invitations which his father had sent him to come home and be forgiven, and help to comfort his old heart. He had even gone so far as to scoff at his father and mother. But one day a letter came telling him his father was dead, and they wanted him to come home and attend the funeral. At first he would not go, but then he thought it would be a shame not to pay some little respect to the memory of so good a man after he was dead; and so, just as a matter of form, he took the train, and went to the old home, sat through all the funeral services, saw his father buried, and came back with the rest of the friends to the house, with

his heart as cold and stony as ever. But when the old man's will was brought out, the ungrateful son found that his father had remembered him in the will, and had left him an inheritance with the others, who had not gone astray. This broke his heart. That is just the way our Father in Heaven does with sinners. He loves them in spite of their sins, and it is the love which, more than any thing else, brings hard-hearted sinners to their knees.

174. Confession before Conversion.—I never knew any man to be converted till he confessed. Cain felt bad enough over his sins, but he did not confess. Saul was greatly tormented in his mind, but he went to the witch of Endor rather than to the Lord. Judas felt so bad over the betrayal of his Master, that he went out and hanged himself; but he did not confess—that is, he did not confess to God. He came back and confessed to the priests, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." It was of no use to confess to them. They could not forgive him. What he should have done was to confess to God; but instead of that, he went right away and hanged himself.

175. The Story of Mephibosheth.—There is a story of a man by the name of Mephibosheth which will help you to understand the Gospel. You remember what a hard time David had when Saul was hunting him to kill him. One day David and

his friend Jonathan were taking a walk in the fields. Saul was angry, and bent on killing David; but his son Jonathan was looking out for a chance to save him.

After they had agreed upon a sign by which David was to know whether it was safe for him to stay around the court of the king, or whether he must leave, Jonathan says to him—

"David, you are to be king after my father. I want you to promise me one thing: when you come to the throne, if any of the house of Saul are alive, I want you to be good to them, for my sake."

"I'll do that, of course," said David. About four years after David set up his kingdom at Hebron.

It must have been near fourteen years after that before David remembered his promise to his old friend Jonathan. But one day the king was walking in his palace at Jerusalem, where he had removed his capital; and all at once he happened to think of that promise.

"That's too bad!" said David. "I forgot all about that promise. I have been so busy fighting these Philistines, and fixing things up, that I have not had time to think of any thing else." So he called his servants in great haste, and said, "Do any of you know whether there is any of Saul's family living?" One of them said there was an old servant of Saul by the name of Ziba and maybe he could tell. "Go and tell him I want him, right away."

Ziba came; and David said, "Do you know whether there is any body of the house of Saul in my kingdom?" Ziba said there was one he knew of—a son of Jonathan, by the name of Mephibosheth. "Go, fetch him!" says David; "go quick. Tell him I want to show him the kindness of God."

Where do you suppose Mephibosheth was all the time? Down at Lo-debar. That is where all the human race are until they come to Christ; away down at Lo-debar—which means, *a place of no pasture.* When they reached the little out of the way place I fancy there was a great commotion.

"Where's Mephibosheth? The king wants him." Poor fellow! when he heard that he hung his head. He was afraid the king wanted to kill him because he was of the house of his old enemy. I never knew a sinner to take the Gospel right. They always think, at first, that it is too good to be true.

"Don't be afraid," said the servants. "The king says he wants to show you the kindness of God. So get ready. Don't you see the king has sent his own chariot to fetch you?"

But poor Mephibosheth had another difficulty. He was lame in both feet. He was a little fellow when David came to the throne; and an old servant, who was afraid that all the house of Saul were going to be killed, took him up and ran away to hide him. Somehow he managed to drop the lad, and lamed him in both feet.

And now I can see poor Mephibosheth looking

down at his feet. And he says to himself, "I am not fit to go to the king. I am a poor cripple."

That's just the way with a convicted sinner. He is all the time thinking of his own unworthiness, and saying to himself that he isn't fit to be saved.

"Never mind your lame feet, Mephibosheth; so long as the king sends for you, it's all right." So they take him up, and put him into the chariot, and start for Jerusalem.

When the king sees him, he takes him in his arms, and cries out—

"Oh Mephibosheth, the son of my dear old friend Jonathan! you shall have all that belonged to the house of Saul; and you shall live with me here in my palace!"

What a happy man he must have been to hear that! Sinner, that is just what God says to the soul that comes to him in Jesus Christ. He takes us in His arms; He gives us a great fortune of love and grace; and He promises that we shall live with Him in His heavenly palace forever.

Some people think that Mephibosheth, like certain low-spirited Christians, after he went to live with the king, must have been all the time worrying over his lame feet. But I don't think so. He couldn't help it; and if David didn't mind it, it was all right. So I think that when he dined with him in state, with the great lords and ladies all around him, he just stuck his club-feet under the table, and looked the king right in the face.

176. At The Head!—We have heard a great deal about the faith of Abraham, and the faith of Moses; but the thief on the cross seems to me to have had more faith than any of them. He stands at the head of the class. God was twenty-five years toning up the faith of Abraham; Moses was forty years getting ready for his work; but this thief, right here in the midst of men who rejected Him—nailed to the cross, and racked with pain in every nerve, overwhelmed with horror, and his soul in a perfect tempest—still manages to lay hold upon Christ, and trust in Him for a swift salvation.

177. Free.—In the British Colonies, before the time of Wilberforce, there used to be a great many slaves; but that good man began to agitate the question of setting them free; and all the slaves in the colonies were anxious to know how he was getting along. But in those days there were no telegraphs and no steamships. The mails went by the slow sailing vessels. They would be from six to eight months in making a voyage to some of the colonies. The slaves used to watch for the British ships, hoping to hear good news, but fearing they might hear bad ones. There was a ship which had sailed immediately after the Emancipation Act had been passed and signed by the king; and when she came within hailing distance of the boats which had put off from the shore at the port where she was bound, the captain could not wait to deliver the message

officially, and have it duly promulgated by the government; but, seeing the poor anxious men standing up in their boats, eager for the news, he placed his trumpet to his mouth, and shouted with all his might, "Free! free!" Just so the angels shout when a poor bondman is taken in hand by the Saviour Himself; delivered from the bondage of darkness, into the liberty of His dear Son; free—free from sin—free from the curse of the law.

178. The First not the Eleventh Hour.—Somebody has said "the thief on the cross was saved at the eleventh hour." I don't know about that. Perhaps it was the first hour. It might have been the first hour with him, I think. Perhaps he never knew Christ until he was led out to die beside Him. This may have been the very first time he had ever learned the way of faith in the Son of God.

179. The Story of Barabbas.—What a night Barabbas spent just before the day Christ was crucified! As the sun goes down he says to himself: "To-morrow!—only to-morrow! They will hang me and in that awful torture I must die!"

Maybe they let his mother, or his wife and children, come and see him for the last time. He couldn't sleep that night. He heard them hammering in the prison yard and knew they were making the cross. At last the light of morning breaks through the prison bars. "To-day—this

very day—they will open that door and lead me away to be crucified!"

Pretty soon the door swings open; there are the soldiers. Good-by to life and hope! Death, horrible death now!—and after death, what then? The officer of the guard speaks to him: 'Barabbas you are free."

He hears the strange words but they make little impression on him. He is so near dead with fear and horror, that the good news doesn't reach him. He stands gazing a moment at the soldiers, and then he comes to himself.

"Don't laugh at me! don't make sport of me! Take me away and crucify me; but don't tear my soul to pieces!"

Again the officer speaks: "*You are free!* Here—the door is open: go out; go home."

It is so wonderful to get out of the clutches of the Roman law, that he is afraid to believe the good news. And so he begins to ask how it can be.

They tell him that Pilate has promised the Jews the release of one prisoner that day; and that the Jews have chosen him instead of one Jesus of Nazareth, who was condemned to be crucified.

Now the poor man begins to weep. This breaks his heart. He knows this Jesus. He has seen Him do some of His miracles. He was in the crowd picking pockets when Jesus fed the five thousand hungry people.

"What! that just man to die—and I, a thief, a

highwayman, a murderer, to go free!" And in the midst of his joy at his own release, his heart breaks at the thought that his life is saved at such a cost.

Sinner, that is the Gospel. Come out of your prison; throw off the chains of sin. You were justly condemned, but Jesus died for you. Let your heart break in penitence; weep tears of love and joy.

180. Elijah and the Priests of Baal.—Let us go to Carmel.

King Ahab had forsaken the God of Israel, and all the court had followed his example.

But there was an old prophet out in the mountains, to whom God said: "Go to Ahab, and tell him the heavens shall be shut up and there shall be no rain."

Away he goes to the wicked king. He bursts in upon him like a clap of thunder, gives his message, and hurries away. I suppose Ahab laughed at the old prophet. "What! no more rain? The fellow must be crazy!"

Pretty soon the weather gets very dry. The earth is parched, the trees die, the grass perishes, and the cattle die. Famine; starvation; death!

One day the king was talking with the prophet Obadiah. You see he did have one good man with him along with all the prophets of the false God.

"See here, Obadiah," says Ahab; "you go one way and I'll go another and see if we cannot find water."

Obadiah met Elijah. "O, Elijah! is that you? Ahab has been hunting for you every where."

"Yes, I'm here," says Elijah. "You go and tell Ahab I want to see him."

So Obadiah hurries off and tells Ahab he has seen the prophet.

"What! Elijah?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you bring him along?"

"He wouldn't come. He says he wants you to come to him."

Ahab wasn't used to having people talk to him in that way, but he was anxious to see the prophet, so he went. And when he sees him he is very angry, and cries, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

"Not at all," says Elijah. "You are the man that is troubling Israel—going off after Baal, and leading ever so many of the people with you. Now, we have had enough of this sort of thing. Some people are praying to God, and some are praying to Baal, and we must have this question settled. You just bring all your prophets and all the priests of Baal up to Mount Carmel, and I also will come. We will make us each an altar, and offer sacrifice on it; and the God that answereth by fire, let Him be God."

"Agreed," says Ahab.

All the places of business were closed, and everybody was going up to Mount Carmel.

There were eight hundred and fifty of the proph-

ets and priests of Baal. I fancy I can see them going up in a grand procession, with the king in his chariot at their head.

But Elijah marched, all alone: a rough man, clad in the skins of beasts, with a staff in his hand. No banners, no procession, no great men in his train! But the man who could hold the keys of heaven for three years and six months was not afraid to be alone.

Now says Elijah to the people, "How long halt ye between two opinions? Let the priests of Baal build them an altar and offer sacrifice, but put no fire under; and I will do the same: and the God that answereth by fire, let Him be God."

So the priests of Baal build their altar.

I am sure if God hadn't held him back, Satan would have brought up a little spark out of hell to set that sacrifice on fire. But God wouldn't let him.

Then they begin to pray: "Oh Baal, hear us! Oh Baal, hear us!"

"You must pray louder than that, if you expect Baal to hear you," says the old prophet. "Maybe he is asleep: pray louder, so as to wake him up."

Poor fellows! they haven't any voice left; so they begin to pray in blood. They cut themselves with knives, and lift their streaming hands and arms to Baal. But no fire comes down.

It is getting towards sundown.

The prophet of the Lord builds an altar. Mind; he doesn't have any thing to do with the altar of

Baal, but builds an entirely different one, on the ruins of the altar of the Lord which had been broken down.

"We won't have any body saying there is any trick about this thing," says the prophet. So they bring twelve barrels of water and pour over the altar. I don't know how they managed to get so much water; but they did it.

Then Elijah prays: "Oh God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel."

God heard him at once, and—*down came the fire!!* It burnt up the sacrifice, the wood, the water, and the very stones of the altar. Jehovah is God: nobody can halt any longer.

Ah! but some of you say, "I too would have decided for God if I had been on Mount Carmel that day." My friends, Calvary is a great deal more wonderful than Carmel. The sacrifice of Christ on the cross is more wonderful than the sacrifice which was burned on that altar.

181. The Widow's Son.—Think of that poor widow at Nain! She is old, now; and her only son, who is the staff of her life, is sick. How she watches him; sits up all night to see that he has his medicine at the right time; by his bedside all day, fanning him and moistening his parched lips with water. The best doctor in Nain is sent for. He comes and feels the young man's pulse, and shakes his head, and the

widow knows there is no hope for her boy. In a little while the fever comes to its crisis and the poor boy dies with his head upon his mother's bosom. The people come and try to comfort the poor woman, but it is no use. Her heart is broken.

Well: they make him ready for the burial; they celebrate his funeral service, and put him on the bier to carry him to his grave. What a sad procession! as they come out of the city gates they see thirteen dusty-looking travellers, coming up the road. There is One among them, tall and far fairer than the sons of men. Who can He be? He is moved with compassion when He sees this little funeral procession; and it does not take Him long to find out that that woman who walks next the bier is a poor widow, whose only son she is following to his grave. He tells the bearers to put down the bier; and while the mother wonders what is to be done, He bends tenderly over the dead man, and speaks to him in a low, sweet voice, "Arise!" And the dead man hears Him. His body begins to move: the man who was dead is struggling with his grave-clothes; they unbind them, and now he sits up. He leaps off the bier, catches a sight of his mother, remembers that he was dead and is now alive again; takes her in his arms, kisses her again and again, and then turns to look at the Stranger who has wrought this miracle upon him. He is ready to do any thing for that Man—ready to follow Him to the death. But Jesus does not ask that of him. He

knows his mother needs him; and so He does not take him away to be one of His disciples, but gives him back to his old mother.

I would have liked to see that young man re-entering the city of Nain, arm-in-arm with his mother. What do you suppose he said to the people, who looked at him with wonder? Would he not confess that Jesus of Nazareth had raised him from the dead? Would he not go everywhere, declaring what the Lord had done for his dead body? Oh how I love to preach Christ, who can stand over all the graves, and say to all the dead bodies, "Arise!"

182. The Story of Naaman.—I have been reading to you about a man whom the king delighted to honor. He was captain of the hosts of Syria; *but he was a leper;* and that threw a blight over his whole life. There was no physician to help him in all Syria. None of the eminent doctors in Damascus could do him any good. Neither could any in Jerusalem. But I will tell you what they had in Syria: they had one of God's children there—and she was a little girl. Naaman knew nothing about her, though she was one of his household. At last some one told the king of Syria that the little Israelitish maid had said that there was a prophet in her country who could cure the leprosy. Now Naaman stood high in the king's favor, for he had just won a great victory. So the king said, "you had better go down to Samaria, and see if there is any thing in it, and I

will give you letters of introduction to the king. Away goes Naaman down to Samaria with his letter of introduction, and he takes with him a bag of gold and silver. And he took about £100,000 sterling, to pay this doctor's bill. There are a good many men who would willingly pay that sum, if with it they could buy the favor of God, and get rid of the curse of sin. Naaman had a letter of introduction from the king himself, and of course he would be received with high honors. But instead of the king rushing out to meet him, when he heard of Naaman's arrival and his object, he rent his mantle in a rage, and said: "Am I a God, that I can kill and make alive?" But at last the king bethinks himself of Elisha the prophet; and he says, "There is a man in my kingdom who may be able to help you and cure you." So Naaman drives up in grand style to the prophet's house and sends in his message, "Tell the prophet Major General Naaman, of Syria, has arrived and wishes to see him." Elisha takes it coolly. He does not come out to see him; but as soon as he learns his errand, sends his servant to say! "Dip seven times in Jordan, and you shall be clean." What a blow to his pride!

I can imagine him saying to his servant, "What! Dip seven times in Jordan! We call the Jordan *a ditch* in our country!"

I can fancy his indignation as he asks—"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in

them and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage. Jordan never had any reputation as a river. Its banks were not half so beautiful as those of the rivers of Damascus. Yes, it was a dreadful blow to his pride! Damascus was one of the most beautiful cities in the world; and it is said that when Mahomet first saw it, he turned his head away, for fear it should lead his thoughts away from heaven.

Naaman went off in a rage. But I don't think much of that; for when a man turns away in anger he generally cools down and comes back again.

Whilst Naaman was thinking what was best to be done, one of his servants came and said—"My lord, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean!" Why, if Elisha had said to him, "Go back to Syria on your hands and knees," he would most likely have done it. If he had said, "Go back all the way on one foot," he would have tried to do it. Or if he had said, "Give me a hundred thousand pounds for the medicine I prescribe, and thou shalt be cleansed," no doubt he would have done it. But to tell him merely to dip in the river Jordan seven times. "Well," says the servant, "you have come a hundred and fifty miles; and now don't you think you had better do what he tells you?"

His anger is cooling down; and he says, "Well, I think I might as well try it." That's the starting-point of his faith.

Naaman's will was conquered at last. So he goes down to the river and takes the first dip; and as he comes up, I can imagine him looking at himself, and saying to his servant, "There! I am no better than I was when I went in." Down he goes a second time, and he comes up as much a leper as ever; and so he goes down again and again, the third and fourth and fifth time, with the same result—as much a leper as ever. When he comes up the sixth time, he looks at himself, and says, "Ah! no better. What a fool I have made of myself! I wouldn't have the generals and aristocracy of Damascus know that I have been dipping in this way in Jordan for all the world. However, as I have gone so far, I'll make the seventh plunge." He has not altogether lost faith; and down he goes the seventh time, and up he comes again. He looks at himself, and shouts aloud for joy. "Lo, I am well! My leprosy is all gone—all gone! My flesh has come again as that of a little child. I never knew such a thing. Thank God! praise God! I am the happiest man alive." So he comes up out of Jordan and puts on his clothes, and goes back to the prophet, and wants to pay him.

That's just the old story: Naaman wants to give money for his cure. How many people want to do the same nowadays! Why, it would have spoiled the story of grace, if the prophet had taken any thing! You may give a thank-offering to God's cause, not because you can be saved, but because

you are saved. But the prophet refused to take any thing; and I can imagine no one felt more rejoiced than Elisha did. So Naaman starts back to Damascus, a very different man than he was when he left it. He lost the leprosy in Jordan when he did what the man of God told him; and if you obey the voice of God, the burden of your sins will fall from off you, and you shall be cleansed. It is all done by the power of faith.

183. The Message not the Messenger.—A good many people say, "Oh, I don't like such and such a minister; I should like to know where he comes from, and what he has done, and whether any bishop has ever laid his hands on his head." My dear friends, never mind the minister; it's the message you want. Why, if some one were to send me a message, and the news were important, I shouldn't stop to ask about the messenger who brought it; I should want to read the news; I should look at the letter and its contents, and not at the boy who brought it. And so it is with God's message. The good news is every thing, the minister nothing. Why, if I got lost in London, I should be willing to ask any body which way to go—even if it were only a poor shoeblack. It is the way I want, not the person who directs me.

184. They Shall shine as the Stars.—We all want to shine; the mother wishes it for her boy,

when she sends him to school; the father for his lad, when he goes off to college. God tells us who are to shine—not statesmen, nor warriors, nor such like, that shine but for a season—but such as will shine forever and ever; those, namely, who win souls to Christ; the little boy even who persuades one to come to Christ.

185. Christians Watched.—The unbelieving world, and sceptics holding out their false lights, are watching you and me. When Jacob put away his idols, he could go up to Bethel and get strength and the blessing—so will it be with the Church of God. A viper fixes upon the hand of the shipwrecked Paul; immediately he is judged by the barbarians some criminal unfit to live; but he shakes it off into the fire, and suffers no harm, and now they are ready to worship him, and ready too to hear and receive his message: the Church of God must shake off the vipers that have fastened on hand and heart too, ere men will hear. Where one ungodly man reads the Bible, a hundred read you and me: and if they find nothing in us, they set the whole thing aside as a myth.

186. Unconcern under Responsibility.—I remember, one afternoon I was preaching, observing a young lady from the house I was staying at, in the audience. I had heard she taught in the Sabbath-school, which I knew was at the same hour; and so

I asked her, after service, how she came to be there? "Oh," said she, "my class is but five little boys, and I thought it did not matter for them." And yet among these there might have been, who knows, a Luther or a Knox, the beginning of a stream of blessing, that would have gone on widening and ever widening; and besides, one soul is worth all the kingdoms of the earth.

187. The Atoning Blood.—If you cut the crimson thread that binds the Bible, it falls to pieces.

188. Humility in Christian Effort.—A young lady was sent to a boarding-school, and was there led to Christ; not only so, but taught that she ought to work for Him. By and by she goes home, and now she seeks, in one way and another, to work for Him, but without finding how. She asks for a class in her church Sunday-school, but the superintendent has already more than enough of teachers. One day, going along the street, she sees a little boy struck by his companion, and crying bitterly. She asks him what the trouble is? The boy thinks she is mocking him, and replies sullenly. She speaks kindly, tries to persuade him to school. He does not want to learn. She coaxes him to come and hear her and the rest singing there; and so next Sunday he comes with her. She gets a corner in the school of well-dressed scholars for herself and her charge. He sits and listens full of wonder. On

going home, he tells his mother he has been among the angels. At first, at a loss, she becomes angry, when a question or two brings out that he has been to a Protestant Sunday-school; and the father, on coming home, forbids his going back, on pain of flogging. Next Sunday, however, he goes, and is flogged, and so again, and yet again, till, one Sunday, he begs to be flogged before going, that he may not be kept thinking of it all the time. The father relents a little and promises him a holiday every Saturday afternoon, if he will not go to Sunday-school. The lad agrees, sees his teacher, who offers to teach him then. How many wealthy young folks would give up their Saturdays to train one poor ragged urchin in the way of salvation? Some time after, at his work, the lad is on one of the railway cars. The train starts suddenly; he slips through, and the wheels pass over his legs; he asks the doctor if he will live to get home; it is impossible. "Then," says he, "tell father and mother that I am going to heaven and want to meet them there." Will the work she did seem little, now, to the young lady? Or is it nothing that even one thus grateful waits her yonder?

189. Cheerfulness an Attraction of Piety.—A London minister, lately pointed out a family of seven, all of whom he was just receiving into the Church. Their story was this; going to church, he had to pass by a window, looking up at which one

day, he saw a baby looking out; he smiled—the baby smiled. Next time he passes he looks up again, smiles, and the baby smiles back. A third time going by, he looks up, and seeing the baby, throws it a kiss—which the baby returns to him. Time after time he has to pass the window, and now cannot refrain from looking up each time: and each time there are more faces to receive his smiling greeting; till by and by he sees the whole family grouped at the window—father, mother, and all. The father conjectures the happy, smiling stranger must be a minister, and so, next Sunday morning, after they have received at the window the usual greeting, two of the children, ready dressed, are sent out to follow him; they enter his church, hear him preach, and carry back to their parents the report that they never heard such preaching. Soon the rest come to the church, too, and are brought in—all by a smile. Let us not go about hanging our heads like a bulrush; if Christ gives us joy, let us live it!

190. Enthusiasm. — We need more enthusiasm. The more we have the better. I have a great admiration for Garibaldi, though I cannot, of course, approve of all his acts. When put in prison he said, "It were better that fifty Garibaldis should perish, than that Rome should not be free." This was the cause getting above the man: that is what we want. We want to forget ourselves. There

are one hundred thousand men waiting now to be brought to Christ, to be invited to come to Him, and shall we hang back?

191. Looking Unto Jesus.—When I was a boy, I used to try to describe a straight path through the snow in the fields by looking down at my feet. The way to make a straight path would be to look at an object beyond; so in this passage we are directed to have our eyes on the mark at the right hand of the Master.

192. Obedience.—I remember reading in some history of the ninth century of a young general who with only five hundred men came up against a king with twenty thousand. And the king sent to him to say that it was the height of folly to resist with his handful of men. The general called in one of his men, and said, "Take that sword and drive it to your heart." And the man took the weapon, and drove it to his heart, and fell dead. He said to another, "Leap into yonder chasm," and the man instantly obeyed. Then, turning to the messenger, he said, "Go back and tell your king that we have five hundred such men. We will die but we will never surrender." The messenger returned, and his tale struck terror into the hearts of the king's soldiers, so that they fled like chaff before the wind. God says, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

193. ROOTED IN CHRIST.—In the country there are sometimes seen great trees blown over and torn up by the roots, and the occasion of it was the shallow soil. So it is with many professors—they for a while believe, but in time of temptation they fall away, because they had not been rooted in Christ. This points to the inward and outward growth of the Christian. The only way to keep from falling is to grow.

194. PERSEVERANCE WILL SURELY CONQUER.—There was a terribly wicked man who kept a liquor saloon, whose children I was very anxious to draw to my Sabbath-school. So one day I called on this man and said, "Mr. Bell, I want you to let your children come to the Sabbath-school." He was terribly angry, said he did not believe in the Bible, school, or any thing else, and ordered me to leave the house.

Soon after I went down again, and asked him to go to church, and again he was very angry. He said that he had not been at church for nineteen years, and would never go again, and he would rather see his boy a drunkard and his daughter a harlot than that they should attend the Sabbath-school. A second time I was forced to leave the house.

Two or three days after I called again, and he said, "Well, I guess you are a pretty good-natured sort of man and different from the rest of Chris-

tians, or you would not come back." I asked him what he had to say against Christ and if he had read His life; and he asked me what I had to say against Payne's "Age of Reason," and if I had read it. I said I had not read it; whereupon he said he would read the New Testament if I would read the Age of Reason. I agreed, though he had the best of the bargain. I asked Mr. Bell to come to church but he said they were all hypocrites that went to church. This he would do, however; I might come to his house, if I liked, and preach. "Here in this saloon?" "Yes! but look here, you are not to do all the talking; he said that he and his friends would have their say as well as I. I agreed that they might have the first forty-five minutes, and I the last fifteen of the hour, which he thought fair, and that was settled. The day came and I went to keep my appointment, but I never met such a crowd as were in that saloon, such a collection of infidels, deists, and reprobates of all kinds I never saw before. Their oaths and language were horrible. Some of them seemed as if they had come on leave of absence from the pit. I never was so near hell before. They began to talk in the most blasphemous way; some thought one thing, some another; some believed there was a God—others not; some didn't believe any thing. They couldn't agree, contradicted each other, and very nearly came to fighting with one another before their time had expired.

I had brought down a little boy, an orphan with me, and when I saw and heard such blasphemy I thought I had done wrong to bring him there. When their time was up, I said that we Christians always began service with prayer to God. "Hold," said they; "two must be agreed first." "Well, here are two of us." And so I prayed, and then the little boy did so, and I never heard a prayer like that in all my life. It seemed as if God was speaking through that little boy. With tears running down his cheeks he besought God, for Christ's sake, to take pity on all these poor men; and that went to their very hearts. I heard sobs throughout the hall, and one infidel went out at this door and another at that; and Mr. Bell came to me and said, "you can have my children, Mr. Moody." And the best friend that I have in Chicago to-day is that same Joshua Bell, and his son has come out for Christ and as a worker for Him.

195. Salvation is Every Thing.—The first one thing is to know that you are saved yourself. If a man lack salvation he lacketh every thing. A wife said to me, "My husband is every thing to me except one thing: he gets drunk." It seemed that this alone would make a hell on earth. A water-pipe might be perfectly laid, the reservoir in good condition, and the water in sufficient quantity, but if one joint of the pipe were lacking, the whole was useless.

196. Heart-yearnings Providentially Answered. —During our war, there was a Southern man who came over to a Wisconsin regiment, saying he could not fight to uphold slavery. Some time after, the mail from the north came in, and all the men got letters from their relations, and universal joy prevailed. This Southern man said he wished he were dead; he was most unhappy, for there were no letters for him. His mother was dead, and his father and brothers would have shot him if they could, for going against them. This man's tent-mate was very sorry for his friend, and when he wrote to his mother in Wisconsin, he just told her all about it. His mother sat down and wrote to her son's friend. She called him her son, and spoke to him like a mother. She told him, when the war was over that he must come to her, and that her home would be his. When the letter reached the regiment, the chaplain took it down to where this man was standing, and told him it was for him; but he said it was a mistake, that nobody would write to him; he had no friends, it must be for some one else. He was persuaded to open it, and when he read it, he felt such joy. He went down the lines, saying, "*I've got a mother!*" When afterwards the regiment was disbanded, and the men were returning to their homes, there was none who showed so much anxiety as this man to get to his mother in Wisconsin. There are hundreds of young men who want mothers, and any kindness done to them will not lose its reward.

197. Our Life in Christ.—When God converted us He gave us a new nature—life in Christ—and the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and *these are contrary* the one to the other.

198. The World not the Christian's Home.—You must learn to be like a rock in the stream, past which the current flows rapidly, but it is unmoved. You are still in the world, but you are not of the world. You are citizens of another world, and only strangers and pilgrims here.

199. Cling to the Rock.—There is a tunnel over the Rocky Mountains, and the bore is so contracted that there is no room for a man to escape if two trains were coming alongside of each other; but they have cut niches in the solid rock, into which a person may go and be safe. Two little children were caught thus one day—a sister and her little brother; and after she got her brother into one of these niches she went to the one opposite, and just as the trains were about to whisk past them she cried to her little brother, "Cling close to the rock." The trains passed and they were safe in the clefts of the rock. This is all you want, dear young Christians, cling close to the rock of your salvation.

200. Whom Satan Leaves Alone.—There is a story told of a gentleman in our country who had a ser-

vant—a negro—we call such Sambo—and he was a converted man, and his master used to banter him about his religion, and to say, "Sambo, you are always talking of the conflict; I don't have any of your groaning and the conflict you talk of." One day they were out hunting. His master blazed away at some ducks, and did not mind the dead ones, but sent Sambo after the wounded ones. "Massa," said he, when he next spoke to him of his warfare, "as you did not care for the dead ducks—you knew you had them; so Satan leaves you all quiet. You are dead, and he lets you alone; but he is after me, because I am wounded, but alive."

201. The Banner of the Cross.—The Spanish authorities in Cuba had arrested a man who, though born in England, was a naturalized United States citizen. He was charged with conspiracy against the government, and ordered to be shot. But the consuls of both England and America believed the man to be innocent, and used all the persuasion and entreaty in their power for his release, but the proud Spaniards haughtily disregarded their petition.

The hour of execution had now arrived, and a company of soldiers were drawn up in line. The condemned English-American marched out before them, calmly awaiting his fate. He stood at the foot of the grave, already dug, his coat off, and his hands pinioned behind him. The officer ordered his men to load, and at the word "present," they

brought their rifles to their shoulders, awaiting the word of command to fire.

In the awful suspense, suddenly there sprang forward from the bystanders the two consuls; the one drawing from his breast the Stars and Stripes, wrapped it right round the prisoner, whilst the other threw over him the Union Jack. The consuls now stood on either side, defying the Spaniards, who dared not fire on the flags of two of the mightiest nations under heaven, and the man was released, and proved his innocence to the satisfaction of the authorities. Oh! to be wrapped in the blood-stained banner of the Cross.

202. Prayer Answered.—I think it would do us good to take the word "prayer," and run through the Bible tracing it out. Read about nothing else. I think you would be perfectly amazed if you took up the word "*prayer*," and counted the cases in the Bible where people are recorded as praying, and God answering their prayers.

203. Acknowledging God's Mercies.—A young pastor, newly placed over a church, finding his prayer-meetings ill-attended and lifeless, surprised his people one Sabbath, by announcing that there would be no prayer-meeting that week, but a meeting for praise. Curiosity brought out a large gathering of his church; he told them that as they were so reluctant to pray, he wished every one now to look back

on his past life, and see if he did not remember something to thank God for, and just to rise up and thank God for it. The result was, that one after another rose up, thanking God for this and that mercy, till the hour was over before they were aware, and they went away declaring it to be the best meeting they had ever had; and not only so, but this proved to be the beginning of a revival among them.

204. Evil Thoughts.—Some young converts are much distressed about evil thoughts. Now the sin lies not in their coming into your mind, but in your harboring them. As one has said, "We cannot help the birds from flying over our heads, but we can prevent their building their nests in our hair."

205. Our Burden-bearer.—A little boy wished to help his father to carry books to the library. The little fellow took hold of a big book, and the father seeing him on the stairs exhausted, and unable to go farther, took the boy and the book in his arms. So Christ will carry us and our burdens too.

206. Abundant Grace in Store.—Christians are all the time praying God to take the thorn out of the flesh instead of praying for more grace to bear it. God can give you grace enough to bear any affliction. God is anxious to give, but we do not ask Him for all we want. He not only saves us

but He keeps us. There is always more grace to follow. This Mr. Moody illustrated by an anecdote told by Rowland Hill, of a rich man giving his pastor a large sum of money to give to the most deserving poor man in his parish. The pastor thought it best to give it in small sums, so he gave him $25 at a time, and wrote on the envelope: "There is more to follow." Which did the man most good, the $25 or the more to follow? That is grace. We have a great feast of many things, but there is more to follow. It is humiliation now, but by and by we will see the King in His beauty. It is peace for the past, grace for the present, and glory for the future.

207. UNION IN PRAYER.—One night in the inquiry room there were four persons together, and I found that three of them were Christians; they had come to seek a blessing upon the fourth, a fine-looking business man. After talking a little with him, I said, "Now, my friend, what is the difficulty? what is it that keeps you from Christ?" His young wife, who was one of the party said, "Mr. Moody, I can tell you what is the trouble; it is his business; he is in the liquor business." I said, "Well, can't you give it up?" The man thought he would not give it up just at once; in three or four years he would make his way out of the business. But I said, "You can't afford to wait that time, you may be dead in less than three or four years." And then I turned to his wife and said, "Have you faith to pray that

your husband may give up his business now and find the Saviour?" She said she had. I asked his two other friends, "Have you faith for him?" They said, "Yes," and we knelt down around the man—surrounded him with prayer. The talk we had had with him seemed to have little effect, but when we talked to God about it, he broke down; there and then he resolved to give up the liquor business, and found peace and salvation.

208. A Prisoner Converted.—I made a visit, one Sunday, to the Tombs prison in New York, by invitation of the chaplain. After preaching to the prisoners, I conversed personally with them in their cells and listened to their stories. They were all "innocent" men, except one who, with streaming eyes, said to me, "My sins are more than I can bear." "Thank God for that, for you are invited to cast them upon Jesus who has borne them for you." We prayed together, and the following morning I visited him, and the prisoner, whose face was lit up with a heavenly smile, told how at midnight, while he was praying, the Lord Jesus came into his soul and made him free.

209. Confessing Christ.—The blessing of heaven will fall upon you, and you shall have peace and joy if you confess Christ before a scoffing, mocking world. I remember the first time I confessed Christ my knees smote together. I had a little speech all

made up, but when I got on my feet it all went from me. I just stood up for Christ. Satan afterwards said, "What a fool you made of yourself!" I have been making a "fool" of myself for twenty years.

210. A Child's Faith.—A little girl, who, going among strangers, went down on her knees and prayed to God thus: "Lord, please make these people as kind to me as my father and mother were," and then, with a short pause, the little child burst out with this joyous, confident conclusion: "Of course, good, dear Lord, of course you'll do it."

211. No Ball or Theatre for Paul.—Paul never would have been invited to a charity ball, and he was so peculiar that he never would have attended a theatre except to preach the Gospel.

212. Fearless Advocacy.—I have a good deal of respect for the old woman who, in the time of war, started out with a poker when the enemy was approaching. She was asked what she could do with that, and replied: "I can show them which side I am on."

213. Time and Zeal.—Look how men search for wealth. Men say they cannot come to these meetings and wait half an hour; they cannot leave their families; but let them think they can accumulate a

little wealth and they can leave their families six months, and six years if need be. Men sacrifice honor and home in pursuit of wealth, and yet men never accuse them of being mad. Look how the politicians have been in earnest for the past two weeks. Men have got hold of me on the street and tried to drag me to the polls to vote their ticket —democratic and republican both. They did not know me, but it made no difference. They were in earnest; but let them try to save souls and we are fanatics.

214. Sure Entrance to Heaven.—A man told me that he had a dream that he was taken by the angels to the gates of heaven and they would not let him in. He represented himself as having been a Sabbath-school superintendent; they did not know him. Another man came and said he had been an elder of the church; they did not know him. Another told of the good he had done; they did not know him. At last one came crying, "Blood, blood, blood," and the gates flew wide open. The man awoke and thought if he entered those gates he must be washed in the blood. The blood must be a token.

215. Lost by Neglect.—If any one is lost in this audience it won't be on account of Adam's sin, and yet—it will be. If I inherited consumption from my parents I would not be to blame for it; but if I should have overwhelming proof that a sure remedy

had been found for the disease, and I refuse to avail myself of it, then I must expect the consequences of my neglect. We are all sinners, but, thanks be to God, he has provided a sure cure, and it is offered to the whole world for nothing.

216. Persevering Prayer.—A lady in England whose husband was an infidel determined to pray for him every day for a year. She did so, but there was no change. Then she made up her mind to pray for six months longer for his conversion; still no change. At the end of that time she said, "I'll pray for him to the end of my life; I'll never give him up." That was just the condition of mind which God wanted to bring her to. That very day her husband came home, went to his chamber, fell on his knees and cried, "O Lord, save me!"

217. Prayer During the Civil War.—During the American war, when husbands, fathers, and brothers were away on the battle-fields, their wives, daughters, and mothers learnt to pray, and many an hour was spent by them in their closets alone with God. The results were marvellous, and that, too, in the case of the wickedest and most depraved men in the army.

One day at Nashville a great, strong, wicked-looking soldier came to me trembling. He said he had got this letter from his sister, six hundred miles away, and she said that she prayed to God, night after night, that he should be saved, and he said he

could not stand to hear that, and he had come to give himself to Christ; and there and then we knelt down together in prayer to God, he crushed and broken in heart.

218. Hell or the Grave.—What is the use of keeping poor people's bodies a little longer out of the grave, and not trying to keep their souls out of hell?

219. A Love-feast Story.—One Thanksgiving in our mission-school I had appointed a kind of love-feast, at which every one was to tell what he was most thankful for.

One little fellow, who had no other relative in the world but a decrepit old grandfather, with whom he lived in the greatest poverty, had become a Christian some time before, and, like others of the children, was trying to do a little home-missionary work on his own account. When his turn came to tell what he was most thankful for, he said—

"There was that big fellow, 'Butcher Kilroy,' who acted so bad that nobody would have him, and he had to be turned out of one class after another, till I was afraid he would be turned out of the school. It took me a long time to get him to come, and I begged for him to stay. I used to pray to Jesus every day to give him a new heart, and I felt pretty sure He would if we didn't turn him out. By and by Butcher Kilroy began to want to be a Christian,

and now he is converted; and that is what makes this Thanksgiving the happiest one in all my life."

220. PETER.—Peter is found in bad company. I never saw a backslider but commenced in that way. First the devil gets him asleep, and then he can go to the theatre and it does not trouble him. H will not go to a church where the minister is too strict; he will go to a church where the minister goes to the theatre himself once in a while. Peter is in bad company, and one young woman says to him: "You are His disciple." Peter said: "I am not," changing his speech so that he would not talk like a man who had been with Christ. Another said: "Thou art one of His disciples." "I am not," said Peter, and the cock crew, but his conscience was not aroused. If there was any time that Christ needed Peter it was in that hour when Peter was sitting in the seat of the scornful. Another one says: "You are His disciple, for your speech betrayeth you." No one can be with Christ but his speech shows it. Now Peter gets angry, and begins to curse and swear: "I never knew Him." Oh, how Christ won him back! Christ might have said: "Have you forgotten that you said a few hours ago that you would go to death for me?" But He just turned and gave Peter one look, a look of compassion and pity. Peter caught that eye, it was enough. He awoke from that sleep and began to realize what he had done. He went

out and wept bitterly. No one on this earth knows what Peter suffered that night. How his heart must have sunk next day when he heard Christ had expired. I can imagine all those long hours Christ was in the grave, Peter neither slept nor ate. How tenderly the Saviour dealt with him. The first thing after He had risen He sent a message to Peter. He had an interview with Peter and I can imagine Peter cried to Him to forgive him. How Christ forgave him and made him the champion of the cross; made him the great Apostle to preach on the day of Pentecost. His self-confidence is now all gone. Oh, may God take from us this self-confidence, that we may not be lifted up, but be humble and walk humbly with God. If there is a poor backslider here who will come back to Jesus, God will make him more useful in the future. If there is a poor wanderer here Jesus wants you. He will forgive you and restore His love in your heart.

221. God's Mercy Free.—Do you think that God offers the cup of salvation to all men, and then, just as you are going to drink, He snatches it away, and says, "Oh, but you are not one of the elect." God doesn't do any thing of the kind.

222. The City of Refuge.—The law was, if a man killed another accidentally, the next relative should revenge his kinsman, and the only hope for

the man was to get into that city. They were on each side of Jordan, so there could be no obstacles in the way. Suppose I am chopping in the woods, and the axe slipped out of my hands and killed the man I am working with. I know his brother will be on my track, and I run as fast as I can for the city of refuge. I soon hear his footsteps after me. I leap over bridges. I don't stop to loiter by the way. No time for discussing which is the best denomination. I want to save my life. The avenger is on me. He has a double-edged sword bearing down upon me. I say, "If I can only get through that gate, I will save my life." Away I go. A watchman standing on the walls of the city sees me coming, and the news spreads through the city that there is a poor fugitive coming. The inhabitants stand on the walls, and they see the avenger bearing down upon me. They cry: "Run! flee for thy life! run!" At last I go leaping through the gates of the city. One moment outside; the next in. The avenger cannot touch me. Did you ever stop to think that death is on your track? Did you ever stop to think how near he may be to you? A young man from one of the hotels heard my lecture on the Prophet Daniel. On the next Wednesday night he was talking about the lecture. On Thursday night he was found dead in his bed. I hope he was in the city of refuge. If he was, he is safe for time and eternity. Death is on our track; if we are in the city of refuge we are safe. God

has provided a city of refuge for every one, that is, Christ.

223. Satan Asleep.—The devil can do most any thing with a man when he gets asleep. A man dreamt he was travelling, and came to a little church, and on the cupola of that church there was a devil fast asleep. He went along further, and came to a log cabin, and it was surrounded by devils all wide awake. He asked one of them what it meant; said the devil: "I will tell you. The fact is, that whole church is asleep and one devil can take care of all the people, but here are a man and woman who pray, and they have more power than the whole church." When God tells us to watch we must watch.

224. Moody and the Infidel.—One day I was holding a meeting in the north of England, when one of the managers of the affair came to me complaining of a man down in the lower part of the hall. "That man," said he, "ought to be put right out of here. He's a rank infidel. He is president of the infidel club in this town."

I said, "No! we will not put the man out. I will go down and speak to him," and forthwith went to the infidel and sat down alongside of him. "My friend," I said, "can I do any thing to interest you in your soul's welfare?"

"Well, I don't know as you can," replied the in-

fidel, in sarcastic tones. "I don't know as I have got a soul in the first place, and I am not going to be interested until I do. Now, if you can prove to me that I have got a soul then it will be time enough to talk about being interested, and not before."

I said, "Well, my friend, we won't spend any time now arguing that question, but will you do this for me? Will you kneel down alongside of me and pray?" "No!" said the man bluntly, "I'll do nothing of the sort. I don't see the use of it. I don't know who I am going to pray to. If you tell me that you are going to pray to God, I tell you that I don't believe there is a God, and, therefore, I don't see any sort of use in praying to something that don't exist. But," added the infidel, "if *you* think there is any use in it, go ahead and pray. I don't care, go ahead and try it on me. It won't do any harm, anyhow."

I knelt down beside the infidel and prayed, while he, with sneers depicted in his face, held his head up high to show that such a proceeding could have no effect on him. I heard no more from the man until some weeks later, when, while preaching at Wick, in Scotland, the infidel met me at the close of the service, and said, "Well, now, Mr. Moody, do you see how that prayer of yours worked? It didn't do a bit of good. I am just the same man as I was before, and maybe a little worse. It has had no effect whatever." Some months after I returned to Liv-

erpool one morning I received a letter from a lawyer living in the same town as the infidel, which stated that the infidel had actually been converted, and the last accounts I had from that quarter show that our friend has not only held fast to the new faith, but he has now over seventeen other infidels who were members of the same atheistical club.

225. A Western Judge.—When I was quite a young man a lady came to me and requested me to talk to her husband. I felt it was no use, for he was a prominent western judge of sceptical sentiments, and more than a match for me in argument. But yielding to her persistent entreaties I proceeded to the judge's office. The old man laughed at me. I succeeded in obtaining from him a promise that when he was converted he would write and let me know. Special prayer was offered for him at the Fulton street prayer-meeting and other places. Some time afterward, when I returned to town, I met the judge, who told me of his conversion. One night his wife went to prayer-meeting and during her absence he began to think, "Suppose my wife is right; that there is a hell and a heaven, and that my children are going to heaven and I am not." Conviction seized him and he commenced to pray. He retired before his wife returned and pretended to be asleep while she prayed for him. Rising early in the morning he told her he did not feel very well, and without waiting for breakfast, proceeded to his

office. He told his clerks they might have a holiday, and shutting himself up in the office prayed that God for Christ's sake would take away the great load of guilt, and soon the burden rolled off. He told his wife that he was a new man, and they both kneeled in prayer, thanking God for his great goodness. Upon returning to America I inquired if the judge stood firm. I was informed that he had passed gloriously from earth and was now standing at the right hand of God.

226. Prayer a Substitute for Fault-finding.—"If things do not always please you, don't complain—*just pray!*

227. Everlasting Remorse the Sinner's Portion.—Do you think that Judas, after nearly 1,900 years, has forgotten that he betrayed his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver? Do you think that Cain, after 5,000 years, has forgotten the pleading look of his brother Abel when he slew him?

228. Total Abstinence.—I would rather have my right hand cut off than touch the stuff before my children. The friends that have been lost are so many as should rouse us to be as one man in sweeping the drink from our tables. If you want me to sign the pledge, I will take any pledge you may bring; I never touch drink, and never intend to do so. Now for the other side! Some temper-

ance men make a grand mistake, and that is—*they lug in the question every time they get the chance.* Every thing in its own place! If I go to a prayer-meeting I do not want to hear temperance or the higher Christian life. There is a man who comes to our noon-day meetings; no matter what the subject is, he gets up and talks every day on the higher life. A friend, in going out of the meeting one day, said to me, "I like a fiddle with a thousand strings, not with this one of higher life played on every day." And so it is with temperance.

229. A Child's Will.—When I came back from Europe, my sister told me she had some trouble with her boy, a little fellow about four years old. The father said, "Sammy, you must go and ask mother's forgiveness." The little fellow said he could not. "Then you must go to bed," said the father. That was Thursday morning. They undressed him and put him to bed. The father came home at noon and asked, had Sammy asked forgiveness. He was told he had not. He went up and stood by the bedside and asked him had he asked his mother's forgiveness. He shook his head and said he could not do it. "Sammy, you can," he said. No, the little fellow could not. The father came home in the evening and promised to dress him and take him out, but he would not do it. You all know very well he could, but he wouldn't. The hardest thing a man ever has to do is to become a

Christian, and yet it is the easiest. The hardest thing for a man to do is to give up his will. This little boy could not do it. The father knew very well he could. He went down to his office next morning as usual, and when he came back at noon found that Sammy had not yet asked forgiveness. He went in beside him and said, "Sammy, are you not going to ask your mother's forgiveness?" "I can't;" "Sammy, you can;" "I can't, father; I couldn't do it." There was the stillness of death in that house. It seemed as if he was going to conquer. Instead of his little will going to be broken it seemed as if he was going to break theirs. After the father had gone out to his office the mother went to the bedside. She said, "Sammy, now say this: Mother,"—"mother," replied the little fellow, "forgive," "forgive—me"; and as he said "me," he sprang to his feet and cried: "I said it, I said it; dress me and take me down to papa." The father wept like a child when the little fellow came down crying, "I said it, I said it." He could have done it the first day if he would. Oh, my friends, come down to that "I will" of yours.

230. The Dying Soldier.—Some years ago, I was called just after midnight, to see a wounded soldier. I went to the dying man. He said, "I wish you to help me to die." I said, "I would help you to die if I could. I would take you on my shoulders and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could; but I

can not. I can tell you of One that can." And I told him of Christ being willing to save him; and how Christ left heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of eternal death were gathering around his soul. I could not leave him, and at last I thought of the third chapter of John, and I said to him, "Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to him when he was in your state of mind, and inquired what he was to do to be saved." I just read that conversation to the dying man, and he lay there, with his eyes riveted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth. When I came to the verse where it says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life," the dying man cried, "stop, sir; is that there?" "Yes, it is all here." Then he said, "Won't you please read it to me again?" I read it the second time. The dying man brought his hands together, and said, "Bless God for that. Won't you please read it to me again?" I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes, his arms were folded on his breast, he had a sweet smile on his face; remorse and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering, and I leaned over him, and

I heard him faintly whisper from his dying lips, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes, and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and he said, "Oh, that is all I want;" and in a few hours he pillowed his dying head upon the truth of those two verses, and rode away on one of the Saviour's chariots, and took his seat in the kingdom of God. Oh, sinner, you can be saved now if you will. Look and live.

231. The Best for Comparison.—Another says: "I would follow Christ, but I am as good as the majority of Christians." Suppose I went to a man to buy some cloth and he gives me thirty-three inches to the yard. I won't take it, and then he says the man over the way gives only thirty-two. One is measuring by the standard of the other, and he should not do it. He should give thirty-six inches to the yard. But even now I would appeal to you, haven't you ever known one, who has so shone out in your life, whom you are willing to say was a Christian whom you would wish to be like? We should not take the poorest specimens—we should take the best.

232. "Every Day."—I have had a rule for many years which has helped me wonderfully. It is to speak to some person every day about his soul. I

remember, a number of years ago, going home late at night; I hadn't found any one that day to whom I could speak, so I asked the Lord to direct me. I met a man at a lamp post, went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder and spoke to him. He turned around to me and cursed me and told me to mind my business. He afterwards told a Christian man whom I knew that I was doing more hurt than any ten men in Chicago were doing good. "I gave him a piece of my mind," said he to this man, "and if you have any influence with him talk some sense into him."

This Christian man tried to convince me that I must not speak to people in that way until I got an introduction to them. Now, suppose I saw a blind man going to fall into the river, should I wait for an introduction before I would run to help him? And really, if these things are true, we have got to lift up our voices and warn men. Three months passed away, when one Sunday morning I heard a knock at my room door. I cried out, "Who's there?" and was told it was a stranger. I dressed and went to the door, and saw a man outside. "Do you remember me?" said he. "No," said I. "Do you remember the man at the lamp post?" said he. "I do, very well," said I, "and the conversation with the old elder about it." He said he had no peace since that night and now came to ask me what he should do to be saved. After I had spoken to him he asked me to give him some work to do for the

Lord. I gave him a class of little boys in my Sabbath-school, and it was a heavenly sight to see that former infidel trying to lead his class of little boys to Christ. Hundreds of thousands can be led to Christ if you and I are ready to lead them.

233. A True Friend.—A man came into my office a few years ago and said, "I want to get your interest in a young man who has just come out of the penitentiary. He has tried to get work but has not succeeded. He is ashamed to have any one see him." I said, "Bring him in." I took him by the hand and asked him to dinner. When I took him to my family I introduced him as my friend. When I said to my little girl three or four years old, "Emma, that is papa's friend," the little girl kissed him. He wept bitterly. I said, "What is the matter?" He said, "I have not had a kiss for years. The last I had was from my mother when she was dying, and I did not know that any one would ever kiss me again." The hard, proud heart of that man was broken. I don't know that I ever had a truer friend.

234. Believe Then Work.—We work because we are saved. We do not work to be saved. We work from the cross and not toward it. I imagine some of you say; "Why does Paul say, then, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.'" You must have salvation before you can work it out. I

must give my boy a garden before he can work the weeds out of it. If I said to him: "Be careful how you spend that hundred dollars," he would say: "Give it to me first." When I first went to Boston my money was soon gone, and I was getting desperate. Although there was but one mail a day I went three times a day to the post-office to see if I could get a letter from home. At last I got a letter, and it was from my little sister. She had heard there were pickpockets in Boston, and the burden of her letter was to have me be careful and not get my pocket picked. But I would have had to have money in my pocket before it could be picked. So you must have salvation before you can work it out.

235. Help from Above. — I remember while in England, at Newcastle, I was sitting at a table taking a lunch before retiring, and the lady of the house asked if there was any thing else I would like to have. I replied, "a glass of water." But happening to see a fly in it when brought, I did not drink. The landlady, seeing that I did not drink, discerned the fly, and said if little Edith had been up she would have taken that fly out—she was so merciful. I took the hint, and with a fork aided the little creature to escape from the water. I then put it in my warm hand, and by and by, as the heat revived it, it grew stronger and stronger, until at length it spread its wings and flew away. And, I suppose, if it could have spoken it would have said,

"Thank you, thank you; you have saved me." And that is the way with us all. Help must come from above.

236. DUTY.—We hear men say, "I came to the prayer-meeting because I thought it was my duty to come," and they will get up in the prayer-meeting and say, "I thought it was my duty to say a few words." It is all duty, duty, duty. We never can reach a man in that way. Go to a man and tell him that you love him, and it is the love of God that brings you to him; then you will have some influence with him. Suppose I said to my wife that I loved her because it was my duty to love her, and suppose I should go to Connecticut to visit my aged mother, and suppose I should say to her, "Mother, you have been very good to me, and you are getting old now; you are on your way to the grave; you are living on borrowed time, and I feel it is my duty to come every year and see you." I think she would say: "My boy, you need not come any more, if you come out of duty." Yet how many talk about duty to God. Let us strike for a higher plane, and work for Him because we love him.

People are always trying to do some great thing for the Lord. They have got no opportunity because they have no great thing to do. I once heard of a man who had a dream. He said that he was taken, as he died, by the angels away to a beauti-

ful temple built up with polished stones, but there was just one little stone left out. He asked the angel how it was. "The master builder," replied the angel, "intended that for you, but you wanted to build in some greater place." When he awoke he determined ever since that he would do any thing to get in. He went right to work, and the Lord blessed him.

237. "They Love a Fellow Over There."—There was a little boy in one of the mission Sabbath-schools, and his parents moved away to another part of the city. He then had to pass thirty Sabbath-schools to get to the one he had been attending. He had to walk five miles. A Sabbath-school teacher tried to get him to go to his school. He said: "Why do you go by all those schools?" The boy said, "They are not as good to me." "Why so?" said the teacher. "Because they love a fellow over there," said the boy. It was love that brought him.

238. Tell Your Own Story.—There is a story told in the life of Abraham Lincoln which touches my heart when I read it. One reason why people liked him so much was because he was a man of compassion. The story is that of little Bennie. He enlisted at a very early age. One night the companion who went with him was sick, and Bennie had to go out on picket duty in his stead. Next

night Bennie had to go out again. As it was his second night without sleep he became weary and fell asleep. He was tried, and ordered to be shot. When the news reached his father and mother in Vermont it was a terrible blow to them. News came also that Mr. Lincoln was not going to interfere again in army affairs, so the father and mother thought there was no hope for their boy. There was a little child in the family, who had read the life of Lincoln, and she knew that he had a little boy, and that he was a man of compassion, and she said to herself, "If Mr. Lincoln knew all about the circumstances, he would not let him be shot." She took the train and went to Washington. She went to the White House. The sentries, after a little, passed her in. She went right to the private secretary, and he too passed her into the room, to the president. There were governors and generals there, but when Lincoln turned round and saw the lassie, he asked her what she wanted, and she told it all out in her own way. As he listened the great tears came stealing down his cheeks—he couldn't keep them back. He at once wrote a dispatch, and telegraphed it to the front, to have the boy sent to Washington. He went home with that sister.

239. From Acorns, Oaks.—In one of our Western States, a good many years ago, a little girl heard she could do something for her Saviour; the teacher told her she could bring her father. At first she

could not get him, but at length she brought him to the door of the little log house where the Sunday-school was kept. He had never been at a Sunday-school a single day in his life. He was a great drunkard and blasphemer, but the little girl succeeded in getting him to that school, and what is the result to-day! He has planted eleven hundred and eighty Sabbath-schools throughout the Western States.

240. A Good While Coming.—While the yellow fever was raging in a Southern city, the father of a poor family who were strangers there was struck with the disease. It raged so fearfully that the city authorities had them buried the moment they died. The father was buried and the mother was stricken down. She knew that she soon would be gone, so she called her little boy and said: "When I am gone Jesus will come and take care of you." She had no one else to commend him to. The little boy followed her to the burial place, and then came home. It was night, and dark and dreary, and he got scared. He went up to the grave without his supper and lay down and slept till morning, when he got up cold and stiff. While he was on the grave weeping a stranger passed through and asked him what he was doing there. He said he was waiting for Jesus. "What do you mean, my boy?" said the man. The child told his story. God touched the man's heart, and he said: "Well, my boy, Jesus has sent me."

"Well," said the little boy through his tears, "you have been a good while coming." Mr. Moody hoped, in conclusion, that anxious souls would not have the same complaint to make against the Christians who were present.

241. Moonshine.—A skeptic said one time to a young Christian: "My young friend, it is all moonshine." "I thank thee for the compliment," said the young man; "that is just it exactly; the moon borrows its light from the sun, and so we borrow our light from Christ." So, my friends, when we turn our faces toward the sun our path will be lit up with light.

242. The Profane Man.—I was preaching some time ago in a little town in Illinois, in the open air. Crowds came out every night to the meeting. A gentleman constantly drove up in a beautiful carriage, and with a cigar in his mouth always remained listening until the preaching was over, and then he would drive away. I asked who he was. They told me he was one of the wealthiest men in that place. I said "I noticed him to-night weeping." They laughed at the idea. "Weeping," they said; "O if you were only to hear the report he gives of your work." "I don't care if he is what you say," I said, "the man is interested." I heard that he was the profanest man in that whole country, that he cursed the very wife of his bosom, and that he even used

very profane language before his children. I thought however, I would go to see him. People advised me not—they thought it would hurt my feelings. But I went up and stood and waited just as he was coming out of his front gate. "This is Mr. P.?" I said. "Yes, that is my name; what do you want?" he said. He knew me very well. "I want to ask you a question if you have no objection," I said. "What is it?" he said in a gruff way. "I am told," I said, "that you have more wealth than any man in this part of the country. God has blessed you with great wealth and with a nice family and much comfort, and all He has received from you is that you curse Him and blaspheme Him. Why treat Him in that way?" Tears came trickling down his cheeks, and he says, "Come in, come in." When I had sat down he said: "The fact is, Mr. Moody, if I have tried once I have tried a thousand times to stop swearing. I am so ashamed of myself sometimes I can't hold my head up. There is no hope for me. I can't stop it." I said: "I know you can't, but you can trust the Lord Jesus Christ and He will stop it for you." He thought there was no chance for him. "Why, my dear friend," I said, "He just came to do that very thing, to give you power to overcome sin. If you will only come to the Lord Jesus Christ there will be no trouble. All you want is to let Him in." I got down and prayed with him, and he then asked what I would advise him to do. "I tell you what you'll do," I said, "Go up to the

church prayer-meeting and ask them to pray for you." He wouldn't go, he never was in the church. "Though there may be bad things said against them," I said "they are the very best friends you have got. Get up and tell them you want them to pray that God will save your soul." The next morning in the prayer-meeting who should come in but this wealthy man! He put his hand on the back of the seat where I sat, and I felt it tremble. "My friends," he said, "if God can save a poor wretch like me will you pray to Him for me?" Inside of a year he became an elder there, and is a bright and shining light in that church now.

243. Y. M. C. A.—I wish to speak particularly of the Young Men's Christian Association. It has been of great help to me. I think I owe nearly all my success just to the help it has been to me, and I believe the church has yet got to see what the associations have to do. We are just in our infancy, only twenty-two or twenty-three years old. There are about 8,000 of these associations in this country. Many of them are struggling in their weakness, and many have just been organized. They have a good many hard things said about them from people who don't understand them. A few years ago in Chicago it was said we were going to draw people away from the church, and that it was going to be the worst thing that could happen to the Church of God. Fifteen years of experience have shown that it is quite

the reverse, and to-day I believe the church is a hundred times better for them. It has raised up hundreds of lay workers who are, to-day, preaching the Gospel to tens of thousands; Messrs. Whittle and Bliss of Chicago, who having been preaching two or three years, received their first impressions of the importance of their great work from their labor in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association; Mr. Jacobs, who preaches to hundreds, was educated in his work there, and also Major Cole, who is now preaching in England. Four years ago last January Major Cole came home one evening, and there lay before him his whisky bottle and his wife's Bible, and for about three or four hours he struggled in his choice between them. About midnight he smashed the bottle, and the result to-day is we find God is blessing him in preaching the Gospel.

244. Substitution.—There is another story of an entire army which was guilty of mutiny, and one of the laws of war is that all mutineers shall be put to death, but the generals did not want to lose their army, and yet they wanted to carry out their rules, so they ordered that every tenth man should be shot. Now, in the army there were a father and a son, and when the son saw that his father was to be one of the tenth he stepped behind him and took his place—the place of death. And is this not an illustration of what Christ has done for us? He

opened the way of escape for us, and took our place and died for us, and yet many of us will go out of this hall and say, "I see no need of Christ."

245. Sincerity.—I remember talking to a man one day, when another man came in with whom my friend shook hands in such a warm way as almost to pull his arm out of joint. He coaxed the man to stay, and got an answer that he would call some other day. After he was gone out the man with whom I was speaking said: "Isn't he an awful bore? I'm so glad he's gone out." I began to think I was an awful bore, and I got out as quickly as I could. Now let us love in deed and in truth.

246. Mr. Moody's Friend.—Some years ago, a very dear friend of mine to-day was engaged to be married to a very beautiful girl. As he looked into the future he had every thing which heart could desire; money, grand business prospects, health, and in the immediate future a wife and a very happy home indeed. He forgot all his past and in imagination he lived in the castles which he built in the air, and every castle had a golden minaret, for when we build with the imagination we do not count the cost. All at once, as though a flash of lightning had come out of a clear, cloudless sky, sickness fell upon this lady, and she died at once. The shock, of course, was terrible. He was a man of large heart and generous sympathies, and those

are they who make the best or worst men in the world. And my poor friend, thrown down by his despair, rushed into every sort of dissipation which New York life affords, and New York life is very rich in that sort of material; and he spent an immense amount of money—nearly all he had. What he wanted was forgetfulness, and he went on from bad to worse until he reached low tide and the mud of moral iniquity; and one day in the midst of all this, by one of those instincts you and I know, he was led to open the safe and take from it a little bundle containing a little silver key, which he had turned in the casket of his beloved, and next to it was a tress of auburn hair; and as he looked at them he started back in horror as he reflected upon the gulf that now separated him from her, and he turned to his friend and asked if he thought he should ever see her again, and was answered: "I don't think you ever will. I don't see how you can. The life you and I have been living these last twelve months don't lead that way. It leads down the other side, and you and I can never look a pure woman in the face again." And then the poor fellow burst into tears, and wringing his hands he cried: "Oh, I must see her again, and I will meet her again; if there is any thing in religion by which I can get rid of my past life I am going to get rid of it, and I am going to right about face, and keep my face toward and my eyes upon our home. And if she is in heaven, I am going there too" And in

due course he came to see me, and wrung my hand in a way I can not describe, but there was great resolution in his heart; and last Sunday morning, with the memory of that golden tress and silver key, George, for that was his name, joined my church, and being asked if he would like to go back to the past, he exclaimed, "I have found a home and I can not go back to despair," and he is marching on that journey to-night to the tune of glory, glory, hallelujah.

247. Love Wins.—We are to win people to us before we can win them to Christ. I heard Dr. Arnott, in London, a week before he died, say that you who have been brought up on a farm will understand what I mean. He said when you want to wean a calf and teach it how to drink milk, you take a bucket of milk and the calf sucks your fingers and you draw his nose down in the milk, and then you slip your fingers out and you have the calf drinking before he knows it [laughter]. You want to win the affections of people before you can win them to Christ. We have to be more loving ourselves. We have got to have tender hearts for them, to show them that we love them.

248. Heart Photographs.—If a man should advertise that he could take a correct photograph of people's hearts, do you believe he would find a customer? There is not a man among us whom you

could hire to have his photograph taken, if you could photograph the real man. We go to have our faces taken, and carefully arrange our toilet, and if the artist flatters us, we say, "Oh, yes, that's a first-rate likeness," as we pass it around among our friends. But let the real man be brought out, the photograph of the heart, and see if a man will pass that round among his neighbors. Why, you would not want your own wife to see it! You would be frightened even to look at it yourself.

249. Sickly Christians.—The reason why we are such sickly Christians, is because we do not feed on the Lamb. We have a wilderness journey before us, as the children of Israel had, and if we do not feed upon Christ we must starve by the way. We have not only to look to the blood for safety, but we must feed on Christ for strength. How much the soul needs to be fed! Feeding upon Christ is feeding on his word. There is no book that will feed the soul but the Bible. If I feed on the Word of God, I get spiritual strength and power. Some people think if they get one glimpse at Christ, it is enough. We must live by faith as well as be saved by faith. Each day we must gather the manna afresh. A good many people seem to be living on stale manna—manna that they got months or years ago, when they were converted. We should no more think of laying in spiritual food to last for ten years than we should of bodily food.

250. Water-logged Christians.—A friend of mine said that he was in Liverpool some time ago, and there was a vessel coming into the harbor. It sailed right up the Mersey under full sail, and a little while after another vessel came in towed by a tug and sunken to the level of the water. He wondered it did not sink; and he went down to the water's edge and saw that they got it into the harbor with a great deal of difficulty, and he inquired and found that it was loaded with lumber. It had such material on board that it could not sink, and it had sprung a leak and had got water-logged. My friends, I think there are a good many of God's people that have got water-logged, and it takes all the strength of the church to look after those Christians that are water-logged, and so water-logged that they can not go forth and do good to others—help the unfortunate, and lift up the poor drunkard, because they don't know whether they are saved themselves. The fact is they are off with the world, mingling with the world; acting, speaking, as though in the world, and they don't know whether they are saved themselves.

251. Sowing—Reaping.—I was at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and I noticed there a little oil painting, only about a foot square, and the face was the most hideous I have ever seen. On the paper attached to the painting were the words "Sowing the Tares," and the face looked more like a demon's

than a man's. As he sowed these tares, up came serpents and reptiles, and they were crawling up on his body, and all around were woods with wolves and animals prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah! the reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh you must reap the flesh. If you sow to the wind you must reap the whirlwind.

252. Credibility of the Bible.—If I checked up a book and found there were a hundred statements in that book, and I had reason to believe, and in fact knew that ninety-nine out of a hundred of these statements were correct, and I did not have the evidence at hand to prove that the other was, I would have good reason to believe it correct, would I not? This picture drawn of the lost world in the 16th chapter of Luke was drawn by the Son of God himself. He said this rich man was lifting up his face in torment, not because he was rich, but because the rich man had neglected salvation.

253. The Outward Look.—Faith is an outward look, not an inward look. A great many people are looking at their feelings, a great many people are looking down here. Don't be looking at your feelings, but look at heaven, and if you have got the right kind of Christ you will have the right kind of faith. Suppose a man who had been in the habit of meeting a beggar on the street, and he might say,

I have met this man for years out here begging and as I go up to-night I meet him, he has got a nice suit of clothes on, and I say to him, "Hallo, beggar," and he says, "Don't you call me a beggar, I am no beggar." "Why, are you not a beggar?" "No, sir, I am not a beggar." "What is the reason you are not a beggar?" "Why, I was sitting there to-day and I put out my hand, asked a man to give me something, and Mr. Dodge came along and he put $5,000 right into my hand." "How do you know it is good money?" "I took it to the bank." "How did you get it?" "I put my hand out and he just put it in my hand." "How do you know it is the right kind of a hand?" "O, pooh, what do I care what kind of a hand it was."

254. The Prodigal.—This story of the prodigal is interwoven with my own family history. The first thing I recollect was the death of my father. On a beautiful day in June he fell suddenly dead. The next thing I remember was my mother taken sick. The third thing, my eldest brother that my mother looked upon to be her stay and comfort became a wanderer. I well remember how she mourned over that boy, how she wept day after day, month after month; I may say year after year. Many a time we were sent to the post-office to see if there was a letter from him. Many a time I heard her in her room pray, "O God, bring back my boy." Some nights there would be a high wind,

and she wouldn't sleep those nights, for he might be on the ocean, and it might be blowing a gale. She would talk for hours about our father, but all would be hushed when any one would talk about that elder brother. I knew what it meant. Thanksgiving Day used to come and she thought that perhaps then he would come back. Many a time we have gone to the window and looked and looked. But long years came and passed away, but the boy did not return. Her hair began to become gray and her step feeble, but still it was the burden of her life. Her friends and her neighbors, and in fact all her children, gave him up, but the mother still prayed on, she had faith yet to see her boy. One beautiful day in June while she was sitting in the garden with her two twin children she saw a stranger coming through the gate. There he stood, with arms folded, and at first she did not recognize her boy. But when she saw the tears trickling down the beard she recognized her long-lost boy. She cried, "Come in! Come in." "No, mother," he said, "I will never come in until you forgive me." Do you think she was going to stand and say: "You can not come in?" Do you think she was going to bar the door against that boy? She met him on the threshold and wept for joy. The dead was alive, the lost one found, the wanderer come home. I can not tell you how it thrilled my soul as the news came to me in a distant city that he had returned. O, my friends, this is nothing to be compared with

that which will be in heaven to-night if a poor prodigal returns.

255. Backsliding.—Once there was an old chap sat down among some army soldiers, who were telling stories of adventure, and one fellow got up and told all about how he had backslid, but the old soldier said, "I think there is some mistake, and the truth of the matter is that you have never yet slid forward."

256. Bank of Grace.—What would you think of a man who had $1,000,000 in the bank and only drew out a penny a day? That's you and I, and the sinner is blinder than we are. The throne of grace is established, and there we are to get all the grace we need. Sin is not so strong as the arm of God. He will help and deliver you if you will come and get the grace you need.

257. Lost!—Now, my friends, will Christ ever be more willing to save you than He is now? Will He ever have more power than He has now? I remember a few years ago, while the Spirit of God was working in our church, I closed the meeting one night by asking if there were any that would like to become Christians to rise, and to my great joy a man arose that had been anxious for some time. I went up to him and took him by the hand and said, "I am glad to see you get up. You are

coming out for the Lord now in earnest?" "Yes," said he, "I think so. That is, there is only one thing in my way." Said I, "What's that?" "Well," said he, "I lack moral courage. I confess to you that if such a man"—naming a friend of his—"had been here to-night, I should not have risen. He would laugh at me if he knew of this, and I don't believe I have the courage to tell him." "But," said I, "you have got to come out boldly for the Lord, if you come out at all. That is what you have got to do;" and I talked with him, and he was trembling from head to foot. I thought the Spirit of God was striving with him, and I believe the Spirit was striving earnestly with him. I did not labor with that man as I have often wished since that I had. I wish that night I had prayed more earnestly with him. He came back the next night, and the next night, and the next night, and the Spirit of God strove with him for weeks. It seemed as if he came to the very threshold of heaven and was almost stepping over into the blessed world.

Well, I thought surely this man would be brought into the fold, but at last the spirit of God seemed to leave him; conviction was gone, and then after that when he used to meet me on the street he used to shun me, and if I met him coming along the same side of the street he would cross over to the other side and dodge me in every way he could. He finally got so that he didn't come to church on

the Sabbath. He always used to come before. Six months from that time I got a message from him that he was sick and wanted to see me. I went to him in great haste. He was very sick and thought he was dying. He asked me if there was any hope. Yes, I told him, God had sent Christ to save him, and I prayed with him. Contrary to all expectations and to the belief of the physicians, he recovered and got off from his sick bed. One day I went down to see him. It was a bright, beautiful day, and he was sitting out in front of his house convalescing rapidly, and I said, "You are coming out for God now, aren't you? You will be well enough soon to come back to our meetings again?" Said he, "Mr. Moody, I have made up my mind to become a Christian. My mind is fully made up to that, but I won't be one just now. I am going to Michigan to buy a farm and settle down, and then I will become a Christian." Said I, "But you don't know yet that you will get well." "Oh," said he, "I will be perfectly well in a few days. I'll risk it. I have got a new lease of life." "Oh," said I, "it seems to me that you are tempting God," and I pleaded with him, and tried every way to get him to take his stand. At last said he, "Mr. Moody, I can't be a Christian in Chicago. When I get away from Chicago, and get to Michigan, away from my friends and acquaintances, who laugh at me, I will be ready to go to Christ." Said I, "If God has not got grace enough to save you in Chicago, He

has not in Michigan;" and I preached Christ to him, and urged Christ upon him. At last he got a little irritated, and said, "Mr. Moody, you can just attend to your business, and I will to mine, and if I lose my soul, no one will be to blame but myself—certainly not you, for you have done all you could." I went away from that house then with a heavy heart.

I well remember the day of the week, Thursday, about noon, just one week from that very day, when I was sent for by his wife to come in great haste. I hurried there at once. His poor wife met me at the door, and I asked her what was the matter. "My husband," she said, "has been taken down with the same disease, and I have just had a council of physicians here, and they have all given him up to die." Said I, "Does he want to see me?" "No," said she. "Then why did you send for me?" Said she, "I can not bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind." "What does he say?" I asked. Said she, "He says his damnation is sealed and he will be in hell in a little while." I went in, and he at once fixed his eye upon me. I called him by name, but he was speechless. I went around to the foot of the bed and looked in his face and said, "Won't you speak to me?" and at last he fixed that terrible deathly look upon me and said, "Mr. Moody, you need not talk to me any more. It is too late. You can talk to my wife and children; pray for them; but my heart is as hard as the iron

in that stove there. My damnation is sealed, and I will be in hell in a little while." I tried to tell him of Jesus's love and of God's forgiveness, but he said, "Mr. Moody, don't you mock me. I tell you there is no hope for me." And as I fell on my knees he said, "You need not pray for me; you need not pray for a lost soul. My wife will soon be left a widow and my children will be fatherless. They need your prayers, but you need not pray for me." I tried to pray, but it seemed as if my prayers didn't go higher than my head, and as if the heaven above me was like brass. As I took the cold, clammy hand the sweat of death was upon it, and it seemed like bidding farewell to a man I should never see in time or eternity. I left him with a broken heart. That was about noon. The next day his wife told me he lingered until the sun went down behind those Western prairies, and from noon until he died all he was heard to say was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." After lingering along an hour he would say again those words, and just as he was expiring his wife noticed his lips quiver, and that he was trying to say something, and as she bent over him she heard him mutter, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and the angels bore him away to judgment. He lived a Christless life; he died a Christless death; we wrapped him in a Christless shroud and bore him away to a Christless grave. Oh, how dark and sad!

258. A Child's Plea for Prayer.—A friend of mine was telling me he had been preaching some time without seeing any results in his church, and he began to cry to God for a blessing. Weeks went on and he did not receive any blessing. He felt he must have souls or die. He said that one Sunday after a barren Sabbath he went into his study and cried to God to give him a contrite spirit. While he was praying a faint rap came upon the door. His little child, four years old, heard his father praying, and said: "Will you pray for me?" That broke his heart. The next Sunday he wept over the people, and fourteen of them were converted. Oh, that God would break our hearts, that we may lead souls to Christ.

259. The Lesson of Paul's Life.—When I read the life of Paul it makes me ashamed of the Christianity of the present day. Talk about what we have suffered! Talk about what we have done! I think it would do every member of the church good to spend six months reading the life of Paul, and to see what he had to go through. He had been beaten four times and received thirty-nine stripes upon the bare back. If one of us should get even one stripe now, how many volumes would be written on the martyrdom! What a whine there would be! It was nothing for Paul to be beaten with thirty-nine stripes. Did any one say to Paul, "You have been beaten already four times before, and now

they are going to bring that scourge upon your back as many times again perhaps; had you not better go off down to Europe, and rest for six months until this persecution dies out?" The appeal would pass him by unheeded. "I have but one aim, one thing to hope for. I press toward the mark of my high calling in Christ Jesus." These earthly afflictions what were they? He never complained of them. Instead of giving up his opinions and his hope, he was willing to stand his stripes and his miseries again and again. And it was no trifling matter, these beatings he received. Yet he received them all and would not deny the faith that the mercy and power of God had wrought in him. If you allow me the expression, the devil had his match when he got hold of Paul. Not all he could do would give him the upper hand of Paul and separate him from the love of God. He had his reward in view, and he always, scorning what the world could do to him, pressed toward that reward. He knew that all his sufferings here would be wiped away and joy and peace be his when he wore the crown for which he had so bravely fought. And how many are working for these crowns at the present day? How much would they suffer now for a like reward that awaited this mighty warrior? His enemies one time took him out and stoned him like the martyr Stephen. Think of the torment he experienced, the pain that he must have suffered, as these stones were hurled at him. So great was the

anger of those who were thus around him that they left him for dead when they got through with him. See his head all swollen up; see the bruises upon his body and his limbs; see the ugly scars and the gaping wounds that he carried. He was hardly brought to life again, and for a long time thereafter you could see him with his injured head and black eye on the corners of the streets, and yet not frightened by any means, but preaching the glorious Gospel of his God and Master Jesus Christ. He went to Corinth, was not afraid, but preached there for eighteen months, and in all his ministrations and hardships he had to rely upon himself. He had no influential committee to meet him upon his arrival at the station and conduct him to a fine hotel and make all arrangements about his expenses. There was no station in those days; when he did arrive he came unannounced and on foot. And instead of a splendid hotel to go to, his first care was to go himself, walk around all the streets, and find cheap lodgings in some alley where he could go after he had left off preaching for the day to make tents, to which trade he had been brought up. And then, after all his preaching, and all his labors, what reward did he receive? Well, there was a sort of committee, and they said they would pay him off. Did they give him some testimonial and a large sum in money then? What they did do instead of presenting him with, say a thousand dollars in gold—this committee that I speak of took him down to a

cross street and gave him thirty-nine stripes. That is the way they paid him off. That was the way they treated this mighty fighter, a preacher that turned the world upside down.

Talk about Alexander making the world tremble at the tread of his armies! Talk about Napoleon shaking the world to its centre when the powers knew he had gathered his army round about him! Why these have all passed away, but the words of Paul, of the despised tent-maker, make the world tremble even to this day. He talks about being in peril among robbers. Well, what did the robbers find on him? No money, no jewelry—nothing. What treasures he had, he had placed them above their reach — he had put them in heaven where thieves do not break through nor steal. The robbers got nothing from him, though he was richer than any man is at the present day. Not a man who has lived since Paul is richer than he was. Three times, again he says, he suffered shipwreck; also a day and a night he was in the deep. He had been subjected to perils by water, to perils of robbers, to perils brought about by his own countrymen. Besides these he experienced perils of the wilderness; perils among false brethren—ah! that must have been the hardest. He was weary, he was in pain, but none of these things moved him. Thank God the apostle was a warrior, and would to God that the Church had a thousand like him at the present day. Nothing was able to battle him down.

Not even the newspaper of the day, if they had one, pitching into him every day, would have caused him a moment's thought. It might have called him a poor deluded man, might have said to him: "Oh, you poor fool." For none of these things did he care. He looked above and beyond them. He knew there was a glorious reward awaiting him. And so the mighty warrior went on to fight for his Master.

260. The Wall of Unbelief.—A friend of mine, in England, told me this story—Suppose, said he, that a man had a beautiful farm on the side of a mountain. Every thing was in an enclosure. He had a great wall all around it. Every thing within the walls was bright and green, while every thing outside was hot and dried up. One day there came a messenger to the man that had the beautiful farm, and he said to him: "Sir, you have a beautiful, flourishing farm, but I want to make it better. I will increase its fertility; I will make it a thousand times better than it now is." "No," says the farmer, "my farm is good enough; you can do nothing to better it;" and drove him away. He wouldn't have his farm made better, and he built his walls still higher to keep all men out. Up in the mountain near the house was a fountain. Its stream was used to irrigate and beautify the farm, and from it the crystal waters came to the garden. And the man that sent to him said to himself, "This man won't let me make his garden more beautiful; he

won't accept my kindness. I will build up a wall and cut the stream off." When the wall arose around the fountain's head the waters ceased to flow to the farm; the flowers began to fade and wither, and soon every thing presented the appearance of desolation and ruin. So the Lord of Glory comes and wants to give us His grace, but we spurn it, refuse to accept his blessing, and we perish. Why, Christ had the hardest work of His ministration to teach this subject even to his apostles. When they were offered grace they wouldn't have it. They couldn't keep grace in the country. They built up a wall of unbelief, the stream of grace ceased to flow to them, and what was the result? The garden that once was there is now the only dried-up and withered spot on the whole mountain round about. Grace has flowed out to the Gentiles and to all the nations, and what a blessing it has been! It was just because they built a wall of unbelief. That is just what the sinner is doing now. But if you'll only let the grace flow, nothing can hinder you from getting a blessing.

261. THREE KINDS OF CHRISTIANS.—It seems to me we have got about three classes of Christians: the first class, in the third chapter of John, were those who had got to Calvary and there got life. They believed on the Son and were saved and there they rested satisfied. They did not seek any thing higher. Then in the fourth chapter of John we

come to a better class of Christians. There it was a well of living water bubbling up. There are a few of these but they are not a hundredth part of the first class. But the best class is in the seventh chapter of John: "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." That is the kind of Christian we ought to be.

When I was a boy I used to have to pump water for the cattle. Ah, how many times I have pumped with that old right hand until it ached, and many times I used to pump when I could not get any water, and I was taught that when the pump was dry I must pour a pail of water down the pump and then I could get the water up. And that is what Christians want—a well of living water. We will have plenty of grace to spare—all we need ourselves and plenty for others. We have got into the way now of digging artesian wells better. They don't pump now to get the water, but when they dig the well they cut down through the gravel and through the clay perhaps 1,000 or 2,000 feet, not stopping when they can pump the water up, but they cut to a lower strata and the water flows up abundantly of itself. And so we ought every one of us to be like artesian wells. God has got grace enough for every one of us, and if we were only full of the Holy Ghost what power we would have.

262. A Kindness to Moody in his Boyhood.—I remember when I first went away from home, a fa-

therless boy, to a place some thirteen miles away. I feel I never was so far away from home since. My brother had gone to live there a year before me. As we both walked along the street my brother said: "Look, there is an old man coming down the street who will give you a cent. He gives every one who comes here a cent." He came along, and as we got right opposite to him, he wheeled around and looked at me, and said, "Are you a new boy in town?" My brother, who was afraid I would lose a cent, said "Yes." He placed his trembling hand on my head and spoke so kindly, and told me I had a father in heaven. Oh how those words cheered me as he took out a bright, new cent, and gave it to me. I don't know where that cent is now, but I shall never forget that little act. Hundreds of you aged ones can give a kind word in season to those who are trying to save souls. There is not a young man in all this city but who ought to be in sympathy with this work.

263. The Dog-fighter.—When in the east side of London, there was a man awakened. He used to have a dog trained for fighting; it was one of the best dogs in the east end of London. He had won a good many bets on him—his name was Tiger. His child died, and the man wanted comfort, and finally he came to the building where we were preaching. He wanted to become a Christian very much, but what was he going to do with his dog

Tiger? You laugh, my friends, but that little dog came between him and his Saviour. He said, "What shall I do with my dog! I can not keep him and be a Christian; for if I keep him I will be tempted to go and fight him again, and if I give him away I will want to hear when he fights again." So he took him and put him in a sack and threw him into the river. There was no trouble then.

264. A Boy's Cowardly Shame.—I know of a young man whose mother was very poor, and whose father was a great drunkard. The mother had to wash to take care of her four children. She got this boy educated in the high school, where he associated with young men who moved in higher society. One day he was in front of his mother's hovel, for the drunkard's home is always a hovel. As he stood there talking to his mother a schoolmate passed by and brought him along. His friend asked him who was that woman he was talking to. "Oh," said he, "she is my washerwoman." I am ashamed when I think of that young man. It is a thousand times worse for a man to be ashamed to confess Christ.

265. The Christian Battle.—It is said of Napoleon, after his army had gained a great victory, he was so pleased that he got a medal struck off, on one side of which was the date, and on the other these words; "I was through it all." It is said of

these old veterans that long years after they would bring out these medals and show them, and as they would tell of the battle their faces would light up as they would show the medal, and say, "I was there." My friends, a great battle is now going on between the kingdom of heaven and the powers of darkness, and God wants all of us to do what we can; and by and by up yonder we shall talk of the battle we fought in this dark world, and be joyful to say, "I was there." One thing has cheered us up beyond measure, and that is the spirit of unity we have seen. We have not heard a word about denominations since we have been to work in three of the great cities of our country. We have not heard one word about sect or party. Thanks be to God, we are just bound up in one bundle, and the moment we are a little more brought together in this way, Christianity will be like a red-hot ball rolling over the world.

266. Personal Effort.—I remember when in London a friend asked me to go down to the dog market and preach. It is a part of the city where men come to sell dogs and cats and birds. They had fighting-cocks there, and were trying to get up a fight. The streets were literally crowded with this class of men, but traffic went right on. My friend said he wanted some one to preach who could get the attention of these men; and he thought if I would go, being an American, I might succeed.

Some of them stopped a little while to listen, but I did not get into sympathy with them. One man came up to me with a fighting-cock, but I did not succeed in getting any hold on him; but one of themselves, who had been converted a short time before, stood up on a chair and immediately all traffic stopped, a crowd gathered round to hear him, and this man, in fifteen minutes, did more than all of us put together. What we want is every man building over against his own house.

267. Christ Our Strength.—I have a good deal of sympathy with the belief of the colored woman who said that if the Lord told her to jump through a brick wall, her business was to jump, and the getting through was God's work, not hers. For, do your part and God will do His. Take God at His word, and when He tells you, jump. I think the sweetest text in the whole Bible is that verse in Jude: "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

268. Teach the Children.—An old man once got up to speak at a meeting in the West. He had always lived on borrowed time. He could remember but one thing about his father. He could not even remember his death, he forgot all about his funeral; but there was one little thing which followed him in all his pilgrimage. One cold, bleak night, in his

New England home, the father took up a little chip and made a cross, and held it up before the boy He told how the Son of God left heaven and suffered and died on the cross down here, and, said the old man, "All those years it followed me." There is no child too young to be impressed with that story.

269. The Vagabonds' Photographs.—There is an institution in London which receives poor little vagabond boys from the streets and gives them a home and education and teaches them a trade. When they enter, a photograph is taken of each boy, just in his rags and filth as he was picked from the street; and then in after years, when the lad is leaving to fill a situation, another photograph is taken, and the two pictures are given him—the first to remind him of what he was when found by the institution. Let us not forget where it was that the Lord Jesus Christ found us.

270. Take hold of the Rope.—There were two millers that used to keep their mill running day and night; and every night one came down the stream in his boat to within a short distance of the dam, where he would leave the boat and walk to the mill, while his brother would go back in the same way.

And one night when coming down the stream, one of them fell asleep and did not wake up until within a short distance of the dam, over which if he went

he knew it would be certain death. He managed in the darkness to get the boat near the shore, where he got hold of a small twig, which upon pulling began to give way at the roots. He therefore ceased pulling at it and simply held on, all the while crying out for help, help. At length some one heard his cry and came near with a rope which was thrown to him and by which he was saved from the jaws of death. Now the rope let down into this unbelieving world is just that little word "believe," and it is offered to every soul here and all you have to do is just to lay hold of it. Give up trying to pull yourself out, and lay hold of the rope by which another will pull you out.

271. Dr. Duff.—In 1867, before I went to Europe, my friend Mr. Stuart, of Philadelphia, said to me: "Be sure to be at the General Assembly at Edinburgh. I was there last year, and it did me a world of good." He said Dr. Duff was invited to speak to the General Assembly on the wants of India. After an hour and a half's urging on the importance of sending young men to India, the old man fainted away and was carried out. By and by he came to and wondered where he was. "I was making a plea for India," said he, "but I did not finish my speech. Take me back and let me finish it."

The physicians tried to stop him, but he said he would speak or die in the attempt. Mr. Stuart said it was one of the grandest sights he ever saw in his

life to see the old man with his long, white hair rise up again and speak before that audience. The whole congregation stood as one man, the tears rolled down many cheeks, while the old man with a trembling voice said: "Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you will not let your sons and your daughters go to India to preach the Gospel? I spent twenty-five years of my life there, and lost my health, and have come back to die in Scotland. If it is true, I will pack up what few things I have and will be off to-morrow. I will let these heathen know if I can not live for them I am willing to die for them." The world will say that old man was enthusiastic, but that is just what we want. I suppose they said it of the Son of God.

272. Christ our Brother.—A boy wanted to fight with one who was smaller than himself, but the little fellow said, "Wait till I call my big brother." Christ is your big Brother. You can not fight with Satan, for he has 6,000 years experience, and is a deal wiser than you are. But the Lion of the Tribe of Judah had a battle with him, and overcame him; and since then Satan always flies when he hears the name of Christ. Our Elder Brother is able to help us, and He will always make a way of escape.

273. To Young Converts.—I fancy some one saying, "I wish Mr. Moody would give us something practical." And you are asking, "Is it right to go

to the theatre? Is it right to drink moderately? Is it right to read novels?" Well, I can't carry your conscience. Christ does not lay down rules for our lives; he lays down principles; and wherever there seems a room for any doubt as to which is right I give Christ the benefit of it rather than seek to live up to the very outside limit. I could not go to the theatre myself because I would not like my children to go. I could not smoke because I do not want my boy to smoke. I do not read those miserable flashy novels because I have no desire to do so; but then I can't carry your conscience. Just be men of the Bible and live near to God and these things will regulate themselves. Then if you have any doubt, ask for direction. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." Carry the whole matter to God; pray over it, and don't do any thing about which you can not ask God's blessing. I remember once being asked to attend the opening of a billiard hall. The invitation was sent to me, and I went to the proprietor and asked him if he really wanted me to come. He said he did, and I promised to come. I asked him if he would have any objection to my bringing a friend along with me. He said I could do so if I would promise nothing should be said about religion. I said "I never go anywhere that I can't pray, and I mean to read a passage of Scripture and offer prayer at your billiard hall." "Then," said he, "you sha'n't come." "But," I replied, "you invited me, and I am coming. But look

here, my friend, we will compromise this matter. I will let you off on one condition, that you allow me to pray with you now." And there and then we went on our knees, and I prayed God to save his soul but curse his business. The billiard hall was opened, but in two months the business failed and the place was shut up again. Don't go where you can not take God with you.

At a place in Europe some one got up in one of the meetings and asked if I didn't think it was possible for a man to be a Christian and an honest distiller. I said, "My rule is, do every thing for the glory of God; and if, when you go into the distillery to-morrow you can ask the blessing of God upon every cask of liquor, then you can carry on your business and be a Christian; but if you can't, then you are not living to the glory of God." My counsel in this matter is: be out and out on the Lord's side, and the Lord will help and deliver you. Never touch strong drink as long as you live. Nearly all the young converts who have fallen back in Europe have fallen through strong drink. Even though certain classes of people may drink it moderately, don't you touch it. There are some people of strong will that drink and do not suffer thereby; but ninety-nine out of every hundred men have not this strength, and they need the strength of your example. Give it up for Christ's sake; give it up for the sake of those who have become the slaves of drink, but who now would rather lose their right hand than touch

a drop of liquor. One word more to the young converts: Be sure that you don't disgrace "the old family name," as Dr. Bonar puts it. Some of the people of New York are very proud of their old family name; and let us remember that the family to which you now belong has a history reaching back eighteen hundred years. You are called the sons and daughters of God; a high calling—a wonderful calling. Walk circumspectly; walk as daughters of heaven, as the sons of a king.

274. The Penitent Thief.—We find this thief was saved at the very last. Christ found him on the very borders of hell. Not only was he a thief, but he was the worst kind of one. He had been tried, found guilty, sentenced, scourged, and now they nailed him to the cross. We find that the two thieves who were crucified with Christ reviled Him. When the world was mocking and deriding Him these two thieves joined in it; but all at once one of them changed his cry and begins to rebuke the other, saying, "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?" Now Solomon tells us that this very fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. What convinced him that Jesus was different from those about him we are not told, but I think we have a right to use our imagination, and right here I tell you what I think convinced him that Christ was more than man. While the crowd was mocking and the soldiers casting lots for his garments, in-

stead of Christ calling down fire from heaven to consume them, He sent up that piercing cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I can imagine the thought flashing into his soul that this can not be a man like himself. I can imagine him saying to himself, "I wouldn't ask for mercy on my enemies." The moment he was convicted just see what he does. The very first thing, he rebukes that other thief; then the next step is, he confesses his sin: "We suffer justly, this is what we deserve." So if man wants to be saved he will want to confess his sins; but instead of this, man is trying to justify himself. This thief confessed his sin right there, and the moment he did so he was in a position that the God of all grace could deal with him. Then help came. The next thing we notice is that he confesses Christ. The two go together. First he confesses his own sin, and then he says, "But this man has done nothing amiss," thereby confessing Christ. To me it is the most extraordinary confession, and the most extraordinary faith on record. I think this faith ought to entitle him to take his place at the head of all those who lived before him.

Talk about the faith of Moses, and of Abraham and Elijah, and the faith of these disciples—why, the disciples had been with Him three years, and had seen Him raise the dead and perform all His other great miracles, but this thief perhaps never even saw Him before; yet right there in that dark hour, when there was no eye to pity, when there

was no one to help Him, when the world was mocking Him and putting Him to death, this thief had faith. That very night one of His foremost disciples had betrayed Him; that very night one of His foremost disciples had denied Him; the other disciples had forsaken Him and fled, yet right there that poor thief had faith. It must have been like a cup of refreshing to our Lord, when there was no one in the wide, wide world to own Him, that that poor thief should confess Him. He took his place as a sinner, and cried for mercy, and you know Jesus has come to deal with mercy and to bless; and although He was nailed to the cross, He was in a position to help the poor sinner. Men say now they have not faith, after living with an open Bible for these hundreds of years, although, if we look around us, and see men lifted up from the very gutter, drunkards become reformed, gamblers turned away from sin, we see everywhere monuments of grace. People say the fact is we have not got faith. Why have ye not faith? If that thief had faith in that dark hour, why not you have faith? Sinner, why not call upon Him now? You say you don't know how to pray—could you not make the same prayer as this thief? it was very short, was it not? Don't you see this man was saved, you might say, in the twinkling of an eye. He was saved by grace, and grace alone. He could not use his hands for the Lord, for they were nailed to the cross. He could not run an errand for the Lord, for his feet

were nailed to the cross. Some people say, "Well, but, Mr. Moody, you must not preach salvation distinct from the ordinances." I don't know how many abusive letters I have got about this. God forbid that I should speak against the ordinances. I would let my right hand forget its cunning before I would do it. The Bible teaches baptism and coming to the Lord's table to break bread, but when I preach regeneration I don't preach baptism. Now, if that thief could not be saved without baptism there would be no hope for him, for there was not any one to baptize him, and if there was he wouldn't be allowed off the cross for that purpose. I think this story is given just to teach us this one lesson, that all these ordinances are distinct from salvation.

The following are Mr. Moody's answers to impromptu questions, put to him at a convention held in the New York Hippodrome by delegates from all parts of the house.

Q. What is your opinion about the time for holding revival services? A. God is always ready for them; just as ready in August as in January. A good many people always fail because they are waiting for a set time to favor Zion. This idea that we have got but a few months in the year to work is a false one.

Q. How about increasing the number of meet-

ings? A. It depends on the number we now carry on. If I had enough meetings on hand, I would not be inclined to increase them.

Q. What should a minister do if his church is in a cold condition and he himself is interested? Would you commence an effort by calling in outside help? A. Now that is a very important question. If I was a minister in a community and could not get more than one or two to sympathize with me, I would just get those two round to my study and pray with them, and we should go forth and have a meeting. If one man can beat a thousand, two can beat two thousand. Just get as many as you can to help you.

Q. Suppose a congregation were alive and the minister dead? A. Then let the congregation go on without the minister.

Q. Suppose he opposes it? A. He can not prevent them; they can get up some hall, or they can go into the streets and preach. A man who wants to work for God can find work, and nobody can stop him.

Q. Suppose there are difficulties in the church that can't be removed? A. I don't know of any difficulties that God can not remove The trouble is we try to do these things, instead of going to God in prayer.

Q. Did not Christ Himself encounter difficulty when preaching in Nazareth? A. Ah, but Nazareth, that was the world and not the church. If

the church was in the condition Nazareth was in, do as the Saviour did, go down to another town.

Q. Is it best to put a test question, to ask those who are anxious to rise or go into the inquiry-room? A. I think it is best to have a test. If any man is going to be saved he has got to take up his cross. If it was not a cross I would not like to ask them to do it. Get them to take the first step. In the very act of their going into the inquiry-room they are very often blessed. In standing up they let their friends know they are interested and want to be on the Lord's side. It is a great help to have an inquiry-meeting. I don't think I'd care to have meetings without them. People are impressed under the sermon, but what you want is to tell them personally about Christ. Where one is converted under the sermon, hundreds are converted in the inquiry-room.

Q. Suppose the pastor and a small portion of the congregation wish to hold evangelistic meetings, and the trustees refuse to open the doors? A. Well I should pray for the trustees. In the first place the church made a mistake in electing unconverted men to be trustees. They regulate your choirs and very often the minister, and if they get a minister who will preach right at them they will force him to leave.

Q. In a community where there is a very interesting revival, and very many families do not attend any church, what would you have laymen try to do?

A. I'd have the whole town districted off and every family visited. I think that could be done. When there is a special interest in a town it is a harvest time, and most people will be glad to have some one to come and speak to them.

Q. Do you advocate anxious seats? A. I'd rather call them seats of decision, but in union meetings we have to lay aside a good many denominational peculiarities. Anxious seats are well known among the Methodists, but Presbyterians and Episcopalians would not like them.

Q. What would you say to an inquirer who says he could be a Christian without going into the inquiry-room? A. I would say most certainly he could, but as a general thing he won't. The battle is on that one word, the "will." Man has to give up his will and be willing to do any thing before he can get into God's kingdom.

Q. What method would you recommend to get people onto their feet to testify for Christ? A. The first thing, I would bury all stiffness. It depends a good deal on the way the meeting is opened. If it is a stiff, formal meeting, it would take an earthquake to get a man to stand up. Be free and social, as if you were in a man's house whom you knew very well. Get them to give out the hymn, and then in an offhand way say a few words, so as to give the key-note to the meeting—"Now, if any of you like to testify I would like to have you do it." At last Monday's meeting I said to the young converts,

"You that owe most to God, rise." Forthwith three or four rose together. In the course of an hour and twenty minutes one hundred and fifty spoke, and I had to close while three or four were on their legs.

Q. When one or more leading members of a church have so borne themselves in the community that the church is scandalized, what would you do? Is it best to have a little church discipline before you commence special meetings? A. I should say certainly. The friends should go into the 18th chapter of Matthew, and do what they are taught to do there, and if those men don't repent, turn them out of the church. Then commence the work, and God will bless it. It is a good deal better to have ten men in the church right than to have five hundred at whom the world will laugh.

Q. How if they are the stronger party? A. Why, if the world is stronger than the church organize another church. You see the mistake is in taking unconverted people into the church. We have got to be more careful when we do get people into the church to feed them on the Word of God.

Q. Where some persons oppose new methods and forms, what would you do? A. The great trouble is, people make a mistake in the way they introduce them. I have known ministers who asked some of the members if such a thing was not the best plan. It would be a good deal better to go on and say nothing about it, and they won't know it is an innovation at all.

Q. In conducting a series of special meetings, would you have a regular line of connected thought running towards a certain point, to guide you? A. I'd just preach to get people into the inquiry-room, to produce conviction. Any sermon that would produce that is the sermon I would want to preach.

Q. Sometimes there is excitement in a community, suppose, for instance, political; can two leading questions occupy the minds of the community at one time? A. The political question might interest the world. The thing I dread more than politics however, is these miserable church fairs. That bothers me most. More meetings have been broken up by bazaars, church fairs, and festivals than all your political meetings.

Q. How far is it best to encourage young converts to labor with inquirers in the inquiry-meeting? A. I have always encouraged it. I believe a man that has been a great drunkard is just the man to go and work among his own class. Here is my friend Mr. Dodge, who is a great temperance man, and he can't be expected to thoroughly sympathize with the drunkard.

Q. Is the young convert wise enough to lead an inquirer to Christ; is there not danger of his misleading him? A. My experience is the reverse. A young convert who has been over the road himself can explain to a man of the same class how he did it. One who has been an infidel can tell an infidel how he got over infidelity himself. A reformed drunk-

ard can tell another drunkard how he has got over his appetite. A man in Philadelphia brought to Christ between fifteen and twenty of his friends, and if some ministers and workers had refused to let him work there would not have been that result.

Q. What about boys and girls? How would you use them? A. You have to use a good deal of discretion about children. There is great danger in having them take an active part. A good many persons in the church have so little sense that they begin to praise a boy and give him spiritual pride.

Q. What is your opinion about women in the pulpit or otherwise? A. That is a controverted part and we will leave it. I don't care about my wife going to preach.

Q. If only two or three brethren and twenty or thirty sisters attend, how are you going to carry on a prayer-meeting? A. I should call it a woman's meeting, and have them take part.

Q. What should be the main purpose of a prayer-meeting? Is it for the conversion of sinners or the edification of saints? A. I should say it should be for the edification of saints, and devotion, and praying for the members who may be in affliction or trouble.

Q. If some of the brethren get up and clap their hands would you stop them? A. Well that is a controverted point. I won't answer it.

Q. In every church would you have an inquiry-meeting after every meeting? A. If in the prayer-

meeting there should be a number of unconverted I would have it a sort of Gospel-meeting, and so draw the net every night. I have an idea that a Gospel-meeting and a prayer-meeting are quite different. There ought to be separate meetings for the unsaved.

Q. Would you have an inquiry-meeting after every preaching service? A. If I were to work with the Christians trying to build them up, I would have no inquiry-meeting. If I were to preach the Gospel I would have an inquiry-meeting.

Q. Is it profitable to have preaching services every Sunday night for the unconverted? A. Yes, and every night sometimes. My idea of church service is this: when we do have the breaking of bread we have worship. Some churches have it once a month, some every Sunday morning. If on every Sunday morning people who go will know the meeting is for the edification of saints, and the evening service may be for those who are not Christians.

Q. Should there be a separate organization for united prayer and united work? A. If they get to pray well, they will get to work well.

Q. Ought the minister to call on people to pray and speak? A. My theory is one thing and my practice another. I have always advocated open prayer-meetings, but often people get up whom we know nothing about, and talk too long, so I have lately to put the meeting in the hands of those on the platform. Still I stick to my theory that it is

better to have an open meeting. If men would persist in ruining the meeting I would have to talk to them personally, and try to keep them still.

Q. Is it right to call on a man to pray when he is not in the spirit of prayer? A. He should be in the spirit of prayer; but that is one of the things which makes me object to call on men to pray. Very often they are called on when they are not in communion, and that is not prayer at all.

Q. What would you do with a brother who prays the same prayer over and over? A. I should see him privately and talk to him about his own soul. Very often you find that these men are out of communion with God, and are merely trying to keep up the form.

Q. What would you do with a man in the church who was told a hundred times to cut short and he didn't obey? A. Have a bell.

Q. Suppose you drive him away? A. Let him go. Five will come and take his place.

Q. Is it wise to adhere to a series of topics? A. If it is in the way throw it overboard; don't have a cast-iron rule.

Q. Should boys lead boys' prayer-meetings? A. If a judicious person is there to guide them.

Q. Would it be well to make the Sunday-school lesson the subject for the prayer-meeting? A. If you have teachers' meetings, better not. If you have not teachers' meetings I have known it to work pretty well.

Q. Shall the women take part in our church prayer-meetings? A. It is a controverted point. Let every prayer-meeting have its own way.

Q. What about ringing the bell when a man is praying? A. If the prayer don't go any further than his own head I would have no scruple in ringing the bell.

Q. In the time of special interest in the church, would you multiply the preaching services or the prayer-meetings? A. I think I'd do both.

Q. What would you do with a man about whose character you had a doubt, and yet who prayed in every meeting? A. I would go to him faithfully and labor with him. If I thought he was wrong with God I would tell him so. I think we make a great mistake by not being faithful to such men.

Q. What should be a man's posture when praying? A. I don't know. I don't think it makes any difference if his heart only bows before God. There are times, I believe, when a man should be on his face. We should be very charitable to those who don't do as we do. That is all of man, not of God.

Q. Well, if people are in an upright position? A. I'd leave it with them.

Q. What does the Scripture teach women should do in a prayer-meeting? A. It teaches they should pray like the rest. However, this is a controverted subject, and all controverted points should be left out in a union meeting. There are some men who would break up every union meeting. They have

got one horse and they always trot him out on all occasions. Sometimes it is tobacco; he says no man ought to smoke there or chew. Another time it is temperance. You know very well our Presbyterian brethren object to women speaking. They are here on this platform with us, and if we talk on this subject they will take up their hats and go out. We want to keep out things which we know are controverted.

The delegate continued to press Mr. Moody on the subject, but he replied amid great laughter and applause, "You call a convention on the subject; we have not called one to discuss that topic."

Q. How can you introduce new hymns into the church? A. One good way is to have one night given to sacred song and singing new hymns and tunes as well as the old ones; and then I would have the people have the books in their home.

Q. How can I get the speakers to be short in the prayer-meetings? A. Be short yourself and set a good example.

Q. My church is divided. I can't get them united in special services. What am I to do? A. Just get as many as you can, and just get each one to influence those that are standing out.

Q. I am a pastor in a town with about ten thousand inhabitants. I can not get the young men out to our meetings. What am I to do? A. The best thing to do is just to have a yoke-fellows' band—form the Christian young men into a band; suppose

there were only three of them, let them meet and pray together. The little band will soon grow, and in the course of a few months they will be thirty. Let your preaching be short; throw away your manuscript and preach right at them. If you see a man is gone asleep, make up your mind that you have got to close. There ought to be no trouble about that. A man can get a hymn book for five cents. He can drop off one cigar and get it. The great trouble is that a great many only have the books in the church; they ought to have them in their homes.

Q. What do you think of having a service devoted entirely to sacred song opened and closed by prayer? A. A very good thing.

Q. What would you do to get people out to hear the Gospel preached? A. Get them out to hear it sung. In that way you will get them acquainted with it. Touch it up with some little story when you give it out, and before you know it you are preaching to them.

Q. What is the best book for inquirers? A. Well the book written by John is about the best I have ever seen.

Q. How would you wake up an interest in the church prayer-meeting? A. Why, wake up yourself. Shake hands with the young men, say you are glad to see them, and you may be sure they will come back again. I believe men living in a country district have, in this respect, more advantage than we

in cities. When I was in my native village I had all those long wintry evenings to myself, and if there had been such meetings I would have been glad to go to them. When I went back to my native town, last summer, I preached there for a short time. When I was ready to go away some of the young converts asked me what they should do. I told them to go right into the school-houses, and hold a series of meetings. The result was that these houses are filled with people at those meetings. I tell you the nation is hungry for the Gospel.

Q. If a church is sadly in debt would you favor a fair? A. I am a sworn enemy to them. I never knew one yet but the devil got in before we got through. Just conceive for a moment Paul going down to Corinth to open a fair. God's people have money enough, they don't want to go into the world to get it. There was a time when the church was trying to get out of the world, but now the world has come into the church. A young lady is put behind a table to draw young people to her beauty. I don't know when I was more mortified than by an advertisement of a church fair in the West, where it was said that any young man could come in and take a kiss from the handsomest woman at the fair for twenty-five cents. I hope the time is come when we shall be rid of these abominations. It would be a good deal better to preach in the streets than to get a church put up in that way.

Q. How would you get members to work? A.

Well, keep them out of fairs. I don't think you can move the church in a mass; you have got to work with them privately and personally. A great many persons would work if they were shown what to do, and there are a good many others of executive ability in the church who could set them about it. Suppose the politicians wanted to carry New York; they would know how every man would vote. The most precious hours I ever spent were employed going from house to house preaching Christ. There is plenty of work, the fields are already white for the harvest. I remember one time in Chicago I was asked to take an interest in the children of a saloon-keeper who was a notorious infidel. I took the man's address. I went down and found the old fellow behind the bar. I told him my errand, but I had to get out a good deal quicker than I got in. I thought I would try him the second time, when he would be a little less under the influence of drink, but he made me get out again. I went back then the third time. I tried to get him to go to church on Sunday. "Now," he says, "if you want church, you must have it in my saloon. This is as good a church as any in Chicago. You can have preaching here if you want to." "Well," says I, "to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock I'll be here." "Look here, young man, I want to do part of it myself." I said, "Now let us distinctly understand how much you and I will have. Now suppose you and your friends take the first forty-five minutes

and I take the last fifteen." He agreed to this. That Sunday morning I took a little boy with me that God had taught how to pray. That is some years ago and I remember how weak I felt as I went down to that infidel saloon. I found when I got around he had gone to a neighboring saloon where he engaged two rooms with folding doors, and had them filled with infidels and deists and all shades of belief. They first began to ask me questions, but I said: "Now you go on for your forty-five minutes and I shall listen." So they got to wrangling among themselves. Some thought there was a Jesus and some not. When the time was up I said: "Now look here, my friends, your time is up; we always open our meetings with prayer." After I had prayed, the little boy cried to God to have mercy on these men. They got up one by one, one going out by this door and one by another. They were all gone very soon. The old infidel put his hand on my shoulder, and said I might have his children. He has since been one of the best friends I had in Chicago. So you see it must be personal work with us all.

Q. What is the best book on revivals? A. The Bible.

Q. To what extent is it profitable to use the talents of Christian women in special efforts? A. The women in the inquiry-meetings here are of great help. A women's meeting is held every day at the close of the noon prayer-meeting, and their inquiry-

room is always nearly full. No one can visit so well as a woman. The time is coming when there will be ten women missionaries for one we have now. A woman can go into the kitchen and sit right down and talk with a woman at the wash-tub. The poor woman will tell a person of her own sex her troubles, when she will not converse with a man. What a blessing it would be if in this city, as in London. ladies of wealth and position would visit the poor.

Q. How would you get your choir in the front of the church when they insist on staying in the rear? A. I tell you how it is done at Northfield. They have got an organ in the gallery away far from the pulpit. I objected to this, but not only that, I didn't see the object of having singing behind the people. Our ears are not put on in the wrong way. I said I would send to Bradbury and get an organ myself, and then they brought it down.

Q. Suppose none of the congregation understand music? A. Well I don't understand music, but I can sing as well as Mr. Sankey can. I can sing from my heart. The fact is people have gone asleep. Larks never sing in their nests, it is when they go out. A little boy who had been converted was constantly singing. While his papa was reading the paper one day he came up to him and said, "Papa, you are a Christian, but you never sing." Says the father, "I have got established." Not long after they went out to drive, but the horse would not go. The father got vexed and said, "I wonder

what ails him?" "I think," said the boy, "he has got established."

Q. How far shall persons be urged to confess Christ? A. You will see in Romans x. 10. If we are to be soldiers of Christ we are to put on the livery of Christ, and let the world know.

Q. Should the influence of the Spirit be waited for? A. Our work is to preach Christ. The work of the Holy Spirit is to convince men that Christ is the Son of God. He will do His work if we will do ours.

Q. Should a pastor lead a weekly meeting of young converts in order to train them in Bible study? A. A very good thing. We should teach them both Word and works. In an article written by a friend of mine it is asked how is a man to mow if he does not sharpen his scythe? What would you say of a man who is always sharpening his scythe? The quickest way to train young converts is to put them to work; but the Word should not be neglected. When the scythe gets dull it should be sharpened up again.

Q. How about fault-finders? A. I would deal with them personally and ask them how is it with their own souls.

Q. How can you make sinners feel their sinfulness? A. That is God's work, you can't do it.

Q. If a minister or some influential layman should object to your working? A. I should preach in a cottage or elsewhere. Never force yourself on a

people, but if you are faithful they will be glad to hear you.

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275. Temptation.—I remember when I was a young Christian I used to think that it would be easier after a time, and that when I had been a Christian fifteen or twenty years, I should have but few temptations and difficulties; but I find that the longer I live the more dangers I see surrounding me. Why, Samson judged Israel for twenty years and then fell into sin; and how many men there are who fall in their old age. I don't mean that they are finally lost, but they fall into sin. They make some mistake, or their old temper springs up, and they do some mean thing, and very often the church has not as much sympathy with such persons as it ought to have. Too much is frequently expected of young Christians. There is a great difference between a man falling into sin and loving sin. If you fall into sin and all the time hate it, go and tell God all about it, for He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

276. Christ's Guest Chamber.—Oh, what a sweet thought to think that we shall be forever with the Lord and that there will be no death there to come and mar the scene; that we shall be there with our loved ones and with the Lord, and shall behold Him forever. If a man dies in Christ this body shall be

raised incorruptible, and we shall get a better body from which all death and imperfections shall be taken away; for this flesh is heir to a great many ailments, but we will leave all these things in the grave and shall come up glorified bodies. There is nothing there, my friends, that shall mar our happiness. A few more rolling years at the longest, and we shall be landed on Canaan's shore. But we must be faithful the few days we have here; it will not be long when all of us will be called away and our earthly conflict will be over. I would ask all here if you have got an interest in Christ, if you have been buried and risen with Him, if your names are written in the Lamb's book of life. You know I travel a good deal. When I come to the house of a friend he will take me to the guest chamber, where I shall find every thing I need, perhaps even a bouquet of flowers—in fact, my friend anticipates all I want. So when Christ gets us into the guest chamber there will be nothing wanting.

277. The Blind Man's Usefulness.—This blind man who opened the meeting to-day reminds me of Dr. Moon, in London. When he was born his mother cried: "O my darling boy, is it possible you have to go through the world blind?" As the old man stood on a London platform and said he was enabled to put the Bible into over seventy languages for the blind, he looked the happiest man there.

278. Jonah.—"For he taught His disciples and said unto them, The Son of Man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill Him, and after that He is killed He shall rise the third day." Then when the Pharisees came to Him wanting a sign, He would have no other but the sign of Jonah. That sign was resurrection. Undoubtedly when the captain of that boat in which Jonah sailed had got ashore he reported the wonderful thing which had taken place, how Jonah had been swallowed up by a great fish. He had no more than noised it abroad when this very man appeared in the streets of Nineveh. Now that was the sign the Jews should have, and it seems to me that there was not an orthodox Jew but believed in the resurrection.

279. Secret Prayer.—It is a good deal better, my friends, if you are going to work for God, to be constantly alone with Him. There are two lives for the Christian, one before the world, and one alone with God. If you dwell constantly at the feet of Jesus, it will save you many a painful hour. The sweetest thoughts of God I ever got were not found in a great assembly like this, but when alone, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

280. The Parable of the Loaves.—There was a little boy probably with his satchel and these five loaves and two fishes that he brought himself, but he comes and lays it down for the feeding of that

multitude. Andrew was almost put to the blush and said, "What are they among so many? He forgot that Christ was behind them, who took them and multiplied them for the thousands. The motive power is not in the carriage of the railway, but in the engine. So if you and I are coupled to Christ by a living faith, He works through us and it is in this way that one can chase a thousand. The issue will be far more than you can accomplish because Christ is working through you. There is also a lesson of piety. Christ took the bread, and gave thanks to the great Giver of bread, that He might teach you and me to do the same. Let us thank God over our meals. There is an old story of the Covenanters, that a man came among them and passed off as one of themselves, until the girl came from the far-away farm with food. With their usual hospitality, they served the stranger first, but they noticed he began to eat without a blessing. That revealed the spy, and they escaped before the dragoons came. There is also a lesson of reward. God never encourages us to work for nothing. Here twelve baskets of fragments were taken up. The most frugal Christians are often those who give the most for Christ's cause. Never forget, if you work for Christ a return blessing comes to your own heart.

281. Reproduction.—I was very much interested some time ago in a young lady who left New York

city on her way to China, I think. She had a large Sunday-school class in this city, and had it a long time. A good many scholars were blessed under her efforts, and she was very anxious to get some one to look after the class after she was gone. She had a brother who was not a Christian, and she thought that perhaps that brother would be converted and take her place. The young man is perhaps in this audience to-day. He refused to accept Christ, so she went away and in her closet pleaded with God that he might be converted. She wanted to reproduce herself as every Christian should do. As they were around the family altar together, for the last time, the father broke down and could not pray. The boy went right up stairs, and just before she was going to leave for the train, he came down with his eyes red with weeping, and threw his arms around her neck and said, "My dear sister, I will take your Saviour and take care of your class." The last I heard of him, his father told me of it that he was just faithfully filling her place. There was a young lady who was just established. When she had got to go to another field, she got somebody to take up the work. Oh that we could just be established in every good work. We have too many of those men who are always faint and discouraged. I know of a family of boys who, if they did not get more than the regular wages, would never go to work. The result was they only worked about one quarter every year. I know another fam-

ily of boys who would work for fifty cents a day—would be willing to take any thing The one family of 'boys was ruined and the other succeeded. So some are willing to work for wages if they have fruit immediately, but if they have only fifty cents a day, perhaps no fruit, they just get discouraged. What we want is to work right on and leave the result to God. A man might win one soul to Christ and that convert might win a thousand. John Wesley's mother did a great work when she led that boy to Christ. Whitefield's mother did a great work when she led him to Christ. How many mothers complain that they can not speak on this platform, that they can not work for Christ like men. Train that boy of yours for eternity. God may use him to turn thousands and tens of thousands to Christ.

282. Peculiar People.—I have no faith in those people who are always in Doubting Castle, who are always going about with their countenances cast down. Why, if we try to help others our own burden will soon be gone. Turn to Titus ii. 14: "Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works. These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority." A peculiar people. Now I think you know that we don't like to be considered peculiar. We are so afraid of it, that we want to be like the world, and just mingle

with the world so that people won't consider us peculiar. Very often we hear people say, "Yes, she is a very good woman but she is very peculiar; yes, he is a very good man—Oh, yes, but he's very peculiar." I tell you I'd be willing to make one journey around the world to find one church full of peculiar people. Why, that church would stir the world. The very thing we consider peculiar is the thing we want to-day. I believe Elijah was the most peculiar man in his day, but he was better than those thousands who followed Baal; he held the keys of heaven and could stand fearlessly before Ahab because God was with him. Enoch was a peculiar man in his day, but of course he was different from other people; and undoubtedly Daniel was the most peculiar man Babylon ever had. Why, if we had only just a few peculiar people in New York we should have a wonderful result.

283. Not Ready.—Now, I have found since I have been here in New York that there is not one out of a hundred of God's people ready to go when I ask them to go and speak to any person about his soul. Why, what is a fire-escape good for if it is not ready when it is wanted? What is a soldier good for if he is not ready for battle when called on? We should be like soldiers, ready to obey God's command, for God wants his children all ready. The trouble is that men are all the time getting ready. Suppose a man tumbled into the river, would you

appoint a committee to consult about getting him out? We should be ready to plunge in and save him. I pray God to-day to make us ready.

284. PILATE.—To me there rises up one solemn thought, all these men who would not decide for Christ how punishment came on them! Annas suffered. A mob dragged his body through the streets, and scourged and killed him—a terrible judgment on his house. Judas went out and hung himself, and then Caiaphas who was high priest, who wanted to keep his position, was deposed next year. Herod was driven soon after to exile and died a terrible death; and Pilate was in a little while recalled by the emperor, and thus lost the office he wanted to hold. He went off into exile, and we have it on good authority that he went and put an end to his own existence. What a sad mistake he made—how his name might have been handed down through the ages—how it might have been associated with Peter and James and John. He was thoroughly convinced he ought to decide in favor of Christ, but he had not the moral courage. He was lost—lost for time and eternity for the want of decision, and I believe in my soul there are more to-day in the city of New York being lost for the want of decision than any other one thing.

285. UNSECTARIANISM.—I tell you if a man has got his heart full of the word of God, he will not be in-

terested in one little corner of the world alone, but he will take a wide field. "Thoroughly furnished to all good works." If he is a Baptist he will be glad to hear of a glorious work among the Methodists, or that the Presbyterians are having a good revival. He gets out of all narrow sectarian fields and takes a broad one; and not only that, but he is ready to do every thing he can to carry on the work —not simply to build up his own little party, but to contribute to every good work. When a man was sick one time a friend sent him round a bunch of flowers, and he said if he knew that it was so good he would send round some himself to others. A good many aching hearts can be relieved if we only watched to do good. Our prayer should be every morning, "Help me to lift some burden to-day; help me to wipe away the tears of some one to-day." If we are going to help that widow or that fatherless child we must do it here, for we can not do it hereafter.

286. Mr. Moody's First Sermon in Chicago.—John xi. 39: "Take ye away the stone." I have not any doubt but that all in this congregation are looking for a blessing in Chicago, and expect a great work to be done. If you are not expecting it, you ought to be.

287. A Boy's Conversion.—Just to encourage some of you I will state my experience of a boys' meet-

ing. A mother lived in our district. As she lay dying of consumption she sent for me, and when I came to see her she said, "Mr. Moody, you know my husband, the father of my children, is dead, and my second husband don't get on very well with my eldest boy; when I am dead and gone I don't know what will become of my little boy. If you don't take an interest in him I am afraid he will be lost." She made me promise that I would look after her boy. While she was sick and after she died the boy was nearly all the time on the streets. After she was buried two or three weeks I missed the little boy from the Sunday-school. I asked if any one in the school knew where he was to let me know. A day or two after a boy came into the store where I was employed and said he found out the little boy was a bell-boy in such a hotel—naming it. I went down to the hotel to look after him, and brought him out with me, and got him into a room alone with me in the Young Men's Christian Association. I told him of the promise I made to his mother, and of her anxiety about him, but he sat there unmoved. At last I told him about the Saviour's love; then the tears trickled down his cheeks; his heart was touched and we got down to pray together. Then I said to him: "I want you to make this a subject of prayer; don't give it up until you settle the question." That was the 3d of July; he tried to get a chance to pray alone but he could not, so he went up five stories to the flat roof.

There about midnight he cried to God for a new heart, while the bells were ringing, and the cannons booming. Next morning, the Fourth of July, he came and told me how God had met him and blessed him.

288. Christian Workers Wanted.—I am thinking it is well for us to have a fair understanding with you. We have come just to gather in the harvest. Now, the first class we want is the ministers. I was cheered when I came here to-day but it was not the vast audience that cheered me, it was not the great building; it was the presence of the ministers on this platform, who seized me by the hand and gave me a "God bless you." It gave me a light heart. There are some ministers who get behind the posts, as if they were ashamed of being seen here at these meetings, but come to criticise the sermon and pick it to pieces. Any one can criticise, it don't take brain or head to do it. Oh, if the ministers were of one spirit now a flame of fire would rise up in Chicago which would spread out into the country and through all the Northwest.

The next class we want to help us is the Sunday-school teachers. What they want is a quickening to bring the children under their charge to Christ. Of course, the Lord can bless in spite of minister or Sunday-school teachers; but He does not generally. Bring your classes here, and try to convert them. Let every teacher in Chicago say: "By the help

of God I will try and lead my class to Christ this season."

Another class is the young men. There are many jewels in those saloons and billiard halls. Bring them to the hall, and take a seat near them. Take them by the hand and say: "John, I wish to see you a Christian." Ask them in the name of the Master to come. I know some of you will look on this in a scornful way, and say, "I have been insulted." I have visited one hundred saloons in this city, and seldom or never get insulted. Some of the best young men we have have been found in billiard halls.

289. God's Love Omnipotent.—Let me say that there is not a man in all Chicago—I don't care who he is, he may be a great gambler, a great blasphemer —there is no man whose heart is so hard but the love of God can break it. But God must work through us.

290. The Obstacle of Unbelief.—The first stone you have got to roll away is unbelief. Now I would ask the Christian people of Chicago, do you believe God can revive His work here? Every one would say, "Yes, I believe He can." What we want is to believe that He will do it. There is not an infidel in this city but knows God can do it. I remember when we left Edinburgh and went to Glasgow the infidels said it had been a work among women and

children; that no men were reached; none but the weak-minded. We went to Glasgow, and we there made it a subject of prayer that we should reach the young men. The result was that out of 3,300 that made profession of Christianity there were over 1,700 men. It was then said, "Oh, they are almost all young men religiously brought up. The drunkards and the gamblers and hard cases are not reached." We made this also a subject of prayer. The next place we went the first convert was a gambler, and the second the most notorious drunkard in the place, and, thank God, these men hold out. Now all through these years this sin of unbelief is the mother of all sin, and may God strip it from us, and we shall have faith to believe that God will do a great work.

291. Prejudice.—Another great stone is prejudice against revivals. How many men will you hear say "Oh, well, I am prejudiced against revivals. I don't believe in them." Like poor Nathaniel, when he tried to find the true Messiah. I see his head shake as he said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" He was asked to come and see; so you should say to these men who criticise, "Come and see." "Oh, but," some say, "I have known of some bad things being done in revivals." Oh, yes, I myself could tell of hundreds that you never heard of. Is it because there are bad things in any business that men should give it up? Take the revivals of

the Bible—it's full of them. Oh, you men of prejudice, read the Bible and find revivals perfectly Scriptural. It is a Scriptural idea; it's nothing new; it's no innovation; it's as if children of God, as it were, get refreshed and go into the vineyard to work.

292. SECTARIAN SPIRIT.—The third stone to be rolled away is sectarian spirit. Let us present a united front, and this sectarian stone will soon begin to roll away. My friends let us make short work of it in the next three months in Chicago. If our neighbor is trying to bring men from darkness to light, let us pray for him. Children of God let us make haste and carry the torch of salvation amongst our fellows and not talk to them about this sect or that sect. There was no sectarian or party feeling on the day of Pentecost, and the spirit of God fell upon them, and if we are of one mind in this city the spirit of God will fall on us. When the spirit of the Lord fell on the elders of Israel, in the time of Moses, Joshua came and told him that Eldad and Medad prophesied. That is the only blot on the record of Joshua. Moses rebuked him, saying, "Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets." That is the spirit we want now. When one of our Lord's disciples came and said, "Master we saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and he don't belong to our little party," the Lord rebuked him. Oh, my friends,

let the crowning of Christ King be our aim, and do not do it for this creed or that creed. I remember hearing of Mrs. Comstock's work for the Master in India. Her sons had got to come back from that land to be educated. She brought them down to the vessel which was to take them back to her native land. She knelt on the dock and committed them to God. Her closing words were, "Lord Jesus, I do this for Thee." Let there be no room for jealousy. Oh, that the spirit of God may come on us this morning, that we may be of one spirit and one mind, with no self-seeking, but every thing for the Lord Jesus.

293. Up and About it.—Gather around the family altar. Utter prayers for these wayward children. There was a mother in London who constantly prayed for her boy. He at last said: "Mother, I am not going to be bothered by your prayers any longer; I am going to America." Said she: "Your mother's prayers can reach you there; you will find that God is on the sea and in America." He left there and came to this country. When he got to New York harbor some one told him we were holding meetings in the Hippodrome. When he got on shore he found that God was waiting for him. He became a Christian, and is now one of the best workers in New York city. Before he went to bed he sat down and wrote to that mother that he had found the Saviour. If, mothers, you are going to

work for God you must be up and about it. Take time. Give fifteen or twenty minutes a day to God You don't know what the result may be.

294. PERSEVERANCE.—I learned while in New York —to never give up a man. At one of our meetings there was a man spoke whose words thrilled my whole soul. I took him aside, and said I to him: "Tell me your experience." He told me a wonderful story. He had been converted three years ago last November. He had been a drunkard for more than twenty years. He became what is called a tramp. His wife cast him off and married some one else, and he had not seen his little boy for thirteen years. He went to a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie, mad with drink. This lawyer proved to be a good Samaritan, who reasoned with him and told him he could be saved. The man scouted the idea. He said there was no help for him, that he was brought very low when his wife had left him. The lawyer gave food and raiment, got him on his feet, and got his face set toward Zion, and said this man to me: "The Son of God saved me from the appetite of strong drink." I don't know of a man in the city of New York who has accomplished more for the Son of God than that man. A week ago I asked him to my native town, Northfield. He brought up with him a young convert who was converted six months ago in the city of New York, and who had been a drunkard for thirty years. I don't know

as I ever attended such a meeting on earth. It seemed as if the mighty power of God was in that city. I never heard such testimonies.

295. Love Wins.—Mr. Wanamaker, superintendent perhaps of the largest Sabbath-school in the world, told me a few years ago that he had a theory to never put a child out of the Sabbath school for bad conduct. If a boy was bad he always thought he had bad friends at home. His theory was once put pretty severely to the test. A teacher came to Mr. Wanamaker and said he had a boy who was very profane and was demoralizing his whole class. He wanted the teacher to keep him, but the teacher said to put him away or he himself would leave the school. He sent him to a second class, but that teacher also threatened to leave, and so with a third teacher, and so he made up his mind that he would have the boy turned out of school. He talked with him, and a great many were praying for him. He called some of his teachers together and said: "Next Sunday I think I shall read his name out before the whole school, and expel him." A young lady said: "Mr. Wanamaker I wish you would let me have that boy." "Why," said he, "if these young men can't stand his vulgar language you can't." "It may be," said she, "that I can save him." She was the wealthiest young lady he had teaching in his school. He put the boy in her class, and heard no complaint from her. One day she corrected him,

and he spit in her face. She closed up the class, and said: "Johnnie, I want to walk home with you." "I won't," said he; "I don't want you to be seen on the street with me. I won't speak to you again." She says: "Would you have any objection to walk home with me?" "Yes, I would; I won't have you on the street with me." She thought of another thing by which she might reach him." "I sha'n't get home till Tuesday, but I will put a little bundle up on the bureau for you." "I won't come, just keep your bundle; I don't want it." The bundle was all ready on Tuesday, and the little fellow was there. He had got over his mad freak, and came there and asked the maid was there any thing left for him. "Oh, yes," she said, and brought him out the bundle. When he came to open it he found a little vest, a little necktie, and a little note, which read something like this: "Dear Johnnie, ever since you have been in my class I have prayed every morning and evening that you might be a good boy. I love you, and want you to stay in my class. Don't leave me." The next morning before she was up that little boy was down in the sitting-room waiting to see her. She found the little fellow on the sofa weeping. "Well, my boy, what is the trouble?" she said. "I have no peace," said he, "since I got that note. I want you to forgive me." "Would not you like me to pray that Jesus may make you a Christian?" said she. Said Mr. Wanamaker, as he told me: "Out of 1,800 children, I have not a better boy."

296. Love for the Ministry.—When Joshua was down there with his mighty army fighting Amalek Moses was praying whilst Aaron and Hur held up his hands. What we want is men like Aaron and Hur to hold up the minister's hands. You hear men talking against their ministers. When a man comes to me talking about his minister, I say "How many times a day do you pray for your minister?" They don't pray for the ministers. They have not got the love of God for their ministers. One man with his heart red-hot with his Saviour's love will work up cold ministers. The sparks will just fly out and get people in this circle and that circle, and the whole church will be in a blaze.

297. Religion the Best Thing.—You know the world will always look for the best thing. If a man is after a horse he will look for the very best one he can get. If one of the women here were wanting a ribbon or a dress she would want to get the very best dress or ribbon she could get for the money. That is the universal law the world over. Now if we can show men that this religion is the best thing they can have, you can win them to Christ. If we are backbiting each other, or if jealousy, hatred or malice influence us, our work is that of the flesh instead of the spirit, and you can not win men to Christ. Just get steeped with the spirit of love and you can not hold your peace, but go on and talk about the way of God. It would

not, then, be long before a mighty work of grace would break out in this city.

298. DUTY.—I remember once, after speaking on this subject, a minister got hold of me and said, "Moody, you're all wrong—why, if you talk like that you will empty our prayer-meetings." "Well, then," said I, "the quicker they are emptied the better." "Well," says he, "Moody, I'm sure you're wrong." "Well, see here," says I, "you're married, ain't you? Well, suppose you go home and take a beautiful book to your wife and say, 'Well, wife, there is a book—a present I thought it my duty to bring you. There take it.' Do you think she would accept it? I don't think she would." You want love.

299. CHRIST'S FIRST REVIVAL.—"When He saw their faith." He said: Now, I would just like to take a sentence like this alone from the lips of Christ, and go all around it and find out all its surroundings. If we just go back a verse we will find that He was cast out of Nazareth. They didn't like the preacher or the preaching, so they cast Him out, and He came over to Capernaum, and there a great revival breaks out. Mark says the whole city was moved. You see revivals are nothing new. A great many people seem to think a revival is a kind of innovation. This was really His first revival, and its influence was fast going from city to city. The

wonderful work he was doing spread abroad. How many men were reclaimed, how many devils cast out, how the dead were raised, and the deaf did hear and the dumb spake. And His influence reached clear up to Jerusalem, and the chief priests and Pharisees had heard of His fame and thought of sending down to Capernaum to look into this matter.

300. The Great Physician.—I can just see the crowd as it gathered around Him, and I can imagine them just listening to Him—and there are four men just coming down the streets of Capernaum. I have great respect for those four men. If I were to meet them coming down the streets of Chicago I would salute them. I can imagine that man after he was healed. When he came home his wife could hardly believe her eyes. The man was cleansed. And now this young convert—this leper—would have this man sick of the palsy brought to Christ, and the palsy would soon be gone. He asked a man to help him. I imagine the man was one of those reasoners, and I can hear him saying: "You can't heal a man who has got the palsy. There is no hope for him. Why, one of those Jerusalem doctors was down here to help heal him, but he could do nothing with him; he was so shaken that he couldn't even feed himself: he can't get his food to his mouth." So said this young convert: "If I can get him to Christ it will be gone; just one word from Him and it will be swept away." He was not

strong enough to carry him; so he goes to a neighbor and says to him: "My friend has got the palsy; will you help me to carry him to Jesus of Nazareth?" I can imagine the neighbor was one of those conservative men—maybe a member of a church. I can see him shake his head as he says: "The palsy! you can't cure him." "Why?" the other says: "I was full of the leprosy the other day, and I have none now." The old conservative hadn't faith. Christ can not do mighty works in Chicago. Because they haven't got faith.

He goes to a young man who had been blind, but whom Christ had healed, and asked him for help. He said it was impossible, but the young convert said, "Say my friend, weren't you blind the other day?" "Yes." "And you can see now?" "Yes." "Well, then, Jesus can cure this palsy, come along." They can't take him; they weren't strong enough; so they hunted up another young convert, a man who had been lame for years, but the Lord with one word had made him well. They found another young convert who had been deaf and dumb, and these four young converts brought him on what you would call during the war, a stretcher, down the streets of Capernaum. They go with a firm step and steady tread. I can imagine them saying, "He will be able to walk back." There's faith for you. There was a great crowd on the sidewalk. They told them the palsied man couldn't walk in himself; they would like to carry him in. I can imagine

the crowd crying out, "There is no hope for him. Don't you see he's shaking his bones out of position." That young convert says, "I know Jesus of Nazareth can heal him at once if we can only get to Him." But these men, I don't know what you would call them here, perhaps dead-heads, wouldn't stand aside to let this man in. But faith looks over all mountains. They tried a number of times to get him in and failed, so they go next door and say: "Neighbor, we have got a man here who has got the palsy, and there's such a crowd we can't get him in. Would you lend us your staircase?" "Oh, yes," said the man. And you can see these four men tugging to get him up that stairs. And now they begin to tear up the roof. Some men in Chicago wouldn't have liked that. Oh, no, they say we must have things done more decently and in order. They don't want any body tearing up the roofs of the houses. My friends, if we are going to work for God we will be ready to do any thing in season and out of season. Now they find they haven't got any hope, and they just take off their garments and down they laid him among the Pharisees and learned doctors of divinity right at the feet of Jesus.

301. God Works through Us.—If a great and mighty work is not done, it will not be God's fault, but our own. I find a class of people saying: "Well, we must wait until God works, and when He is

ready we will see a great work." If I read the Bible correctly, God is always ready, and will work through us when we roll away the stone. Some one will say, "Can't the Lord do it all. He could have sent down ten legions of angels to do it if He wanted to do, but then God don't work in that way. He works through us, and if there are to be any dead raised in this city the disciples of Jesus must do their part. There has got to be a deep work of grace among God's own people. We must get right to God before He is going to use us.

302. The Greatest Luxury.—There is no luxury like working for the Lord. He gives us something more than silver and gold. If the Mayor of Chicago were to issue a proclamation for 10,000 men, offering to give them one dollar and a half wages, you would think it very good; but here is a proclamation from the throne of God that 10,000 women and children can be used in the Lord's vineyard in gathering the treasures of life. The Lord can use the oldest and the youngest.

303. Christ-likeness before Profession.—Some wonder why there are so few conversions. I wonder there are so many with such a low standard as Christians have got at present. Now let these friends who are anxious that the Lord's work should be revived here ask themselves this question. "Am I right in the sight of God? How is it with me in

my private life? What does my family think of me? Have they confidence in my religion and piety?" You know a man who has the small-pox must get rid of it himself before he goes to minister to others. If not Christ-like in your home, the least you say about Christ the better.

304. Talking to Kill Time.—How many times have I heard men in the prayer-meeting say, "I did not expect to speak to night, but as no one else has spoken I think it my duty to say a word." They just talk to kill time, and such men do kill time, and the meeting, too.

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ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS

OF

D. L. MOODY,

AS DELIVERED

IN HIS SERMONS IN ENGLAND, NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, AND BOSTON.

BY

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ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

"THE HUMBUG."

There was a man, while we were in London, who got out a little paper called "The Moody and Sankey Humbug." He used to have it to sell to the people coming into the meeting. After he had sold a great many thousand copies of that number, he wanted to get out another number; so he came to the meeting to get something to put into the paper; but the power of the Lord was present. It says here in this chapter (Luke v) that the Pharisees, scribes, and doctors, were watching the words of Christ in that house in Capernaum, and that the power of the Lord was present to heal. It don't say they were healed. They did not come to be healed. If they had, they would have been healed. But sometimes there is a prayer of faith going up to God from some one, that brings down blessings. And so this man came into that meeting. The power of the Lord was present, and the arrow of conviction went down deep into his heart. He went out, not to write a paper, but to destroy his paper that he had written, and so to tell what the Holy Ghost had done for him.

THE BROOKLYN REPORTER.

One of the most conspicuous persons at the Brooklyn Rink was a man of over fifty years, a reporter, apparently of a sensational sort. One of my friends entered into conversation with him the second evening, and found him partially intoxicated, ribald, sneering, and an infidel. Inquiring further concerning him, we found that he had been several times in the city jail for drunken brawls, although originally a man of culture and polish. Time passed, and on our last day at Brooklyn the same man, conspicuous by his commanding figure, sat in a back seat in the Simpson Church. My friend accosted him once more, and this was the answer: "I am waiting to thank Mr. Moody, who, under God, has been the greatest blessing of my life to me. I have given up my engagement, the temptations of which are such that no Christian can face. And I am a Christian, a new creature; not reformed—you can not reform a drunkard. I have tried that a hundred times; but I am regenerated, born again by the power and grace of God. I have reported sermons, many a time, simply to ridicule them, but never had the least idea what true religion meant till I heard Mr. Moody's address on 'Love and Sympathy,' ten days ago, and I would not have believed there could be so much sweetness in a lifetime as has been condensed into

those ten days. My children knew the change; my wife knew it; I have set up my family altar, and the appetite for liquor has been utterly taken away, I only loathe what I used to love." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," suggested a friend. "No, not while I stand so close to the cross as I do to-day;" and he opened a small hymn-book, on the fly-leaf of which was written: "I have set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed."

A FATHER'S LOVE.

I remember my little girl had a habit of getting up in the morning very cross. I don't know whether your children are like that. She used to get up in the morning speaking cross, and made the family very uncomfortable. So I took her aside one morning and said to her, "Emma, if you go on that way I shall have to correct you; I don't want to do it, but I will have to." She looked at me for a few moments—I had never spoken to her that way before—and she went away. She behaved herself for a few weeks all right, but one morning she was as cross as ever, and when she came to me to be kissed before going to school, I wouldn't do it. Off she went to her mother, and said: "Mamma, papa refused to kiss me: I can not go to school because he won't kiss me." Her mother came in, but she

didn't say much. She knew the child had been doing wrong. The little one went off, and as she was going down stairs I heard her weeping, and it seemed to me as if that child was dearer to me than ever she had been before. I went to the window and saw her going down the street crying, and as I looked on her I couldn't repress my tears. That seemed to be the longest day I ever spent in Chicago. Before the closing of the school I was at home, and when she came in her first words were: "Papa, won't you forgive me?" and I kissed her and she went away singing. It was because I loved her that I punished her. My friends, don't let Satan make you believe when you have any trouble, that God does not love you.

THE INDIAN'S ILLUSTRATION.

Some one asked an Indian how he was saved; how God saved him; and he took a lot of leaves and he placed them in a circle and he started them on fire, and he placed a little worm in the centre; and the worm tried to get out, and he went to one side and he was turned back by the fire; and he went to another side and was driven back; and he ran this way and that way and was driven back every time; and then he curled up in the centre of the circle and gave himself up for lost. And then

the Indian took hold of him and lifted him out. That was how the Lord saved him. The Lord took him right up when he himself gave up every thing.

HOW MOODY CONVINCED THE INFIDEL.

An infidel had come the other day, to one of our meetings, and when I talked with him, he replied that he didn't believe one-twelfth part of the Bible, but I kept on quoting Scripture, feeling that if the man didn't believe, God could do what He chose with His word, and make it quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword. The man kept saying that he did not believe what the Bible said, and I kept on quoting passage after passage of Scripture, and the man, who, two hours before, had entered the hall an infidel, went out of it a converted man, and a short time after his conversion he left the city for Boston, a Christian, to join his family in Europe. Before this gentleman went away, I asked him if he believed the Bible, and his reply was: "From back to back, every word of it."

MR. MOODY IN SCOTLAND.

There is no place I have ever been in where people so thoroughly understand their Bibles as in Scotland. Why, little boys could quote Scripture

and take me up on a text. They have the whole nation just educated, as it were, with the Word of God. Infidelity can not come there. A man got up in Glasgow, at a corner, and began to preach universal salvation. "Oh, sir," said an old woman, "that will never save the like of me." She had heard enough preaching to know that it would never save her. If a man comes among them with any false doctrine, these Scotchmen instantly draw their Bibles on him. I had to keep my eyes open and be careful what I said there. They knew their Bibles a good deal better than I did. And so if the preachers could get the people to read the Word of God more carefully, and note what they heard, there would not be so much infidelity among us.

NOT I HOPE, BUT I KNOW.

A great many people say, "Mr. Moody, I would like to know whether I am a Christian or not. I would like to know if I am saved." The longer I live the more I am convinced that it is one of the greatest privileges of a child of God to know—to be able to say, "I am saved." The idea of walking through life without knowing this until we get to the great white throne, is exploded. If the Bible don't teach assurance it don't teach justification by faith· if it don't teach assurance it don't teach re-

demption. The doctrine of assurance is as clear as any doctrine in the Bible.

How many people in the Tabernacle when I ask them if they are Christians, say, "Well, I hope so," in a sort of hesitating way. Another class say, "I am trying to be." This is a queer kind of testimony, my friends. I notice no man is willing to go into the inquiry room till he has got a step beyond that. That class of Christians don't amount to much. The real Christian puts it, "I believe; I believe that my Redeemer liveth; I believe that if this building of flesh were destroyed, I have a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." No hoping and trusting with them. It is, "I know." Hope is assured to the Christian. It is a sure hope; it isn't a doubting hope. Suppose a man asked me if my name was Moody, and I said, "Well, I hope so," wouldn't it sound rather strange? "I hope it is;" or, "I'm trying to be Moody." Now, if a man asks you if you are a Christian, you ought to be able to give a reason.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

One place we were in, in England, I recollect a Quakeress came in. The meeting was held in a Methodist Church, and the Spirit of God was there —souls were being saved: multitudes were pressing into the kingdom. She had a brother who was a

drinker, and a nephew who had just come to the city, and he was in a critical state, too. They came to the meeting with her. Every thing appeared strange to her, and when she went home she did not know really what to say. She and her brother and nephew went upstairs, and coming down she thought, it may be that the destiny of their souls depends on what I say now. When she entered the parlor she found them laughing and joking about the meeting. She put on a serious face and said, "I don't think we should laugh at it. Suppose Mr. Moody had come to you and asked you if you were converted, what would you have told him?" "I would have told him to mind his own business," replied one of them. "I think it is a very important question, and a question a Christian ought to put to any one; Mr. Moody, as a Christian, has a right to ask any one." She talked with them, and when that brother went to bed, he began thinking and thinking. He had tickets for the theatre next night, but when next night came he said he would go to the meeting with his sister, and, to make a long story short, he came and was converted. He came to me—he was a mechanic—and asked me to talk to the laborers and have them come to the meetings. He had got such a blessing himself that he wanted them to share it.

That man brought me a list of the names of the mechanics about half as long as this room, and we got up a meeting in the theatre, and we had that

theatre packed. That was the first meeting of working men I ever had, and the work of grace broke out among them. This was but the result of a woman's taking her stand. She went into the inquiry room and became an earnest worker. I get letters from her frequently now, and I do not believe there is a happier woman in England.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

While I was attending a meeting in a certain city some time ago a lady came to me and said: "I want you to go home with me; I have something to say to you." When we reached her home, there were some friends there. After they had retired, she put her arms on the table, and tears began to come into her eyes, but with an effort she repressed her emotion. After a struggle she went on to say that she was going to tell me something which she had never told any other living person. I should not tell it now, but she has gone to another world. She said she had a son in Chicago, and she was very anxious about him. When he was young he got interested in religion at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. He used to go out in the street and circulate tracts. He was her only son, and she was very ambitious that he should make a name in the world, and wanted him to get into the very highest circles. Oh, what a mistake people make

about these highest circles. Society is false; it is a sham. She was deceived like a good many more votaries of fashion and hunters after wealth at the present time. She thought it was beneath her son to go down and associate with those young men who hadn't much money. She tried to get him away from them, but they had more influence than she had, and, finally, to break his whole association, she packed him off to a boarding-school. He went soon to Yale College, and she supposed he got into one of those miserable secret societies there that have ruined so many young men, and the next thing she heard was that the boy had gone astray.

She began to write letters urging him to come into the kingdom of God, but she heard that he tore the letters up without reading them. She went to him to try and regain her influence over him but her efforts were useless; she came home with a broken heart. He left New Haven and for two years they heard nothing of him. At last they found him in Chicago and his father gave him $30,000 to start in business. They thought it would change him but it didn't. They asked me when I went back to Chicago to try and use my influence with him. I got a friend to invite him to his house one night, where I intended to meet him, but he heard I was to be there, and did not come near, like a good many other young men who seem to be afraid of me. I tried many times to reach him but could not. While I was travelling one day on the New Haven Railroad

I bought a New York paper and in it I saw a dispatch saying he had been drowned in Lake Michigan. His father came on to find his body, and, after considerable searching they found it. All his clothes and his body were covered with sand. The body was taken home to that broken-hearted mother. She said, "If I thought he was in heaven I would have peace." Her disobedience of God's law came back upon her.

So, my friends, if you have a boy impressed with the Gospel, help him to come to Christ. Bring him in the arms of your faith and he will unite you closer to him.

A FAITHFUL LOVE.

One day when I was in Brooklyn, I saw a young man going along the street without any arms. A friend who was with me, pointed him out, and told me his story. When the war broke out he felt it to be his duty to enlist and go to the front. He was engaged to be married, and while in the army letters passed frequently between him and his intended wife. After the battle of the Wilderness the young lady looked anxiously for the accustomed letter. For a little while no letter was received. At last one came in a strange hand. She opened it with trembling fingers, and read these words: "We have fought a terrible battle. I have been

wounded so awfully that I shall never be able to support you. A friend writes this for me. I love you more tenderly than ever, but I release you from your promise. I will not ask you to join your life with the maimed life of mine." That letter was never answered. The next train that left, the young lady was on it. She went to the hospital. She found out the number of his cot, and she went down the aisle, between the long rows of the wounded men. At last she saw the number, and, hurrying to his side, she threw her arms around his neck and said: "I'll not desert you. I'll take care of you." He did not resist her love. They were married, and there is no happier couple than this one. We are dependent on one another. Christ says, "I'll take care of you. I'll take you to this bosom of mine." That young man could have spurned her love; he could, but he didn't. Surely you can be saved if you will accept the Saviour's love. If God loves us, my friends, he loves us unto the end. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

Some people say to me, "Moody, you don't believe in the flood. All the scientific men tell us it is absurd." Let them tell us. Jesus tells us of it,

and I would rather take the word of Jesus than that of any other one. I haven't got much respect for those men who dig down for stones with shovels, in order to take away the word of God. Men don't believe in the story of Sodom and Gomorrah, but we have it sealed in the New Testament. "As it was in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah." They don't believe in Lot's wife, but He says, "Remember Lot's wife." So there is not a thing that men to-day cavil at but the Son of God indorses. They don't believe in the swallowing of Jonah. They say it is impossible that a whale could swallow Jonah—its throat is too small. They forget that the whale was prepared for Jonah; as the colored woman said, "Why, God could prepare a man to swallow a whale, let alone a whale to swallow a man."

CHRIST OUR COMFORTER.

I was thinking to-day of the difference between those who knew Christ when trouble comes upon them and those who knew him not. I know several members of families who are just stumbling into their graves over trouble. I know two widows in Chicago who are weeping and mourning over the death of their husbands, and their grief is just taking them to their graves. Instead of bringing their burdens to Christ, they mourn day and night, and the result will be that in a few weeks or years at most

their sorrow will take them to their graves, when they ought to take it all to the Great Physician.

Three years ago a father took his wife and family on board that ill-fated French steamer. They were going to Europe, and when out on the ocean another vessel ran into her and she went down. That mother when I was preaching in Chicago used to bring her two children to the meetings every night. It was one of the most beautiful sights I ever looked on, to see how those little children used to sit and listen, and to see the tears trickling down their cheeks when the Saviour was preached. It seemed as if nobody in the meeting drank in the truth as eagerly as those little ones.

One night when an invitation had been extended to all to go into the inquiry room, one of these little children said: "Mamma, why can't I go too?" The mother allowed them to come into the room, and some friend spoke to them, and to all appearance they seemed to understand the plan of salvation as well as their elders. When that memorable night came that mother went down and came up without her two children. Upon reading the news, I said: "It will kill her," and I quitted my post in Edinburgh—the only time I left my post on the other side—and went down to Liverpool to try and comfort her. But when I got there I found the Son of God had been there before me, and instead of my comforting her she comforted me. She told me she could not think of those children as being in the

sea; it seemed as though Christ had permitted her to take those children on board that vessel only that they might be wafted to him, and had saved her only that she might come back and work a little longer for him. So if any of you have had some great affliction, if any of you have lost a loving father, mother, brother, husband, or wife, come to Christ, because God has sent him to heal the broken-hearted.

MR. MOODY'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

I remember one time my little girl was teasing her mother to get her a muff, and so one day her mother brought a muff home, and, although it was storming, she very naturally wanted to go out in order to try her new muff. So she tried to get me to go out with her. I went out with her, and I said, "Emma, better let me take your hand." She wanted to keep her hands in her muff, and so she refused to take my hand. Well, by and by she came to an icy place, her little feet slipped, and down she went. When I helped her up she said, "Papa, you may give me your little finger." "No, my daughter, just take my hand." "No, no, papa, give me your little finger." Well, I gave my finger to her, and for a little way she got along nicely, but pretty soon we came to another icy place, and again she fell. This time she hurt herself a little, and she

said, "Papa, give me your hand," and I gave her my hand, and closed my fingers about her wrist, and held her up so that she could not fall. Just so God is our keeper. He is wiser than we.

THE IRISHMAN'S LEAP.

While I was in New York, an Irishman stood up in a young converts' meeting and told how he had been saved. He said in his broken Irish brogue that I used an illustration, and that illustration saved him. And I declare that that is the only man I ever knew who was converted without being spoken to. He said I used an illustration of a wrecked vessel, and said that all would perish unless some assistance came. Presently a life-boat came alongside and the captain shouted, "Leap into the life-boat—leap for your lives, or you will perish," and when I came to the point I said, "Leap into the life-boat; Christ is your life-boat of salvation," and he leaped and was saved.

"A NEW CREATURE."

I remember when preaching in New York City, at the Hippodrome, a man coming up to me and telling me a story that thrilled my soul. One night,

he said he had been gambling; had gambled away all the money he had. When he went home to the hotel that night he did not sleep much. The next morning happened to be Sunday. He got up, felt bad, couldn't eat any thing, did not touch his breakfast, was miserable, and thought about putting an end to his existence. That afternoon he took a walk up Broadway, and when he came to the Hippodrome he saw great crowds going in and thought of entering, too. But the policeman at the door told him he couldn't come in, as it was a woman's meeting. He turned from it and strolled on, came back to his hotel and had dinner. At night he walked up the street until he reached the Hippodrome again, and this time he saw a lot of men going in. When inside he listened to the singing and heard the text, "Where art thou?" and he thought he would go out. He rose to go and the text came upon his ears again, "Where art thou?" This was too personal. He thought it was disagreeable, and he made for the door, but as he got to the third row from the entrance, the words came to him again, "Where art thou?" He stood still, for the question had come home to him with irresistible force, and God had found him right there. He went to his hotel and prayed all that night, and now he is a bright and shining light. And this young man who was a commercial traveller went back to the village in which he had been reared, and in which he had been one of the fastest young men—went back there, and

went around among his friends and acquaintances and testified for Christ, as earnestly and beneficially for Him as his conduct had been against Him.

FAITH OUR LADDER.

I remember hearing of a man who dreamt that he built a ladder from earth to heaven, and when he did a good deed up went his ladder a few feet. When he did a very good deed his ladder went higher, and when he gave away large sums of money to the poor up it went further still. By and by it went out of sight, and years rolled on, and it went up, he thought, past the clouds, clear into heaven. When he died he thought he would step off his ladder into heaven, but he heard a voice roll out from paradise, "He that climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber," and down he came, ladder and all, and he awoke. He said if he wanted to get salvation he must get it another way than by good deeds, and he took the other way.

THE LAST MEETING IN GLASGOW.

I remember while preaching in Glasgow, an incident I will relate. I had been preaching there several weeks, and the night was my last one, and I pleaded with them as I had never pleaded there

before. It is a very solemn thing to stand before a vast audience for the last time and think you may never have another chance of asking them to come to Christ. I told them I would not have another opportunity, and urged them to accept, and just asked them to meet me at that marriage supper. At the conclusion I soon saw a tall young lady coming into the inquiry room. She had scarcely come in when another tall young lady came in, and she went up to the first and put her arms around her and wept. Pretty soon another young lady came and went up to the first two and just put her arms around both of them. They were three sisters and I found that although they had been sitting in different parts of the building, the sure arrow of conviction went down to their souls, and brought them to the inquiry room. Another young lady came down from the gallery and said: "Mr. Moody, I want to become a Christian." I asked a young Christian to talk to her, and when she went home that night about 10 o'clock—her mother was sitting up for her—she said: "Mother, I have accepted the invitation to be present at the marriage supper of the Lamb." Her mother and father laid awake that night talking about the salvation of their child. That was Friday night, and next day (Saturday) she was unwell, and before long her sickness developed into scarlet fever, and a few days after I got this letter:

"Mr. Moody—Dear Sir: It is now my painful duty to intimate to you that the dear girl concerning

whom I wrote to you on Monday, has been taken away from us by death. Her departure, however, has been signally softened to us, for she told us yesterday she was 'going home to be with Jesus,' and after giving messages to many, told us to let Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey know that she died a happy Christian."

WEST AND LORD LYTTLETON.

It is said of West, an eminent man, that he was going to take up the doctrine of the resurrection, and just show the world what a fraud it was, while Lord Lyttleton was going to take up the conversion of Saul, and just show the folly of it. These men were going to annihilate that doctrine and that incident of the Gospel. A Frenchman said it took twelve fishermen to build up Christ's religion, but one Frenchman pulled it down. From Calvary this doctrine rolled along the stream of time, through the eighteen hundred years, down to us, and West got at it and began to look at the evidence; but instead of his being able to cope with it he found it perfectly overwhelming—the proof that Christ had risen, that He had come out of the sepulchre and ascended to heaven and led captivity captive. The light dawned upon him, and he became an expounder of the word of God and a champion of Christianity. And Lord Lyttleton, that infidel and skeptic, hadn't

been long at the conversion of Saul before the God of Saul broke upon his sight, and he too, began to preach.

HIS FIRST SERMON ON GRACE.

I remember preaching one night in winter—one of the coldest winters we had—the winter after the Chicago fire. I had been studying up grace, and it was the first time I had spoken of it, and I was just full of it. I started out of the house, I remember, and the first man I met I asked him if he knew any thing about the grace of God, and I tried to preach to him. This man thought I was crazy. I ran on and met another, and finally got up to the meeting. That night I thought I was speaking to a lot of people who felt as I did about grace, and when I got through I asked any one who would like to hear about grace—who had any interest in it, to stay. I expected some would have stayed, but what was my mortification to see the whole audience rise up and go away. They hadn't any interest in grace; they didn't want to learn any thing about grace. I put my coat and hat on and was going out of the hall, when I saw a poor fellow at the back of the furnace crying. "I want to hear about the grace of God," said he. "You're the man I want, then," said I. "Yes," the poor fellow said, "you said in your sermon that it was free, and I want you to tell me

something about it." Well, I got to talking to him, and he told me a pitiful story. He had drank away twenty thousand dollars, his home had been broken up, and his wife and children had left him. I spoke to him, and it was not long before we were down together praying. That night I got him a night's lodging in the Bethel, and next day we got him on his feet, and when I went to Europe he was one of the most earnest workers we had. He was just a partaker of grace—believed that the peace of God was sufficient for him, and he took God at His word and he was a saved man.

MR. SPURGEON'S PARABLE.

Mr. Spurgeon, a number of years ago, made a parable. He said: "There was once a tyrant who ordered one of his subjects into his presence, and ordered him to make a chain. The poor blacksmith —that was his occupation—had to go to work and forge the chain. When it was done he brought it into the presence of the tyrant, and he was ordered to take it away and make it twice the length. He brought it again to the tyrant, and again he was ordered to double it. Back he came when he had obeyed the order, and the tyrant looked at it, and then commanded the servants to bind the man hand and foot with the chain he had made and cast him into prison. And," Mr. Spurgeon said, "that is

what the devil does with men. He makes them forge their own chain, and then binds them hand and foot with it, and casts them into outer darkness." My friends, that is just what these drunkards, these gamblers, these blasphemers — that is just what every sinner is doing. But, thank God, we can tell you of a deliverer. The Son of God has power to break every one of these fetters if you will only come to Him.

HEAVEN.

I remember in the Exposition building in Dublin, while I was speaking about heaven, I said something to the effect that at this moment a mother is looking down from heaven expecting the salvation of her daughter here to-night, and I pointed down to a young lady in the audience. Next morning I received this letter:

"On Wednesday, when you were speaking of heaven, you said, 'It may be this moment there is a mother looking down from heaven expecting the salvation of her child who is here.' You were apparently looking at the very spot where my child was sitting. My heart said, 'That is my child. That is her mother.' Tears sprang to my eyes. I bowed my head and prayed, 'Lord, direct that word to my darling child's heart; Lord save my child.' I was then anxious till the close of the meeting, when

I went to her. She was bathed in tears. She rose, put her arms around me, and kissed me. When walking down to you she told me it was that same remark—about the mother looking down from heaven — that found the way home to her, and asked me, 'Papa, what can I do for Jesus?'"

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

I remember when on the North Side I tried to reach a family time and again and failed. One night in the meeting, I noticed one of the little boys of that family. He hadn't come for any good, however; he was sticking pins in the backs of the other boys. I thought if I could get hold of him it would do good. I used always to go to the door and shake hands with the boys, and when I got to the door and saw this little boy coming out, I shook hands with him, and patted him on the head, and said I was glad to see him, and hoped he would come again. He hung his head and went away. The next night, however, he came back, and he behaved better than he did the previous night. He came two or three times after, and then asked us to pray for him that he might become a Christian. That was a happy night for me. He became a Christian and a good one. One night I saw him weeping. I wondered if his old temper had got hold of him again, and when he got up I wondered what he

was going to say. "I wish you would pray for my mother," he said. When the meeting was over I went to him and asked, "Have you ever spoken to your mother or tried to pray with her?" "Well, you know, Mr. Moody," he replied, "I never had an opportunity; she don't believe, and won't hear me." "Now," I said, "I want you to talk to your mother to-night." For years I had been trying to reach her and couldn't do it.

So I urged him to talk to her that night, and I said "I will pray for you both." When he got to the sitting-room he found some people there, and he sat waiting for an opportunity, when his mother said it was time for him to go to bed. He went to the door undecided. He took a step, stopped, and turned around, and hesitated for a minute, then ran to his mother and threw his arms around her neck, and buried his face in her bosom. "What is the matter?" she asked—she thought he was sick. Between his sobs he told his mother how for five weeks he had wanted to be a Christian; how he had stopped swearing; how he was trying to be obedient to her, and how happy he would be if she would be a Christian, and then went off to bed. She sat for a few minutes, but couldn't stand it, and went up to his room. When she got to the door she heard him weeping and praying, "Oh, God, convert my dear mother." She came down again, but couldn't sleep that night. Next day she told the boy to go and ask Mr. Moody to come

over and see her. He called at my place of business—I was in business then—and I went over as quick as I could. I found her sitting in a rocking-chair weeping. "Mr. Moody," she said, "I want to become a Christian." "What has brought that change over you, I thought you didn't believe in it?" Then she told me how her boy had come to her, and how she hadn't slept any all night, and how her sin rose up before her like a dark mountain. The next Sunday that boy came and led that mother to the Sabbath school and she became a worker. Oh, little children, if you find Christ tell it to your fathers and mothers. Throw your arms around their necks and lead them to Jesus.

SELFISHNESS.

—What makes the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving, never giving out any thing. Why is it that many Christians are cold? Because they are all the time receiving, never giving out any thing.

CHRIST OUR EMPEROR.

I remember hearing a few years ago a story about a young man away off in Russia. He was a wild, reckless, dissipated youth. His father, thinking that

if he could get him away from his associates, a reform would be worked, procured a commission in the army for him. And this is a mistake a great many Christian people fall into in dealing with their sons. It is not a change of place they require, it is a change of heart. A change of place will not take them away from the tempter. Well, off to the army this young man went, and, instead of reforming, he gambled and borrowed, and took to drinking as vigorously as ever. At length he had borrowed all the money he could, and, as we say, he "had come to the end of his rope." A certain sum of money had to be paid the next day, and he did not see how it could be done without selling his commission, and if he did that he would be compelled to leave the army and go home to his father disgraced. The laws were very rigid in Russia upon the matter of debt, and if he couldn't pay he knew he would have to go to prison.

That night as he sat in his barracks, heart-broken at the prospect before him, he thought he would take up a paper and figure up his debts, and see how he stood. And here, let me say, it would be well if the sinner would pause occasionally, and try and figure up his sins, and see where he stood with God. Well, this young man put down one debt after another, until they made a long column. The total completely disheartened him; and he just put at the bottom of his figures, "Who is to pay this?" He laid his head upon his desk wearied, and fell

asleep. That night the Czar, according to his custom, was walking through the barracks while the soldiers slept, and happened to come to that spot where the young soldier slept. He saw upon the desk the column of debts, and when he came to the bottom saw the question: "Who's to pay them?" and wrote underneath the name "Nicholas." When the young man awoke he took up the paper and found written at the bottom the signature of the Czar of all the Russias. What did it mean? Had an angel dropped down and cancelled the debt? It was too good to be true. He couldn't believe it. But by and by the money came from the emperor himself. This story may be true or not, but there is one thing I do know is true, and that is, that the great emperor of heaven is here and if you put down all your sins, and multiply them by ten thousand, He will pay it and shelter you underneath the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth us from all sin.

FULL OF PRAISE.

There was a man converted here some years ago and he was just full of praise. He was living in the light all the time. We might be in the darkness but he was always in the light. He used to preface every thing in the meeting with "praise God." One night he came to the meeting with his finger all bound up. He had cut it and pretty badly, too.

Well, I wondered how he would praise God for this, but he got up and said, "I have cut my finger, but, praise God, I didn't cut it off." And so, if things go against you just think they might be a good deal worse.

GOVERNOR POLLOCK.

When I was East a few years ago, Mr. Geo. H. Stewart told me of a scene that occurred in a Pennsylvania prison, when Governor Pollock, a Christian man, was governor of the State. A man was tried for murder, and the judge had pronounced sentence upon him. His friends had tried every means in their power to procure his pardon. They had sent deputation after deputation to the governor, but he had told them all that the law must take its course. When they began to give up hope, the governor went down to the prison and asked the sheriff to take him to the cell of the condemned man. The governor was conducted into the presence of the criminal, and he sat down by the side of his bed and began to talk to him kindly—spoke to him of Christ and heaven, and showed him that although he was condemned to die on the morrow by earthly judges, he would receive eternal life from the Divine Judge if he would accept salvation. He explained the plan of salvation, and when he left him he committed him to God. When he was gone

the sheriff was called to the cell by the condemned man. "Who was that man?" asked the criminal, "who was in here and talked so kind to me?" "Why," said the sheriff, "that was Governor Pollock." "Was that Governor Pollock? O sheriff, why didn't you tell me who it was? If I had known that was him, I wouldn't have let him go out till he had given me pardon. The governor has been here—in my cell—and I didn't know it," and the man wrung his hands and wept bitterly. My friends, there is one greater than a governor here to-night. He sent his Son to redeem you—to bring you out of the prison home of sin. I come to-night to tell you he is here.

THE LONDON CHAMBER OF HORROR.

When I was in London I went into a wax work there—Tassands—and I went into the chamber of Horror. There were wax figures of all kinds of murderers in that room. There was Booth who killed Lincoln, and many of that class: but there was one figure I got interested in, who killed his wife because he loved another woman, and the law didn't find him out. He married this woman and had a family of seven children. And twenty years passed away. Then his conscience began to trouble him. He had no rest; he would hear his murdered wife pleading continually for her life. His friends

began to think that he was going out of his mind: he became haggard and his conscience haunted him till, at last, he went to the officers of the law and told them that he was guilty of murder. He wanted to die, life was so much of an agony to him. His conscience turned against him. My friends if you have done wrong, may your conscience be woke up, and may you testify against yourself. It is a great deal better to judge our own acts and confess them, than go through this world with the curse upon you.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID!

When we were preaching in Dundee, which is in the northerly part of Scotland, there was a mother who lived near London, in one of the suburbs, that had two twin boys about seventeen years of age. They were not Christians, and she had taken the train and come 500 miles, went to a hotel and spent a week there in Dundee, just to get her boys under the influence of those meetings. She came to me the first night and said: "I brought my twins here; I am anxious to have you pray for them." We did so and talked with them, and after the work ended in Dundee, or rather after the labor ended there, for the work has not ended there yet, and indeed the work of salvation is never going to end until Christ comes—she started back to London, and we

went to Glasgow. We met her next in London, where she said to me in the Agricultural Hall, "God has taken one of my boys; I am so glad I took them to Dundee; God has been good to me; He prepared my boy and then took him to Himself." Still she felt so thankful to God for saving them both that her heart burned with Christian zeal. To the very first meeting she brought some friends whom she was anxious should become Christians. If we only had a hundred such workers as this woman in Boston, there would be no doubt expressed anywhere about the result of this movement. I thought I would just like to hear of how this woman progressed in her Christian labor, and so I asked her to write me, and I want to read here to-day a letter I received from her.

"Dear Mr. Moody: For months I have never considered the day's work ended unless you and your work have been specially prayed for. Now it appears before us more and more. What in our little measure we have found has no doubt been the happy experience of many others in London. My husband and I have sought as our greatest privilege to take unconverted friends, one by one, to the Agricultural Hall, and I thank God that I can say that without a single exception, up to last night, those so brought, day after day, under the preaching from your lips, have distinctly accepted Christ as their present Saviour, and are rejoicing in His love."

This has no reference to the general work in the inquiry-room. I want to say just a few words of how this man and wife went to work. As I said, they lived in one of the suburban towns of London. Well, they gave up their beautiful home and took lodgings near Agricultural Hall, that they might give all their spare time to the Lord's work. At the end of our four months' work I asked her if she had kept a diary. She said she had, and I asked how many she had led to Christ personally, and she showed me by her book that she had 150 names of persons whom God had used her to lead to Christ, and who were then clear of their path and were rejoicing in God's love. And there were still others who did not as yet see their way clearly, but those one hundred and fifty she was sure of. Perhaps her husband helped her, but I don't know how much. Still there was a woman who had laid herself out for the work, and God gave her a great blessing, just as He is willing to do for all those who prepare themselves. I would like to have you ask her if the work was a failure in London. Ask those in the faith, those connected with the Church and the Sabbath schools, if it was a failure.

LOOKING SAVES.

I once heard of a woman who was greatly troubled by her sins, and she never could find out what the

matter was. Why? Because she was always looking within, and one night when she went to bed greatly troubled she had a dream, and she dreamt that she was down in a deep pit, and that she was trying to get out. And she would step up and when she had nearly got up to the top she would slip back. And she would climb up again, and then she would slip back again. And she tried and failed, and tried and failed, and she gave up all hope, and she lay down there to die, and she looked up and saw a little star, and it seemed in the dream as if that little star lifted her up, and she kept her eye upon it, and she was nearly out when she took her eyes off it and looked at herself, and then she went down again; the second time the same thing happened; but the third time she did not take her eyes off the star, and she soon was lifted up higher and higher, until she felt her feet upon the rocks above, and she saw that if she were to be saved she must look to the Star of Bethlehem. No minister can save you. Nothing in the world can save you. You cannot save yourself. There is no other way but through Jesus. What does He say? "Look unto Me all the ends of the earth." Will you look to-night? You need not look anywhere else. You are saved by just looking.

MR. MOODY AND TEMPERANCE.

In each of the American cities where Messrs. Moody and Sankey have conducted religious services one striking feature of the system of revival work under their leadership has been the preaching of the power of the grace of Christ to some drunkards, and those suffering from the habitual use of intoxicating liquors from their appetites as well as from their sins. But in his own city of Chicago the power of God to save from the vice of drunkenness was gloriously manifested.

The society of the Women's Christian Temperance Union organized in Chicago, in March, 1874, had been holding Temperance Prayer-meeetings every day in Farwell Hall, at which some wonderful cases of regeneration and reformation occurred. When Moody and Sankey arrived to resume their Gospel work in the city every thing was in readiness for a Temperance Revival.

On the third week of the Chicago revival the series of Friday-noon temperance meetings was commenced. The services were similar in character to others held by the same men. Mr. Moody delivered no humorous temperance lecture; but with the Bible in his hand preached Jesus Christ, and besought drunkards to believe his promises and be saved by his grace. His prayers were that the drunkard might be delivered from his appetite for strong drink by the grace of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. A great number of petitions for prayers were sent to these meetings. Rev. Mr. Davis, the gentleman into whose hands the prayer correspondence was committed, said, one day,

"You lose much of the sense of power and tenderness which these letters would produce if you were to read them all as I do. I can only summarize them for you but the writing on some of these pages is enough to make the angels weep."

Mr. Sankey does not sing temperance songs, but the Gospel songs, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Take the Name of Jesus with you," and "Rescue the Perishing."

The following is Mr. Moody's address at the first of these Gospel temperance meetings.

CHRIST CASTING OUT THE DEVIL.

The disciples were in great trouble. The Scribes and Pharisees had gathered around them for the sake of getting up an argument, and right in the midst of it up comes this man, bringing his boy (foaming and writhing and gnashing his teeth) for the purpose of having the disciples cast the devil out of him; but the devil refused to go.

It seems they had got their eyes off from Christ. He and the leaders of the band, Peter, James, and John, were away on the mountain, and I suppose they felt weak and anxious on that account. Just so it is with the Church. Whenever they get their eyes off Christ their faith begins to fail, and then the devil has them at a disadvantage.

But the Master comes back just in time, and when he hears what has happened he rebukes the disciples.

"O faithless and perverse generation," he says, "how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him unto me."

Now, my friends, a good many of you are just like those disciples. You say this rum devil is too hard to be cast out. But if the Master were to come he would rebuke you and say, "O faithless generation! Was not the Son of God manifested to destroy the works of the devil?" And if this is

not one of the works of the devil, I should like to know what is. It is easy enough for Christ to cast out this rum devil, and what we want to do is to bring the possessed drunkard to him.

We read that when they brought the boy to Christ, "Straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming." The devil always tries to throw people down when they are coming to Christ. That, above all others, is the very thing he don't want them to do.

"How long has he been this way?" asks Christ.

"From his childhood," answers the father.

Now there are a good many people who say, "O there is no hope for such a man? He has been a drunkard for twenty years; he has always been fond of liquor; he inherited the love of it from his father or mother." The father of this boy seems to have had much the same kind of a notion, for he says, "If thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us and help us." There is one of the devil's "ifs," you see. This man put the "if" in the wrong place, and Christ had to show him where it belonged. "If thou canst do any thing," says the man; "If thou canst believe," says Christ. That is where the "if" comes in.

Some of you mothers have intemperate sons, and you have been trying all sorts of ways to save them, but the poor fellows are not saved yet. Now the thing for you to do is, to bring them right to Christ, and ask him not to reform them, but to

regenerate them. It is just as easy for Christ to take the appetite for strong drink out of a man as to do any thing else for him. When we held temperance prayer-meetings in New York people used sometimes to come in half drunk; but the young converts would take them, and talk and pray with them, and God converted some of them right out of the midst of a spree. There was one man, a Frenchman, who came in one night all in rags. I thought he was rather a hard case, but the young converts had faith that he could be saved, so they went to work at him. The next night he came back again sober, and on the third night he stood up in the meeting and said, "I was praying on my knees last night, and all at once God gave me a new heart. I jumped right up, I felt so light and happy. I hardly knew myself. I was a new man in old clothes."

That is just what we want. Don't begin with the clothes; begin with the man. Let us have some new men. The clothes will all come right if we only get the man right.

"IF THE SON THEREFORE SHALL MAKE YOU FREE YOU SHALL BE FREE INDEED."

That is the hope of all the drunkards in this hall. Let them come to Christ at once, and be delivered from the bondage of sin. We are not here to dis-

cuss the evils of intemperance. There is no need to do that any more, for almost every body is convinced that it is a terrible sin. Nor is it our business to try and find out who is to blame for it. There are some people always trying to find out the origin of evil, but if a man had fallen into a lake and was drowning, you would not stop to try and find out how he came to tumble in. The first thing would be to pull him out. So it is not worth while to argue over the cases of these people who are drowning in drunkenness but rather to show them how to get hold of the hand of God who is able to pull them out and save them body and soul. There is one verse in the third chapter of John I wish to call your attention to: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, but that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

There is no hope for any drunkard until he is born of God. A resolution can't save him. All the temperance societies in the world can't save him. All these things which a man does in his own strength belong to the flesh, which God has stamped with the seal of death. When a man gets through trying to save himself then God is ready to save him; and if God gives him a new nature instead of his old one he loses his appetite for liquor among the old things that belong to the old man. Then he don't have to stop drinking; the thing stops itself.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new

creature: old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new." What we want is a new creation—resurrected men, whose old nature and appetites are all gone, and in whom all things have become new. Don't imagine that God is down here patching up our old Adam nature. He don't waste his time putting new wine in old bottles, or putting new patches on old coats. He is here to make a new creation, to raise up new men out of these thieves, drunkards, and vagabonds.

A friend in Philadelphia once showed me a brown-stone house which was built by contract while the owner was away, but after he moved into it he found that the front only had been built of stone, and the sides were built of brick, and plastered over so as to look exactly like the brown stone. The first winter's frost cracked off the plaster, and the next spring the man had to fix it all over again. He kept on doing this for several years, but at last he got disgusted with the thing, and my friend said as he was going by the house one morning, he found some men at work taking down the old plastered brick wall and building it up with stone. Here are some of you who have been trying to reform yourselves. You have promised your mother and your wife to stop drinking; you have got down on your knees and promised it; you have gone before magistrates and sworn it; you have signed the pledge with blood from your own veins, and thought you were going to keep it, but you failed.

Heaven is filled with twice-born people; they are born once after the flesh, and they are born again after the Spirit.

Here are a couple of letters that I have received, that are enough to break a man's heart. One of them is a wail from Scotland. A father, whose only son may be in this hall to-day, has written this letter to a pastor, who is a friend of mine. He says:—

"We can only pray that God will bless Mr. Moody's efforts, that he may be able to bring our dear Willie to Christ. He is a man of education, and we have never heard of his doing any thing bad except to drink. How long, O Lord, shall this curse prevail, that breaks the hearts of fathers and mothers by the ruin of their precious sons? If Mr. Moody finds him let him bring before his mind the comforts that his father has denied himself to give his son an education, and tell him also of his broken-hearted mother, whose gray hairs he is bringing with sorrow to the grave."

Here is another:—

"*October* 26.—Mr. Moody: I write to beg you to include my case with those which will be presented to the meeting to-morrow for prayer. I do not drink, but I have been in the habit of using opium. I used to use both, but I have dropped the liquor

on my last birthday, October 1, which was also the birthday of your services in this city. By the blessing of the Lord I have been able to give up the liquor without difficulty, and now I am praying for release from the terrible opium habit. I have tried to break it off by degrees, but that was too slow, so I decided to stop at once. If you ever knew such a case you know how terrible it is. I could not work, I could not sit still, I could not lie still. It is not the appetite for opium, but the fearful nervous prostration which comes of leaving it off. Let me beg of you to pray for me. I have faith to believe that God can save me."

We had such a case as this in New York. There was a man who had been an opium-eater for eighteen years. He used to take enough every day to kill a dozen men, but the Spirit of God began to work upon him, and he asked us to pray for him. One of the young converts invited him to his house, at the same time sending around word to his family that he was to stay for a few days; and there the young converts gathered around him, and held him in the arms of their faith till the struggle was over, and the man was free from the terrible curse. For over seven months now, he says, he has had no desire for opium, and the last time I was in New York I found him actively engaged in work for Christ.

Let me tell you, my friends, the Son of God can

save you from all these things. He is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God through him.

DANIEL—THE TEMPERANCE YOUTH.

I want to talk with you a little while this morning about Daniel. His name signifies: "God with him;" not the public with him, not his fellow-men with him, but God with him.

We do not know how old Daniel was when we first hear of him, probably about seventeen. King Nebuchadnezzar had given orders to take some of the best and brightest of the Hebrew captives, and bring them up among his wise men; they were to be taught in the learning of the Chaldeans and to be fed with meat and wine from the king's table. Among these were Daniel and his three friends. The Scripture tells us that this Daniel knew God. He took his stand with God right upon his entering the gate of Babylon. He cried to God to keep him steadfast and he had need to cry hard. There was a law of his God that no man should eat meat offered to idols, and now here comes a commandment from the king that these young men should be fed upon meat from his table which Daniel knew had been sacrificed in idol-worship:—"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with

the wine which he drank." If he had been like some of our Chicago Christians he would have said, "Well, it can't be helped. I do not like to defile myself in this way; the law of God forbids it, and if I were only in Jerusalem I never would do it in the world, but really I don't see how I am going to help it. We are nothing but slaves in Babylon, and if the king should hear of our disobedience he would take our heads off in no time—and we can't be expected to run such a risk as that."

Then I suppose some of our modern professors of religion would have advised Daniel after this fashion; "Young man, I understand you are thinking about refusing the king's meat and wine; don't you do it. There is no use in your setting aside this meat and drink, it is only a kind of Pharisaism; the moment you take this stand you say in effect, you think you are better than other people. When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do. When you are in Jerusalem you must keep the commandments but nobody could possibly think of your keeping them here in Babylon."

There is no doubt the devil told Daniel the same thing, but Daniel had courage to stand up to the law of his God and say no!

Daniel told the heathen servant why he could not eat the king's meat nor drink the king's wine, and no doubt the servant respected him for it. But the servant said it would not do at all:—"If you don't eat the king will find it out; he will see

you some time looking lean and thin and ask what the matter is."

"Just try us for ten days," Daniel said. "Give us pulse to eat, and water to drink, and see how we get along on it." So the servant tried them on the pulse and water, and when they came before the king the eunuch's fears were all gone, for the faces of Daniel and his friends were fairer and fatter than any of the others.

Some people think wine makes them look better, and that they can not get along without it. Just look at their red noses and bloated faces. It is God's truth, and Daniel tested it, that cold water, with a clear conscience, is a great deal more healthy than wine. Some people say they can not get along without stimulants, but I tell you all the stimulant a person needs is the word and the grace of God.

"TEKEL; THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES AND ART FOUND WANTING."

I should like to weigh a few classes of people in these scales. Take the rumsellers. Is there a rumseller here? You may say you will not be weighed, but the time will come when you must be weighed. God will put you in one scale and that word in the other which says: "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Escape

for your life to-night or the time is coming when you will look up and see written over you, "Tekel: weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Now shall we weigh the drunkard? Here is God's word, "No drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of God," and when God puts you into his balance you will be lighter than vanity.

PERSONAL EFFORT.

A man upon receiving a note from an acquaintance was startled on opening it to read the commencement, "My Dear Friend." "What does this mean?" said he, "I haven't any friend." But he kept the appointment and was invited to go to the Tabernacle. He refused, saying his clothes were too ragged and that he was too badly cut up about the face—he had been on a spree, and in a fight, and had his eyes blackened and his face cut open—but he was told that every body was welcome there. Then he had another reason for not coming: he was afraid he could not stand it until nine o'clock without going out for a drink. I don't know but that is what ails those people who get up and go out while I am preaching. But at last he came and was converted—people seem to get converted so easy, and when they get a taste of the new wine of the kingdom, they don't want any more cheap Chicago whiskey.

MOODY'S LAST TEMPERANCE TALK IN BOSTON.

Last Friday I was to have a question-drawer to answer some questions, that are constantly arising. Now this question has been before us every Friday since we have been in the city—"Ought a reformed drunkard, whose family is in want, give any of his money to charitable purposes outside of his family?"

Perhaps some were here last night and felt as if they would like to give, because they have been blessed by this Tabernacle, and perhaps they felt as if they did not show their gratitude if they did not give. Let me say right here that your first work is to take care of your family. Your money belongs at home. If your wife has had a hard struggle, and you have been squandering your money in saloons and rum-shops, you want to make your home comfortable now. We read in First Timothy, fifth chapter, eighth verse: "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." There is Paul for you in that subject, "He is worse than an infidel." Let your first earnings go toward your house. Clothe your children, and don't let them be hooted at on the street as sons and daughters of a drunkard. Give them comfortable clothes and a comfortable home; that is where you want to put your money.

"Ought a man pay his liquor bills after he is converted?"

Render unto Cæsar the things that belong to Cæsar. If you want to have any influence with that rumseller, go and pay up that bill. The mistake is made. You never ought to have contracted the bill or gone into debt; but if you have done it, pay your debt. In the thirteenth chapter of Romans, seventh and eighth verses, we read: "Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor. Owe no man any thing, but to love one another; for he that loveth another has fulfilled the law." We have a right to go into debt for one thing, and that is love. A great many people are now suffering, and are suffering a thousand times more than they would if they had not been running into debt, not only for liquor, but for other things; and I want to say to young converts, if you take my advice, you will keep out of debt. If friends want to advance money to help you up, don't take it. I would rather have twenty-five cents earned by the sweat of my brow than twenty-five dollars that I will have to pay back. Work your way up, and as you will like to stay up when you get there, owe nothing, or some one will be pulling you back. There are many men that can not make restitution, and there may be some of these enemies of religion that will say they are not converted be-

cause they have not made restitution. It may be that it will take years for some of them to pay their debts; but that is not to keep them from Christ. If your heart is right, and you mean to pay those bills, and pay them as soon as you can, that is acceptable to God. If any of these reformed men are hundreds of dollars in debt, and they have not a penny to pay, their creditors must wait. That ought to be your first aim, to pay off those debts and get out of it as quick as possible. I have great confidence in those men that profess to be reclaimed if they go to work. If you can not get what you want, get what you can. These men have often done nothing for years but drink liquor, and often they are not fit for much at first. It is difficult to get them situations, and if we do succeed and get you work, you ought to take it. If it is not what you like, thank God that it is something. There was one of these men in Chicago that could not get what he wanted to do, but he got a man that would board him and give him twenty-five cents a week. The man took up the offer and went to work. A business man soon heard of it and said: "That's the kind of man I want." He hired the man and gave him four dollars a day soon after. There is a man on this platform that is going to speak to you that I admire very much because he went to work for three dollars a week without board. You say three dollars a week won't pay his board, but it will help, and will be better

than nothing. It is better than to go roaming up and down the streets idle and depending on charity. If that man holds on, there will be friends gather around him, and by and by he will get wages that he can live on comfortably. When you get work you want to be such true men and so helpful to your employers in their business that they can not get on without you. Then they will increase your wages. If a man works in the interest of his employer as he would work for himself, there will be no trouble, but if he works just for the money and does not take any interest in his employer's business, the employer will let him go any time. They can get any quantity of such men. Let me say to these reformed men, that if you take my advice you will get something to do, and if you can not earn more than a dollar a week, earn that —it is better than nothing, and soon you will get more.

"Would you advise one who thinks he has got victory over his appetite to speak at once or wait to see if it is real?"

I would say speak at once. I think we have Scripture for that, because Christ said to that man, Go home, tell your friends what great things the Lord has done for you.

Here is another question just right on: "Would you advise them as soon as they are converted to go to lecturing?"

That is the mistake that many make. Men think

that they are going to make a living by lecturing. We have been lectured to death in this country. Go to work. Work like a man, and then you will have more influence than if you are trying to lecture for money. I do not think all men are called to lecture, by a good deal. I say to you, don't give your whole time to the Lord's work unless you are forced into it by the Spirit of God. Then if God sends you, you will succeed. If you send yourself you will break down. If God calls you into that work, there will be no trouble about getting a living, and then you will not have to be running after this man and that to get his name and influence. If you can not find work in the city, strike out into the country. A great many farmers want men now. It is not degrading to go out and hoe and shovel in the field. It is noble, I think. I do not believe there is a man in this city that really wants work but can get it in the country. If you haven't money to ride, walk out. You can foot it on a good pleasant day like this, ten or fifteen miles a day. Besides, you will have a better chance walking than if you passed the farmer's places on a train. If you are looking for work, do not beg. Ask for something to do. If you are offered any thing without work do not take it. They will give you some wood to saw or some work to do that will pay for what you get. There was one good thing about the prodigal, he would not beg and he would not steal. He would not even take the husks that

were meant for the swine. That is the kind of men we want now. If you will not beg or steal, men will respect and help you. What we want to-day is true men, and if people find that you are a true man, they will make room for you. It may be a hard chance to get the first footing, but hold right on. God will help you. He can do it.

"What would you do with men that will not work?"

There is the same thing. I think Paul has it right. If a man will not work, he shall not eat. I think we are doing these men a great injury if we help them when they won't work. Some of these men have professed; but there is a difference between profession and regeneration. We are living in the days of shame. A great many see others improved in their worldly affairs by reformation, and so conclude that they will reform too. It will not take long before they are discovered. If they will not work, it is a pretty good sign that they have not been born of God. When I was President of the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago, we used to have those men coming in all the time. They would tell about their suffering, and how they had no work and wanted help. At last I got two or three hundred cords of wood and put it in a vacant lot, and got some saws and saw-bucks and kept them out of sight. A man would come and ask for help. "Why don't you work?" "I can't get any." "Would you do it if you could get

any?" "Oh, yes, any thing." "Would you really work in the street?" "Yes." "Would you saw wood?" "Yes." "All right;" and then we would bring out the saw and saw-buck and send them out, but we would have a boy to watch and see that they did not steal the saw. Then the fellow would say: "I will go home and tell my wife I have got some work," and that would be the last we would see of him. Out of the whole winter I never got more than three or four cords of wood sawed. We heard from our friend Dr. Tyng last week that we want a good deal of mother in this work; yes, and we want some father too. If you are always showering money on these men, and giving them clothing and raiment, they will live in idleness, and not only ruin themselves, but their children. It is not charity at all to help them when they will not work. If a man will not work, let him starve. They never die. I never heard of them really starving to death. You may say that is harsh, but we need a little of that now. If the coat does not suit, don't put it on, and if it does, put it right on. It says in the 15th chapter of Proverbs: "The way of the slothful man is hedged with thorns." I never knew them to get out till they worked their way out.

I have been educated in this school. I had charge of the relief in Chicago for a number of years, and I was brought into contact with these lazy men, and I say there is no hope of a man that

will not work. Talk about their conversion, it is only just put on to get a little money out of you without work. They are willing to do any thing to get on, but they will not work, and those men are the ones we have so much difficulty with in these cities. There was a man I knew in Chicago; he did not drink, but he was always poor. What kept him down I could not tell. He had five beautiful children. I do not believe his furniture was worth five dollars, and he had no beds. One cold day in November he came to see me. He said the landlord had put his family out on the prairie. I said: "McDonald, you are a mystery to me; I have known you for years; what do you do with your money? I begin to think, McDonald, you are lazy." "I think you hit it there," he said. "Well, you must go," I said. "I pity your wife and children, but I am not going to take care of a lazy man all winter." "That's pretty hard," he said. "I know it is," I said, "but I can not help it." That was in the morning. About five o'clock in the afternoon he came back. He knew I wouldn't let those children stay out all night; he knew he had me. He asked for a place for his children to sleep. I said: "What have you been doing all day?" He used a great many big words, and said he had been studying the philosophy of pauperism. There he is now, I suppose, starving his family because he will not work. We have got to take care of these children, but these men, if they will not work, must

starve. Some of you ladies think you are doing God's service by giving them money, but you are really injuring them. You are injuring them and their children, for as long as they can get along they will go on that way without work. It says in Ecclesiastes, tenth chapter and eighteenth verse: "By much slothfulness the building decayeth." You see many young men in Boston rotten, decayed, from idleness. You can not keep the body healthy without work. "By much slothfulness the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." If you want to keep the body in a good, healthy state, you have got to work. We are commanded to earn our bread by the sweat of our brows. Get something to do. If it is for fifteen hours a day, all the better; for while you are at work Satan does not have so much chance to tempt you. It is these men that are out of work that Satan tempts.

"Do you think it is best for a reformed man to give up tobacco?"

I do. I would let that go with whisky. It belongs to the old nature. It is clearly taught that these bodies are the temples for the Holy Ghost, and we ought to be careful to keep them pure. I do not think it is becoming for a son of the Most High to be using that filthy weed, and I have an idea that many a man that uses tobacco is led thereby to drinking. I think it belongs to the old nature, and I would let it go. How is it with men

that have no work using tobacco? I don't see how they can afford it; put it on that ground. I do not think it keeps the body in a healthy state. I think we ought to be very careful about the body, because it is so identified with the soul.

"I am so poor that I can not afford to go to church; what shall I do?"

Give up your tobacco. There are plenty of churches in this city that are perfectly free. You are welcomed, you are invited, you are urged to come; and there is not a minister in this town but would like to see his church filled. There may be some fashionable churches that are crowded without you—where you would not receive so warm a welcome as at others. If you can not afford to pay a pew rent, tell them so, and you will find scores of churches in this city of Boston that will be glad to welcome you. I hope you reformed men will find homes in churches soon, where the godly people will gather around you. You will find many of the very best friends in these churches, and they will be more than glad to have you come. Let all these reformed men find some church at once, and in that way others will be of great good to you and you to them.

"If a man has fallen twice, shall we not help him up?" The Lord answers that question where He tells Peter to forgive his brother not only seven times, but seventy times seven. Suppose a man has tumbled once or twice, are you going to cast

him off? Suppose these men that have been slaves to Satan for twenty or thirty years should be tripped up by Satan, would you give them up and say there was no hope? How many of us have been troubled with besetting sins after our conversion? If Satan gets one of these men down, instead of publishing it to the world, in the name of God let us help him up. If he tumbles a second time, go after him; if he tumbles a third time, go after him; and keep going after him as often as he falls.

Why, Dr. Newman Hall's father, I don't know how many times he fell; he kept falling and falling, and rising and rising, and at last he passed through the pearly gates shouting "glory to the Lamb;" he got victory at last. And so if these young converts fall, let us not go out and publish it to the world, but take them off and talk to them alone and tell them we sympathize with them; they are apt to get discouraged and say: "There is no hope for me; I have turned my back upon Christ; I have been betrayed into my own sin and I can not stand." This question is answered in Paul's letter to the Galatians. Some of these Galatian Christians had thorns. A great many people are watching—that is their business to watch; they have set themselves against this work. All the while we have been working for thirteen weeks, some people in Boston have been working against us; they have been prophesying against us all the time, and they must find something against the work to justify them-

selves. Let them do it; the world has been doing that for eighteen hundred years, and will keep on doing it as long as there is a church on earth. These men have set themselves against God's work, and most are finding flaws in it to justify their own acts.

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault."

There is the poor man running away from Satan and Satan after him; he is not stopping by the way and loitering and getting into temptation, but he is overtaken and he is running away from it, and the tempter has got him down.

"Ye which are spiritual," go and jump on to him and keep him down, and say: "You are a pretty Christian. You profess to be a Christian. You have done that?" "Yes." Did Paul tell you to do that? Is that the Spirit of Christ? Is that the spirit of our Master? Is that what the Lord would have us to do? "Ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." I tell you, when I see a poor man that has fallen I can not help but feel sorry for him; my heart goes out to him, for I don't know but I may be the next. "Let he that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." And if a man gets strong in his own strength and conceited and thinks because he has been a professed Christian and done so much good, there is no danger of his falling, it will not be long

before he is down. He may not fall from strong drink, but some sin as bad in the sight of God; and, if a man has fallen let us go and help him and lift him up and restore him.

There is one more thing I want to call your attention to, and that is, after a man has been in the devil's service a long time he gets into the habit of not only drinking and swearing, but he gets into the habit of lying, and sometimes that old sin comes back upon them, and before they know it they are using deception. I want to say to you men that have become Christians: if you want to get on, be perfectly truthful. I have noticed that some men because they have given up drink think that that is all they have got to do; they use deception and go on lying. You can not prosper if you attempt that. It says in the sixth chapter of Proverbs and the sixteenth verse:

"These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him."

"A proud look, a lying tongue." How they go together! As soon as a man gets puffed up and conceited, you may look for his fall. You hear men praying to God to keep them humble. Let us pray to God to make us humble first; that is what we want. Pride always goes before a fall, and if a man gets proud he will fall. One of the greatest dangers you men will have will be spiritual pride. Some of these good men and good women may be a snare to you; they may say, when

a young convert has spoken, "that is a real good speech you made," the devil will tell you that quick enough. That is not going to help them; that is going to lift them up and fill them full of pride. Spiritual pride is one of the worst enemies these young converts have. Be careful about that terrible enemy, and be careful, Christian people, how you flatter these young converts. Pray God to keep them humble and don't you go and stuff them full of vanity, and tell them they have made a good speech. Life is too short for us to be flattering one another.

Lying is just as bad as drinking. Don't think because you have given up liquor you can go on lying, God hates it. It says in the twelfth chapter of Proverbs, and the twenty-second verse:

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight."

What we want is to be real. Let us not appear to be more than we are. Don't let us put on any cant, any assumed humility, but let us be real, that is the delight of God. God wants real men and real women, and if we profess to be what we are not, God knows all about us, and God hates a sham.

"A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood."

"A heart that deviseth wicked imagination, feet that be swift in running to mischief."

"A false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren."

I wish I had time to speak to you about sowing discord, but we have not time. I don't know how long I have been speaking, and I didn't have any body to pull my coat tails.

RETRIBUTION.

A widow woman had an only son, and this son was in the habit of going to a hotel bar. The pleadings of the mother were in vain, the hotel-keeper said he would sell liquor to any one who asked it. This son died, and the mother soon followed, and afterwards a terrible retribution was that hotel-keeper's, for his only son became a drunkard and one night blew out his brains. "Whatsoever a man soweth he shall reap." This picture is not overdrawn; there are hundreds of similar cases. Judgment is sure to come. God is a God of goodness, a God of equity, a God of justice, and He will sit in judgment upon us.

HELP THE BACKSLIDER.

I would like to make a statement that may encourage you to pray. At the young men's meetings and at other meetings which we have had, at the Friday meetings, and at the small meet-

ings this week, there have been a great many who have been saved by the answer to prayer. They have been deprived of their appetite for strong drink. I say this to encourage you to pray. It has just been reported about again that those who have been drunkards and reformed, don't stand, and now that is being denied. I got a letter this week from Philadelphia; for I had heard that one of several hundred men who had been saved in that city had fallen, and so I wrote back there to inquire about it, and I got this letter, in answer, from the man himself, saying that he had only been down for a few days, but he had been raised again by the power of God, so that the very day this letter was written he was leading the noon prayer-meeting. He had been one of the greatest drunkards in Philadelphia, but God had heard and answered his prayer. Some may say that because these men have been saved, it is no sign that they have been reclaimed. A great many of us Christians have done a good many things since we were converted that we ought not to have done, and I don't see why we should cast these men off because they have fallen. Instead of trying to help them some seem to rejoice at it and call their neighbors' attention to it, and say, "Now see how that man has fallen." Let us try to raise them up instead of rejoicing in their fall. It seems as though you were doing the devil's work when you rejoice at a man's fall instead of trying to raise

him up. Go to work and get him away from the devil if you can. The devil has got him down—a good many are trying to help the devil keep him down. Because a man has fallen again it is no sign that he has not been reclaimed. I tell you Christ will heal the backslider and get him on his feet again; He has saved hundreds of men in that way.

SAVED THROUGH A FIFTEEN-CENT SCRIP.

A man came into our meeting in the Hippodrome the last night we were there, and I have been anxious to hear how he was getting along, and this week I heard from him. He was not only a tramp, but he had got down about as low as any tramp could get. His will power was all gone. He had no rags to cover his nakedness. He was as filthy and as far gone as any man I have ever seen. He came into the Friday meeting and stayed to the second meeting, and some friends prayed with him; whether they effected any change in him at that time, I don't know. He told them he didn't know any thing about Jesus. He said, "He won't answer my prayer, I am so great a sinner." But this was his experience, as he narrated it to me afterwards. He said he had a fifteen-cent scrip in his pocket, and he said the first day after, "If the Lord will

help me keep that piece of scrip twenty-four hours I will take that as a token He will answer my prayer. If I shall just be able to walk through the streets of New York twenty-four hours without spending it for whisky, I will take that as an answer to my prayer." He had no place to lay his head, but wandered about the streets all that time, and when he came back to me afterwards and I asked him how he was getting along, all he said was, "I have got it now." I heard from him last week, and he said, "I have got it now." He hadn't spent it for whisky. [Laughter and applause]. He says he intends to keep that piece of currency as long as he lives. God help him to do it! [Cries of Amen]. That shows how God can save the poor drunkard. Let us believe in prayer.

A VAGRANT SAVED.

In one of our last temperance meetings in Chicago a business man got up and told the most remarkable story I had heard for several years. He said that eight years before he was a confirmed drunkard; his father used to give him liquor when he was a little boy four or five years old in England; his father died a vagrant and a drunkard; this man's friends had all left him in Chicago; he had been taken into court and pronounced a va-

grant and sent off to jail, and his only fear was the policemen would get hold of him; his only ambition was to just keep out of the hand of the law and to drink liquor all the day and sleep at night wherever he could; and he said one night he went down to the lake shore, and there was a terrible storm, and the first time in his life he cried to God to help him. That was eight years ago, and he said: "My friends, although a vagrant and an outcast, God met me there on the lake shore; He took hold of my right hand, and I have never had any taste for liquor since; He has kept me for eight years." Now I believe that. You may call him a vagrant or what you like. I believe the statement he made, and God destroyed it, root and branch.

A LETTER.

I received a letter yesterday, and as I read it, I said: "What a God-send; it will do for our Friday meeting." It has come to cheer the mothers of New England, and I wish it could be written in letters of gold, so that every person's eyes when they fell upon it would never forget how this sister and mother prayed, and at last the answer came:

"MR. MOODY: For years my mother, who is now in heaven, and myself have been praying for a way-

ward son and brother who had given himself up to the demon of rum. Since my mother's death I have been keeping on praying [that is what I call knocking; I would that every drunkard had some sister that would keep on praying after his mother has gone down to her grave with a broken heart, or some friend that would not give him up] although I was not sure whether he was living or not. For eighteen years I have not seen his face. This winter I have prayed that he might be led, by the providence of God, to some of the religious meetings at the West, for if he was living I knew he was there; and with strong cries I have asked the Lord to take from him the appetite for rum. Now, dear brother, hear how the Lord has heard and blessed his soul and mine. On the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth day of November last—for he writes to me on New Year's day—he found himself—he knows not how he wandered there—at Chicago, and there went into one of your meetings, and was impressed with the truths you spoke; he rose for prayer and went into the inquiry-room, and the Lord then and there took away his appetite for rum, and since then he has been resting on Jesus' blood. Jesus' blood has washed his sins away. Oh, wonderful love! Oh, wonderful mercy! I write this to ask all other mothers and sisters to keep on praying for their wandering, intemperate ones, and the dear Lord will hear their cries and take their appetites from them, so long

bound in chains; and when Jesus sees our faith He will answer our prayers. My brother's name was —— ——.

"Yours in Christ."

CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

I noticed a few days ago in the papers that in Great Britain alone, $600,000,000 are spent annually for strong drink, or eighteen dollars each for every man, woman, and child in Great Britain; and yet they are crying out there about hard times, and crying out about them in this country. I think if it was not for this cursed liquor traffic we would not have any hard times.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

I want to tell you a little thing that occurred in Chicago a few days ago. There was a man that came into one of the meetings and he got out and didn't come back; some friends there found out his name, and they went down to the saloon where he made his headquarters, but could not find him; they went down a number of times and at last they left a card in there, and they headed this card, "My dear friend." He was a poor drunkard; his friends had all left him and he was sinking rapidly into a drunkard's grave. He thought that his end was

near; he had given up himself to die a poor drunkard, but when he went to the saloon a few hours afterwards he got the little card, "My dear friend." "Why," he says, "this is singular, I got a friend," and this card went on stating, "if you will come up to Berk's Hotel to-night at seven o'clock, I would like to see you." "But I have got no friend, I don't understand what that means, 'My dear friend.'" He said that went like an arrow down into his heart, that burned to his very soul, to think that he had got some one who would call him "my dear friend." He said he tried to get some one to go up and see for him, he was ashamed to go himself; he had got drunk and had fallen and broken the skin of his nose. . He hadn't got many friends, drunkards don't have many, so he had to go himself. He was ashamed to go into the hotel, so he got behind a post and he saw a man who he had seen come out of the Tabernacle, and he thought that was the man. He said, "Is your name Hawley?" He said, "Yes. I have been looking for you, I want you to come down to the Tabernacle." He replied, "I will not go to the Tabernacle." "Why not?" "I have got a black eye, the skin is broken on my nose, and I am disfigured and I can not go." He says, "I want you to go." But the man replied that he could not go and stop in the meeting without getting up and going out to get a drink: he had become so much of a slave that he could not sit an hour in a meeting without going out to get a

drink. He got in there and stayed behind a post, and the Spirit of God met him, and that night he went into the inquiry-room, and that very night the Spirit of God entered that man's soul, and to-day he is one of the brightest minds of Chicago, and he is not only bringing his friends to God, but going down into one of the towns on the railroad, telling them what great things the Lord is doing for him. It went right down into that man's heart, and put a new song into his mouth—and I only tell you this to show how God went down into the very gates of hell for that man.

THE RUMSELLER NO FRIEND.

A man a few days ago spent twenty-six dollars in a saloon, and the next day he came back and he wanted to borrow one dollar to buy bread for his family that was starving, and the rumseller told him that he would not lend one dollar to a man who would spend all his money for liquor. That is the kind of friend a rumseller is.

SYMPATHY FOR DRUNKARDS.

What we have got to have is sympathy in our hearts with the people we want to do good to, and when we have, it won't be long before they will find it out. Now, the question comes up: "How can I

get into sympathy with the fallen?" Put yourself in their place and you will soon have sympathy with them. I remember how God taught me this lesson of sympathy. One of my Sabbath-school children in Chicago had got drowned. I took my little girl and started for the house. I found it was the home of a drunkard. The father was in the corner drunk. The mother said for years she had had to wash so as to provide for her four children. Her oldest little girl had gone to the Chicago River to pick up float-wood to make a fire, for they couldn't afford to buy wood. She had reached out for a stick on the water, lost her balance, and fell in, and the mother's oldest girl was brought home a corpse. She had sent for me in her trouble, and told me she had no money to buy coffin, or shroud, or to bury her girl. I made a memorandum of what she wanted. I did it very mechanically. When I got out on the streets with my little girl, she looked up to me and said: "Suppose we were poor and mother had to go out and make a living, and I should go down and fall into the river, how would you feel?" I looked at her and said: "What! lose you? Lose you, Emma? I think it would break my heart." That touched me, and I went back to the drunkard's house and prayed God to bind up her wounds. I could enter then into full sympathy with her. And I went with that drunkard's wife to the cemetery, and as we laid down the little child in the grave, the mother said to me: 'We haven't been able to pay our rent lately,

and have been burned out several times. It has been hard to live among strangers, but it is harder to bury my little one here among strangers."

The next Sunday I told my school that the next time, instead of buying a lot among strangers, we would buy a lot for our own little children, and so we bought one large enough to hold a hundred. A mother came to me just after, said her little daughter was dead, and asked to bury her in that lot. We dug the little grave under an oak tree, and when we came to lay the child down, I asked her name. The mother said, "Emma." And that was the name of my oldest daughter. I can not tell you how that took hold of me. I could weep with that mother then. Well, then I had a little son, and I called him Willie; and another mother came and asked to have her boy buried in that children's lot. We dug the little grave next to Emma's, and as we lowered the little one down, I asked the name, and the mother said, "Willie." So strange that the first two let down into those graves should bear the names of my two dear ones; I got into sympathy with those mothers, and when the trump of God sounds, and those hundred children go up with a shout to meet Him, I would like to fly up with them. Did you ever think that the drunkards of Boston are our neighbors? And if we go to them in the name of the Master, do you think we can not reach them? A kind word will do more than a hundred sermons.

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